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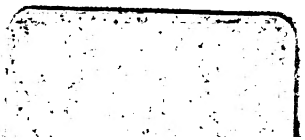

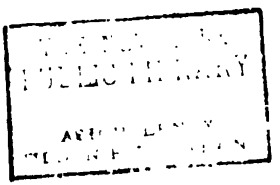

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AVIL PRINTING COMPANY

1903

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The Ridpath Library
OF
Universal Literature

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S MOST EMINENT AUTHORS, INCLUDING THE CHOICEST EXTRACTS AND MASTERPIECES FROM THEIR WRITINGS

CAREFULLY REVISED AND ARRANGED BY A CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Editor of "The Arena," Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc.

Edition de Luxe

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA

AVIL PRINTING COMPANY

1903

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
ȧ as in ask, fast, ant.
ã as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ė as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ŏ as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ą̄ as in prelate, courage.
ę̄ as in ablegate, episcopal.
ǭ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ų̄ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

ạ as in errant, republican.
ẹ as in prudent, difference.
ị as in charity, density.
ọ as in valor, actor, idiot.
ą̈ as in Persia, peninsula.
ę̈ as in *the* book.
ų̈ as in nature, feature.

A mark (⏑) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

ṭ as in nature, adventure.
ḍ as in arduous, education.
ṣ as in pressure.
ẓ as in seizure.
y as in yet.
B Spanish b (medial).
ċh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
ṅ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
s final s in Portuguese (soft).
th as in thin.
ꝼH as in then.
D = ꝼH.

′ denotes a primary, ″ a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. I.

(WITH PRONUNCIATION.)

Abbot (ab′ọt), Ezra.
Abbott, Charles Conrad.
Abbott, Jacob.
Abbott, John Stevens Cabot.
Abbott, Lyman.
À Beckett (ā bek′et), Gilbert Abbott.
Abelard (ab′e lärd′), Peter.
Abercrombie (ab′ėr krum bi), John.
About (ȧ bō′), Edmond.
Adams (ad′ạmz), Abigail (Smith).
Adams, Charles Francis
Adams, Hannah.
Adams, Henry.
Adams, John.
Adams, John Quincy.
Adams, Sarah Fuller (Flower).
Adams, William.
Adams, William Davenport.
Adams, William Henry Davenport.
Adams, William Taylor.
Addison (ad′i sọn), Joseph.
Adler (ȧd′ler), Felix.
Ælianus (ē li ā′nus), Claudius.
Æschines (es′ki nēz).
Æschylus (es′ki lus).
Æsop (ē′sop).
Agassiz (ag′ạ si; Fr. pron. ȧ gȧ sē′), Jean Louis.
Agathias (a gā′thi as).
Aguilar (ȧ gē lär′), Grace.
Ainsworth (ānz′wėrth), William Harrison.
Aird (ārd), Thomas.
Akenside (ā′kọn sīd), Mark.
Alamanni (ȧ lȧ män′nē), Luigi.
Alarcon (ȧ lär kōn′), Pedro Antonio de.
Albertus Magnus (al bėr′tus mag′nus).
Alcæus (al sē′us).
Alcazar (ȧl kȧ′thär), Baltazar de.
Alciphron (al′si fron).
Alcman (alk′man).
Alcott (ȧl′kọt), Amos Bronson.
Alcott, Louisa May.
Alcuin (al′kwin).
Alden (ȧl′dẹn), Henry Mills.
Alden, Mrs. Isabella (McDonald)
Alden, Joseph.
Alden, William Livingston.
Aldrich (ȧl′ṛich or ȧl′drij), Thomas Bailey.
Aleardi (ȧ lȧ ȧr′dē), Aleardo.
Alembert (ȧ loṅ bär′), Jean Baptiste le Rond d'.
Alexander (al eg zan′dėr), Archibald.
Alexander, James Waddell.
Alexander, Joseph Addison.
Alfieri (ȧl fē ā′rē), Vittorio.
Alfonso (al fon′sō) II. of Castile.
Alfonso X. of Castile.
Alford (ȧl′fọrd), Henry.
Alfred (al′fred) The Great.
Alger (al′jėr), Horatio, Jr.
Alger, William Rounseville.
Alison (al′i sọn), Rev. Archibald.
Alison, Sir Archibald.
Allen (al′en), Charles Grant.
Allen, Elizabeth (Chase).
Allen, James Lane.
Allerton (al′ėr tọn), Ellen (Palmer).
Allibone (al′i bōn), Samuel Austin.
Allingham (al′ing ham), William.
Allston (ȧl′stọn), Washington.
Almqvist (ȧlm′kvist), Karl Jonas Ludwig.
Amadis of Gaul (am′ạ dis ọv gȧl).
Ambrose, or Ambrosius, Saint.
Ames (āmz), Fisher.
Amiel (ȧ mē el′), Henri Frédéric.
Amory (ā′mọ̄ ri), Thomas.
Anacreon (a nak′rẹ̄ on).
Andersen (ȧn′der sen), Hans Christian.
Andrews (an′drōz), Lancelot.
Aneurin (an′ū rin).
Annunzio (ạ nun′zho), Gabriele d'.
Anselm (an′selm), Saint.
Arnalo (ȧns′lō), Reinier.
Anstey (ans′ti), Christopher.
Antar (an′tȧr), or Antara.
Anthology (an thol′ọ ji), The Greek.
Anthony (an′thọ ni), Susan Brownell.
Appleton (ap′l tọn), Thomas Gold.
Apuleius (ap ụ lē′us), or Appuleius, Lucius.

PREFACE

LITERATURE is the highest blossom of the human spirit. It is higher than art; for if art survives for ages, literature survives forever; it is immortal.

Such is the nature of literature that it is susceptible of being translated from language to language, from race to race, from century to century, and, it may be, from world to world. For thought, we doubt not, is in some measure common to the inhabitants of all the spheres. Is not thought indeed a part and essence of the eternities?

While the conditions of purely æsthetic production suffer change, and while the canons of artistic criticism are frequently amended and reversed, literature remains coeval with mankind; it cannot suffer save in the decadence of the race and in the collapse of civilization.

Literature is recorded in the book; the book is its receptacle. Literature is the soul of the book, and the book is the body of the soul. The book is multifarious in form and presence. It may be of papyrus, and its pictured symbols may be the hieratic images and fictions of old Egypt. The book may be the sacred scroll of Brahma. It may be the inaccessible wedges on the sculptured face

of the rocks of Behistun. It may be the parchment roll of Herodotus, from which he reads to the assembled Greeks. It may be the bark of the *beech* (from which, indeed, is the name of the *book*) written in runes on its inner, sappy surface, as by the old Goths beyond the Danube. The book may be the parchment rolls of Roman poet or orator. It may be the crude sheets marked from the black-letter blocks of Gutenburg and Faust. It may be the primitive book of Wyclif or of the old printers of Venice. It may be the printed paper book (albeit "paper" is *papyrus*) of our modern age, born of revolving cylinders and clattering binderies going always, pouring forth their infinity of volumes into the lap of civilization. And in these books is embodied the literature of the world.

Literature is not of one race, but of all enlightened races. Even the barbarians, though they have it not, possess its rudiments. No sooner do they become self-conscious than they begin to essay the expression of that consciousness in some record of themselves and their deeds.

To gather and preserve in an acceptable form the literature of the world, or the best of that literature, is a work not to be overlooked in estimating the means by which the civilized life is preserved and promoted. Certainly not all literature can be brought within the reach of all intelligences. Only *some* can be preserved and offered as a treasure *to* some; and perhaps a portion to all.

The present work is the result of an effort to

collect the superior productions and masterpieces of the great authors of all the leading races. The body of these volumes is drawn from the literature of the English-speaking peoples, but a large part also from the products of French and German genius. A few selections have been made from the literature of the Norse and from the Slavic races. Beyond the confines of Europe, as far eastward as India, and as far westward as China and Japan, some works have been found worthy of a place in this thesaurus of letters.

The past as well as the present products of the human mind have been taken as contributions to this collection. The Middle Ages were not wholly unfruitful, as will be seen from the literary examples chosen out of that obscure and chaotic period in history. Farther on we reach the illumined horizon of the classical ages, and find the storehouses of Greece and Rome. Out of these have been taken the more important examples of the intellectual treasure of the Old World. What the immortal Greeks did and what the strong but imitative Romans accomplished in literary creation may be known, at least in outline, by an examination of the sublime relics of Grecian and Latin greatness which have been reproduced in these volumes.

This work is an evolution. It is the result of a survival and selection and readjustment of many literary collections already made. It is a farther and more complete development of such works, and, we trust, an improvement upon all preceding efforts to produce a satisfactory summary of gen-

eral literature. In the production of the work, the Editor has freely availed himself, not only of that literary treasure which is now the common property of all mankind, but of the critical skill and industry of many predecessors.

This work has grown immediately out of the *De Puy University of Literature*, and is an expansion and development thereof. It also has for its germinal materials the collection by Guernsey, out of which the De Puy collection was evolved. The valuable collection made by Stedman and Hutchinson under the title of *Library of American Literature*, on the basis of Professor Tyler's *History of American Literature*, has also been available and useful for the suggestions which it has afforded. Many other smaller collections of prose and poetry have been freely consulted, with a view to rendering the present work as extensive and complete as possible.

More especially is a certain merit claimed for this LIBRARY OF LITERATURE in this, that it embodies *the recent works of many living authors* who have been inadequately represented or not represented at all in preceding compilations. At the present time the literary evolution is going on rapidly throughout the world. Not a year passes in which some new wonder comes not to astonish the readers of all nations. Not a decade goes by in which some author as yet but dimly known to mankind does not come into his full inheritance of fame.

A Library of Literature, to be most useful and available, ought to embody the latest and best products of the human mind. It ought also to

eliminate, by degrees and gently, those works which, though once admired and re-read with advantage, now pall somewhat on the imagination or offend the new learning of the world. This condition makes it necessary in the preparation of a work such as the present to exercise great care and diligence, not only in making selections from living authors, recent in fame and honor, but also in reconsidering and revising the selections made from those who, though once famous, are now less famous than before.

Another essential, not to be overlooked in a collection such as this LIBRARY OF LITERATURE, is the apportionment of the selections according to their importance, their relative interest, and their permanent value to the modern reader—to the American reader in particular.

This principle of apportionment relates first to the authors themselves, and secondly to the productions of each. A work like the present may easily become misshapen and monstrous from undue prominence given to that which ought to be obscure, or from the obscuration of the great by brevity of space and poverty of example. Symmetry in the apportionment of space to the various authors, according to their merits and fame, and the like principle in selecting and arranging the works of each according to fitness and value, are the true criteria by which the preparation of a genuine Library of Literature ought to be directed.

That a work such as the present shall be perfect in its kind is more than can be justly expected. There are very few perfect productions of the

human mind. Even a four-line stanza, subjected to the hard test of rigorous criticism, will be found to bear imperfections; the diamond has its specks and flaws. If a single stanza be imperfect, how much more shall the whole poem be imperfect? And if the poem, how much more the book of poems? And if a single book of poems, placed under severe scrutiny, be marred with faults and violations of true art, what shall we expect of a work composed of many volumes drawn together from remote regions across oceans of time and continents of space, to be adjusted and, as it were, made organic in a single work according to the fallible judgment and uncertain taste of a single compiler, whose personal equation and limitation of knowledge must always be considered?

For this LIBRARY OF LITERATURE perfection is not claimed. The claim is that it embodies much of *the earliest and greatest* and much of *the latest and best products* of the human mind. Doubtless, in consulting this work, the reader now and then will be disappointed and sometimes offended to find the omission of his favorite and the insertion of his dislike. This is in the nature of the case, and cannot be avoided. But, on the whole, it is hoped and believed that, for the greater part, they who consult these volumes will find not only a residue of the treasure, but an abundance of that intellectual wealth which has enriched the mind, glorified the world, and purified somewhat the spirit of mankind.

J. C. R.

BOSTON, 1898.

ABBOT, EZRA, LL.D., an American biblical scholar, born at Jackson, Me., April 28, 1819; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 21, 1884. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1840; taught in various academies until 1847, when he took up his residence at Cambridge, where he was a teacher in the High School until 1852. He devoted himself especially to private studies in philology and bibliography, reading in the libraries in and around Boston. In 1856 he was appointed Assistant Librarian in Harvard College, his special duty being that of classifying and cataloguing the books of the library. He occupied this position until 1872, when he was made Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in the Harvard Divinity School. His especial forte was bibliography, upon which subject he was perhaps the best-acknowledged American authority, and he had few equals in other countries. Most of his literary labor appears in the form of contributions to editions of the collected works of others, or in periodicals of the day. For Worcester's *Dictionary* he laboriously revised the pronouncing vocabulary of Greek, Latin, and Scriptural Proper Names, which, says Worcester, "will, it is believed, be found to be more correct than any before published." His *Prolegomena* to Tischendorf's eighth edition of his New Testament is of

high critical value. The historico-critical volume on *The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel* (1880) is his main separate work; for his exhaustive *Literature of the Doctrine of a Future Life* (1864), though equivalent in bulk to a moderate volume, was prepared merely as an Appendix to William Rounseville Alger's *Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life.* This work of Mr. Abbot contains the titles of more than 5,000 books and treatises upon the general subject, all classified under suitable heads. In the preface to this work Mr. Abbot says:

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF A FUTURE LIFE.

In deciding upon the form of the Bibliography, I could not hesitate to prefer a *classed* catalogue, with the titles to each section arranged chronologically. . . . The subjects embraced in the Bibliography—the Nature, Origin, and Destiny of the Soul—belong partly to Philosophy, and partly to Religion. They are accordingly discussed not only in the special treatises relating to them, but in general works on metaphysics, on natural religion, on Christian doctrines, and on various religions and superstitions. The question of materialism and the relation between the human and the brute mind are also treated of by writers on physiology and natural history.

To include in the catalogue all of these general works was, of course, impossible; but many of the more important have been noticed. This is particularly the case in that part of the bibliography which relates to the opinions conoerning the soul, which have prevailed among heathen nations. That works on the Hindu philosophy and religion have been given with a good degree of fulness will not excite surprise, since the doctrine of transmigration lies at the centre of both Brahmanism and Buddhism. The books held sacred by the followers of Confucius, on the other hand, contain very little concerning the future life, a subject on which that

philosopher discouraged inquiries. But for the convenience of the student who may wish at least to verify that remarkable fact, it appeared desirable to include them in the catalogue.

As to special treatises on the subject of the bibliography, written in Greek or Latin, and in the principal languages of Europe (except those of the Slavic family), I have intended to admit the titles of all of any importance which have fallen under my notice. This remark, however, does not apply to a few classes of works only incidentally connected with the proper subjects of the catalogue: as those on Death, the Descent of Christ into Hades, the Resurrection of Christ, and modern "Spiritualism," under which heads merely a selection of titles is purposely given. Single sermons have been for the most part omitted, unless the production of eminent writers, or belonging to a controversy, or remarkable for some peculiarity. As to Oriental works I have, for the most part, contented myself with noticing the best translations.

While some may regret that a single pamphlet has been neglected, others probably will complain of excess. "What is the use," it may be said, "of collecting the titles of so many old obsolete books?" I answer: The study of fossil remains in theological and metaphysical literature is as interesting and as instructive to the philosopher as palæontology is to the naturalist. In pursuing his researches in this field, one may indeed disinter strange monsters, but these representatives of tribes now extinct doubtless fulfilled their place in the economy of Providence, and were suited to the times in which they appeared, as truly as the great geological saurians. We marvel at the follies and superstitions of the past; but when the philosophy and theology of the nineteenth century shall have become petrified, posterity may regard some of their phenomena with equal wonder. I have therefore aimed to give a full exhibition of the subject, without partiality toward the Old or the New.—*Literature of the Doctrine of a Future Life.*

ABBOTT, CHARLES CONRAD, an American naturalist, born at Trenton, N. J., June 4, 1843. He graduated as M.D. at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1865. Besides contributions to scientific journals, his publications include: *Primitive Industry; or, Illustrations of the Hand-work in Stone, Bone, and Clay of the Native Races of the Northern Atlantic Seaboard* (1881); *A Naturalist's Rambles about Home* (1884), which *The Nation* characterized as "one of the best books on the natural history of the United States;" *Upland and Meadow* (1886); *Waste-land Wanderings* (1887); *Days Out of Doors* (1889); *Outings at Odd Times* (1890); *Recent Rambles* (1892); *Recent Archæological Explorations in the Valley of the Delaware* (1892); *Travels in a Tree-top* (1894); *The Birds About Us* (1894); *A Colonial Wooing* (1895). His value to the field of scientific literature can probably best be judged from the following quotation from *The Dial:* "Mr. Abbott is widely known as a faithful investigator in the various fields of natural science, and as a contributor of acknowledged value to the department of ornithology." The student may well read all he says throughout his work, if for nothing else than the scattered remarks which he will surely be able to add to his stock of coveted lore. Another writer, in speaking of his *Notes of the Night*, says: "Such a lover of out-of-doors life is he, such

a keen observer, such a delver into out-of-the-way places, that we watch with much interest to see what he will find next to tell us. He never tires of giving us good advice, which far too few of us follow. He tells us of moonlight strolls over fields and through woods, in summer and winter; of floating on the river under the starlit sky, with an old recluse for companion, identifying the notes of birds and insects; of adventures in a boat on a flooded meadow, 'when grass is green'; of a tramp 'out of the beaten path,' to a picturesque mill; of an old barn and its inhabitants, plant and animal, and of many other pleasant saunterings, in the course of which sharp eyes discovered and a ready pen has described many beautiful and odd things which the ordinary unobservant pedestrian might never see." As an archæologist and scientist Mr. Abbott ranks high.

A DAY IN OCTOBER.

The haze, the quiet, the soft south wind, and towering trees, still green of leaf, and ribboned with scarlet creepers, twining from trunk to twig, give this perfect day that combination of color in perfection which is the great seal of the month of October. The harsh scream of the blue-jay waxes musical at such a time; nothing seems crude or out of place. The squat, broad-leaved oaks now show the deepest green. So tough and leathery are their leaves that the late frost could not affect them. The white, pin, swamp-white, red, and chestnut oaks all cluster here, either on the slope of the hill or in the level meadow, and show the effect of frost, if that it was which changed the color of their leaves; but this sturdy *Quercus obtusiloba* laughs at all such cold snaps, and will wave green leaves until November, perhaps later, and then drop them down to

Mother Earth, tough, shining, unbroken, and brown as the polished chincapins upon which they fall.

The increasing warmth toward noon brings out myriads of wasps, that congregate on the south side of the house and of all the outbuildings. I dare venture into no sunny nook regardless of them. They are not teachable, at least at short notice, as Sir John Lubbock's wasp was trained, and respect no lover of nature and admirer of hymenoptera. It is all one with them ; touch, and they touch back with emphasis. I sat upon one this morning while in the meadow, and how quickly he unseated me. Now, safe from their assaults, I hear their horny heads bring up against the window-panes like rattling hail. They retire undiscouraged, and return as impetuously. Lively little battering-rams, always ready for action, never tiring of this butting process, and never learning that they cannot get in. They give us every evidence of stupidity, yet are really teachable creatures.

Cabbage-butterflies and fritillaries floated over the frost-bitten grass, active as in August, stooping now and then to suck some sweet the October frost has spared ; but not a flower was to be seen in acres of meadow. A more striking insect phenomenon was the myriads of grasshoppers. They weighed down every blade of grass, and yet there was not a bird in sight to feed upon them. These hoppers were not eating the grass. Had they been, not a blade would have been left by sundown. I chased a cloud of them into the widest portion of the main meadow-ditch, but all, I think, swam safely across. Not a frog or fish appeared to rise to the surface and seize one.

I pushed one well down the tall clay chimney of a Diogenes crayfish, but it promptly returned, none the worse for its subterranean journey. I placed another in the dark den of a villainous-looking spider, but it was simply ordered out, and not harmed. It would seem as if these grasshoppers have no enemies, or was it that all carnivorous creatures hereabouts were surfeited with their flesh ?

Passing to another lower, weedier, wetter meadow, the number of dragon-flies was the most marked feat-

ure of the locality. A few were black as polished jet; others gray, green, red, barred, and indefinitely varied. I did not stop to count the varieties, but to learn why so many gathered in so small a space. The cause proved to be the decomposing remains of a calf, of which but little beyond the bones were left. Not a square inch of the exposed surfaces of these but was covered with the flies. I knew they were carnivorous, but not to the extent suggested by their hovering over nearly dry bones.

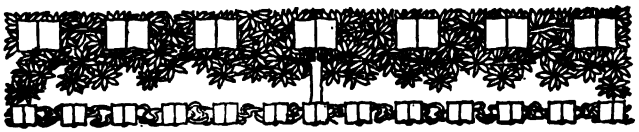
I was not much surprised, on a closer inspection of the remains of the calf, to see half a dozen meadow-mice scuttle off through the tall grass, for they are fonder of a flesh than a vegetable diet, in spite of their anatomy; but I was surprised to find large numbers of humble-bees creeping over the ground, in and out among the bones, reaching to where the dragon-flies could not go. Tainted flesh, it would seem, has a host of admirers in many orders of the animal kingdom. On moving some of the loose bones I found beetles of several sorts, and ants, white, black, and red, and at times disturbed whole clouds of minute flies of no name known to me. What a wealth of animal life to be found in so unsavory a place! Mice, bees, beetles, dragon-flies, and minute insects by the million; all feeding quietly on the shreds of skin and tendons left by greedy vultures a month or more ago.

The threatening bank of dull gray clouds that all day long had been lying along the western horizon roused itself to action an hour or more before sunset, and, overspreading the unflecked blue sky of the morning, practically closed the day. Without further warning it rained, suddenly, steadily, penetratingly. The thickest foliage could not ward it off, and the steady dripping of dislodged raindrops was heard all through the woods long after the shower had passed by. Without a farewell ray to gild the treetops on the eastern slopes, the sun went down, and a gloomy night followed what so lately had been a rare, ripe autumn day, full to the brim with all of October's glories.

Gloomy out of doors, but none the less worthy of being studied. What of the wealth of life seen earlier in

the day? How and where did it take shelter? It would be hard, indeed, to determine this in every case; but of a few forms something may be said. The myriads of grasshoppers, strange as it may seem, cunningly sought the broader blades of grass, and, securing a firm hold on the under side, stood, head downward, comfortably roofed and safe from any ordinary rain. I found thousands sheltered in this simple manner.

The meadow-mice apparently anticipate a soaking rain, and their tortuous tunnels, shallow as they are, were so arranged that the rain did not flow through them. In little, hay-lined anterooms I found several, and all were dry as chips. The roofs of these snuggeries were waterproof, and the rain was warded off from the paths that led to them. These mice were prepared for any ordinary dash of rain, but I suppose had other shelter during and after protracted storms. My studies were here interrupted by a second shower, and I was forced to seek shelter for myself, rather than look for the dragon-flies, as I intended.—*Upland and Meadow.*



ABBOTT, JACOB, an American Congregational clergyman, educator, and writer of juvenile books; born at Hallowell, Me., November 14, 1803; died October 31, 1879. He studied at Bowdoin College and at Andover Theological Seminary, and was Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Amherst College from 1825 to 1829, when he took charge of the Mount Vernon Female School in Boston. From 1834 to 1838 he was minister of a Congregational church in Roxbury, Mass. Subsequently he conducted a school for boys in New York. During the greater part of his life he was actively engaged in authorship. His works in all number not less than three hundred, most of them being of small size, and written for the young. Many of them are in the form of fiction, and are grouped into a series of several volumes, with a common set of characters running through the groups. Among these are the *Rollo Books*, 28 vols.; the *Lucy Books*, 6 vols.; the *Jonas Books*, 6 vols.; *Harper's Story Books*, 36 vols.; *Franconia Stories*, 10 vols.; *The Gay Family*, 12 vols. The *Young Christian* series, 4 vols., which preceded most of the others, is of a larger size. He also wrote about twenty biographies of noted persons in ancient and modern history; *Science for the Young*, comprising popular treatises on Heat, Light, Force, and Water and Land. He also edi-

ted several historical text-books and compiled a series of *School Readers*. Our selections are mainly from his more notable books.

THE LAST SUPPER.

"And when they had sung an hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives." The Saviour and His disciples stood around their table and sang an hymn. It was the Redeemer's last public act—His final farewell. He had presided over many an assembly, guiding their devotions or explaining to them the principles of religion. Sometimes the thronging multitudes had gathered around Him on the sea-shore; sometimes they had crowded into a private dwelling; and He sat in the synagogue, and he explained the Law to the congregation assembled there. But the last moments had now come. He was presiding in the last assembly which, by His mortal powers, He should ever address; and when the hour for separation came, the last tones in which His voice uttered itself were heard in song. What could have been their hymn? Its sentiments and feelings, they who can appreciate the occasion may perhaps conceive; but what were its words? Beloved Disciple, why didst thou not record them? They should have been sung in every nation and language and clime. We would have fixed them in our hearts and taught them to our children; and whenever we came together to commemorate our Redeemer's sufferings, we would never have separated without singing His parting Hymn.—*The Corner Stone.*

AT THE COUNTRY STORE.

The store was kept by a hard-faced looking man who went by the name of Shubael, sometimes with and sometimes without the prefix "Colonel." He was an elderly man, quiet and cool in his air and manner, and with a countenance placid but heartless in its expression. There was a certain quick motion of his eye which showed that he was shrewd and observant. His store had a bad name, and yet no one seemed to know ex-

THE LAST SUPPER.

Drawing by Prof. H. Hofman.

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actly why. Colonel Shubael himself, too, was the object of a certain mysterious fear, and even hate; and yet no one had anything very decided to say against him. He was believed to be a perfectly honest man, so far as *legal* honesty is concerned. No man understood the law better than he, or the sound policy of keeping on good terms with it.

Mr. Shubael's store was small, but it had a snug, social air within. It was nearly square, with a door in the middle of the front. A counter extended along one side and across the back of the store; and on the remaining side, near the corner next the road, was a fireplace, with a barrel of oil and another of cider near it, to keep it from freezing. There were other barrels and hogsheads, less likely to freeze, behind the counter against the back side of the room. A door between two great black hogsheads mounted on sticks opened to a dark-looking back room behind. Tubs, bundles of whip-handles, hoes and shovels, barrels, kegs of nails, and iron-ware encumbered the floor, leaving only narrow passages along in front of the counters and toward the fire. There was a little area near the fire also unoccupied, and two or three basket-bottomed chairs, with high wooden backs, stood there. A half-keg of closely packed tobacco was near, with one loose fig and an old hatchet lying on it; and there was an ink-bottle, with a blackened and dried-up quill thrust through the cork, in the chimney corner.

This was the aspect of the store in the winter; but it was now summer, between haying and harvesting. The fire was dead, and a great tin fender concealed the ashes and brands. The chairs were put out before the door, and two or three men were sitting and standing there, waiting for the "stage." It was a calm and pleasant afternoon; the forests around were in their best dress, and the view up the pond was picturesque in the highest degree. But the company paid little attention to the beauty of the scenery. They were looking out for the "stage."

Mr. Shubael was the postmaster. A little high paling, at the end of the counter opposite the fire, was the post-office. The mail came once a week, bringing a few

newspapers, and sometimes some letters. The company which was collected on this occasion were not interested so much in the contents of the mail as in a new team of horses and a large coach, which was that day for the first time to be put on the road. They were looking off beyond the bridge, where the road could be seen for a considerable distance winding around a hill, and talking with noisy laughter about various subjects that came up.

By the side of the door, outside, his chair tipped back against the side of the building and his feet resting upon a bar which passed along between two posts placed there for fastening horses, sat a tall, dark-complexioned man, with black bushy hair and eyebrows, and an intelligent but sinister expression of countenance. They called him McDonner.

"McDonner," said one of the men, leaning upon the bar before him, "it's a great poser to me how you contrive to pick up a living. Your farm over there don't produce enough to winter over a red squirrel. Then you're off, nobody knows where, half of the time. I'll lay ten to one there's some foul play."

McDonner muttered some inarticulate ejaculation in reply, and then said, taking down his feet and drawing himself up in his chair, "I can tell you what would be a very pretty way for you to get a living."

"How?" rejoined his interrogator.

"By attending to your own business, and leaving me to manage mine."

The company tried to receive this with a laugh, but the attempt was a failure. Shubael was standing at this moment at the door. He interposed to prevent ill-will. "Come, come," said he, "no sparring. Who's that coming down the road?"

The men turned their eyes in the direction of the road, where they were expecting to see the stage, and they saw a man coming along with something on his shoulder.

"It's Terry, as I'm alive," said Shubael, with a sort of a nod and a wink, "bringing back his axe, just as I said —exactly."

The men asked him what he meant, but he turned

away with a knowing look and disappeared in the store. McDonner twisted his long body around so as to look in at the door, and called out:

"Colonel Shubael, come back here, and tell us all about Terry's axe. You've been coming over the poor fellow in some of your sly ways, I know. Tell us all about it."

Shubael came to the door again, with a look of hard, selfish satisfaction on his face, and told his story thus:

"Terry got a job the other day which brought him a little money, and he came here and wanted to get an axe. 'Shubael,' says he, 'I want a first-rate axe, and I am able to pay for it.' 'Well,' says I, 'Terry, I've got some of Darlington's best, warranted.' 'What's the price?' said he. 'A dollar and a half,' says I."

"Oh, Shubael," cried one of the bystanders, "you offered to sell me one for a dollar and a quarter. That's a fine way to work poor Terry."

Here was a shout of laughter, to which Shubael himself, however, contributed rather faintly, and then proceeded: "Why, I knew he would not keep the axe a week, and so it was not much matter what he paid for it."

"A very pretty reason that, I declare," said McDonner. "I rather guess he did not get his money back in a week."

"I told him a dollar and a half, at any rate," continued Shubael, "and he chose out one, and bought a handle for it, and paid the money. 'Twas the first time he had bought anything but spirits at my store for three months. I knew he would not keep it a week, and now he's coming back to get the value of it in spirits, or my name's not Shubael."

It was not long before Terry approached. He was a thin, dejected, miserable-looking man, though his countenance had a certain expression of intelligence. As he came up to the store door, he was hailed in various tones by the several loungers there, and made the butt of jokes, some coarse and others dull. He received them all with a vacant smile and walked into the store.

"Well, Terry," said Shubael, "how do you make your axe go?"

"It's not a good one," said Terry, "and I want you to take it back."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Shubael, taking the axe from Terry's hand and turning a sly glance toward the company, who were looking in at the door to see how the negotiation was to result.

"Oh, it's too soft. I can't do anything with it, and you must take it back, as it is warranted," said Terry, pointing to the words "*Darlington, warranted*," stamped very legibly on the side.

"Yes, but *I* don't warrant it; it's Darlington that warrants it. I presume, if you take it to his manufactory, he'll exchange it for you."

Darlington's manufactory was about a hundred and fifty miles off, and in another State. Terry hesitated a minute or two, and then said that he thought the Colonel ought to take it back, as he sold it to him for a good axe. Mr. Shubael seemed very unwilling to do anything about it. He talked of the trouble and expense of sending the axe back, and finally told the man, winking at the same time at the bystanders, that he would give him a dollar for it, out of the store, and run the chance of selling it or getting it changed.

"Why," said Terry, "that's very hard; I paid a dollar and a half for it, and then there's the handle besides, to say nothing of the putting it in. But it will cost me a good deal to get it back to Darlington's, and the handle must come out to harden it."

Terry at length accepted the offer, took up the amount in spirits and sugar, and left the store, jug in hand. As soon as he had gone, the loungers came in, and gave vent to bursts of laughter, which they had contrived to suppress while the bargain was going on, while the colonel, with a smile of self-satisfaction and a nod and a wink, went round to his desk, and began to look into his ledger.—*Hoaryhead and McDonner.*

ABBOTT, JOHN STEVENS CABOT, an American Congregational clergyman and historical writer, brother of Jacob Abbott, born at Brunswick, Me., September 18, 1805, died at Fair Haven, Conn., June 17, 1877. He was educated at Bowdoin College and at Andover Theological Seminary, and became pastor of Congregational churches in various parts of Massachusetts. In 1844 he relinquished the regular pastoral office (although he preached at intervals during his whole life) in order to devote himself to authorship, of which he had already made a beginning by his *Mother at Home*, *Child at Home*, and other religious works. Subsequently he devoted himself mainly to works of a historical character. He wrote a number of small biographies ranging over a wide field. Of his larger works the principal are: *Kings and Queens; or, Life in the Palace; The French Revolution of 1789; The History of Napoleon Bonaparte; Napoleon at St. Helena; The History of Napoleon III.; History of the Civil War in America; Romance of Spanish History; The History of Frederick the Second, of Prussia; The History of Christianity*, and *American Pioneers and Patriots.* The style of Mr. Abbott is always animated and picturesque, though not unfrequently somewhat inflated. The most popular of his works is the *History of Napoleon*, for whom he cherished the warmest admira-

tion, ascribing to him not only capacities of the highest order, but more virtues and fewer faults than are often found in a human being.

THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

The history of Napoleon has often been written by his enemies. This narrative is from the pen of one who reveres and loves the Emperor. The writer admires Napoleon because he abhorred war, and did everything in his power to avert that dire calamity; because he merited the sovereignty to which the suffrages of a grateful nation elevated him; because he consecrated the most extraordinary energies ever conferred upon a mortal to promote the prosperity of his country; because he was regardless of luxury, and cheerfully endured all toil and hardships that he might elevate and bless the masses of mankind; because he had a high sense of honor, revered religion, respected the rights of conscience, and nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man. Such was the true character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The world has been bewildered by the contradictory views which have been presented of Napoleon. Hostile historians have stigmatized him as a usurper, while admitting that the suffrages of the nation placed him on the throne. They have denounced him as a tyrant inexorable as a Nero, while admitting that he won the adoring love of his subjects. He is called a bloodthirsty monster, delighting in war, yet it is confessed that he was, in almost every conflict, struggling in self-defence, and imploring peace. It is said that his insatiable ambition led him to trample remorselessly upon the rights of other nations, while it is confessed that Europe was astonished by his moderation and generosity in every treaty which he made with his vanquished foes. He is described as a human butcher, reckless of suffering, who regarded his soldiers merely as food for powder; and yet, on the same page, we are told that he wept over the carnage of the battle-field, tenderly pressed the hand of the dying, and won from those

NAPOLEON AS A LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

From a painting by Jean Baptiste Greuze.

NAPOLEON AS A LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

From a painting by Jean Baptiste Greuze.

soldiers who laid down their lives in his service a fervor of love which earth has never seen paralleled.

It is recorded that France at last became weary of him, and drove him from the throne; and in the next paragraph we are informed that, as soon as the bayonets of the Allies had disappeared from France, the whole nation rose to call him back from his exile, with unanimity so unprecedented that, without shedding one drop of blood, he traversed the whole of France, entered Paris, and reascended the throne. It is affirmed that a second time France, weary of his despotism, expelled him; and yet it is at the same time recorded that this same France demanded of his executioners his beloved remains, received them with national enthusiasm, consigned them to a tomb in the very bosom of its capital, and has reared over them such a mausoleum as honors the grave of no other mortal. Such is Napoleon as described by his enemies.

The reason is obvious why the character of Napoleon should have been maligned: He was regarded justly as the foe of Aristocratic Privilege. The English oligarchy was determined to crush him. After deluging Europe in blood and woe, during nearly a quarter of a century, for the accomplishment of this end, it became necessary to prove to the world—and especially to the British people, who were tottering under the burden of taxes which these wars engendered—that Napoleon was a tyrant, threatening the liberties of the world, and that he deserved to be crushed. All the Allies who were accomplices in this iniquitous crusade were alike interested in consigning to the world's execration the name of their victim; and even in France the reinstated Bourbons, sustained upon the throne by the bayonets of the Allies, silenced every voice which would speak in favor of the Monarch of the People, and rewarded with smiles and opulence and honor all who would pour contempt upon his name. Thus we have the unprecedented spectacle of all the monarchies of Europe most deeply interested in calumniating one single man, and that man deprived of the possibility of reply.—*Preface to the History of Napoleon.*

PARTING OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

Josephine remained in her chamber overwhelmed with speechless grief. A sombre night darkened over the city, oppressed by the gloom of this cruel sacrifice The hour arrived at which Napoleon usually retired for sleep. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful and devoted wife, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine, trembling, entered. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, her hair disordered, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. Hardly conscious of what she did in the delirium of her woe, she tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bedside of her former husband. Then irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had *now* no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon. In another moment all the pent-up love in her heart burst forth; and forgetting everything in the fulness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was entirely vanquished. He also wept convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her. For some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The valet-de-chambre, who was still present, was dismissed, and for an hour Napoleon and Josephine continued together in their last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish such as few human hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long and sc faithfully loved. An attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed-clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left alone, in darkness

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

Drawing by F. Lix.

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and silence, to the melancholy companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning the deathlike pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and in suffering.—*History of Napoleon Bonaparte.*

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

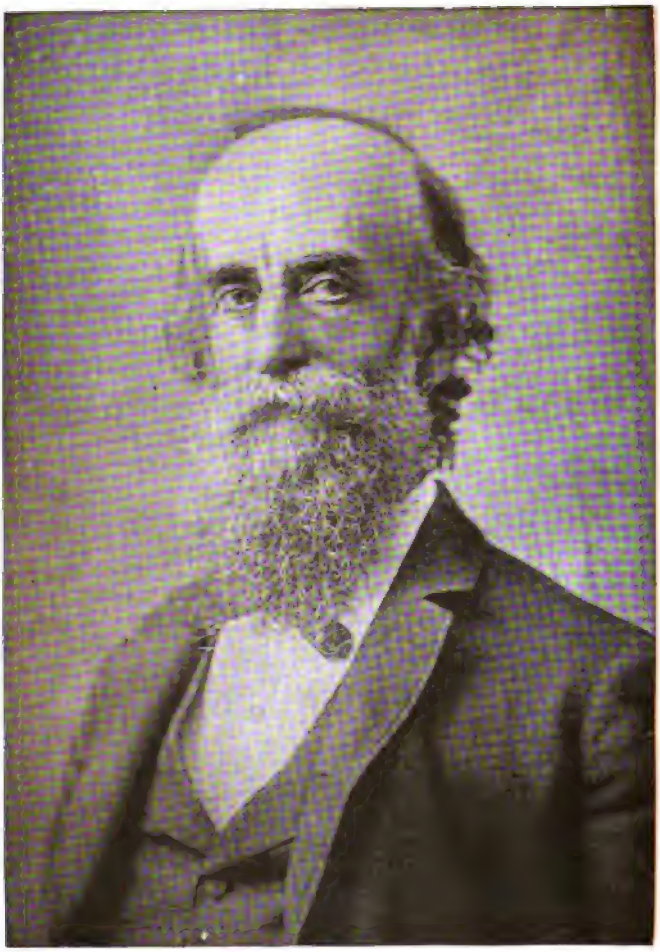
The day was just beginning to dawn as the long file of prisoners was led into the Place de Grève to be conducted to the hall of the Convention. First came Robespierre, borne by four men on a litter. His fractured jaw was bound up by a handkerchief, which was steeped in blood. . . . He was laid upon a table in an ante-room, while an interminable crowd pressed in and around to catch a sight of the fallen Dictator. The unhappy man was overwhelmed with reproaches and insults, and feigned death to escape this mortal torture. The blood was freely flowing from his wound, coagulating in his mouth, and choking him as it trickled down his throat. The morning was intensely hot. Not a breath of pure air could the wounded man inhale. Insatiable thirst and a burning fever consumed him; and thus he remained for more than an hour, enduring the intensest pangs of bodily and mental anguish.

By order of the Convention, he and his confederates were then removed to the Committee of General Safety for examination; from which tribunal they were sent to the Conciergerie, where they were all thrown into the same dungeon to await their trial, which was immediately to take place before the Revolutionary Tribunal. A few hours of pain, anguish, and despair passed away, when at three o'clock in the afternoon the whole party were conveyed to that merciless Court, which was but the last stepping-stone to death. The trial lasted but a few moments. They were already condemned, and it was only necessary to prove their identity. The Convention was victorious, and no man of the Revolutionary Tribunal dared to resist its will. Had the Commune of Paris conquered in this strife, the obsequious

Tribunal with equal alacrity would have consigned the deputies to the guillotine.

At five o'clock the carts of the condemned received the prisoners. The long procession advanced through the Rue St. Honoré to the Place de la Révolution. The fickle crowd thronged the streets, heaping imprecations upon the man to whom they would have shouted hosanna had he been a victor. Robespierre, his brother, Couthon, Henriot—all mangled, bleeding, and with broken bones—were thrown into the first cart with the corpse of Lebas. As the cart jolted over the pavement, shrieks of anguish were extorted from the victims. At six o'clock they reached the steps of the guillotine. Robespierre ascended the scaffold with a firm step, but as the executioner brutally tore the bandage from his inflamed wound, he uttered a shriek of torture which pierced every ear. The dull, sullen sound of the falling axe was heard, and the head of Robespierre fell ghastly into the basket. For a moment there was silence; and then the crowd raised a shout as if a great victory had been achieved, and the long-sought blessings of the Revolution attained. Thus died Robespierre, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. His character will probably remain a mystery.—*The French Revolution.*

The Abbott brothers have done immense service to the cause of education by their successful efforts to render historical books attractive to the young.



LYMAN ABBOTT.

ABBOTT, LYMAN, an American Congregational clergyman, religious writer, and journalist, son of Jacob Abbott, was born at Roxbury, Mass., December 18, 1835. He graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1853; studied law with his elder brothers, Benjamin and Austin Abbott, who in conjunction with him wrote two clever novels, *Conecut Corners* and *Matthew Carnaby*, which were published under the *nom de plume* of "Benauly," made up of the initial syllable of the names of each of the writers. He subsequently studied theology under his uncle, John S. C. Abbott, and was pastor of Congregational churches in various parts of the country. About 1869 he began to devote himself especially to literature, in editorial connection with a number of periodicals, although he continued to preach not unfrequently. In 1876 he became associate editor of the *Christian Union* (changed to the *Outlook* in 1893), and in 1881 its editor-in-chief. On the death of Henry Ward Beecher he was requested to take charge temporarily of Plymouth Church, and in 1888 was installed as its permanent pastor. He has also written many separate works, among which are: *The Results of Emancipation in the United States; Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths; Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings*, and a *Dictionary of Religious Knowledge*. His later

works are: *An Illustrated Commentary on the New Testament*, *Life of Henry Ward Beecher*, *In Aid of Faith*, a commentary on *The Epistle of Paul to the Romans*, *Signs of Promise*, and *The Evolution of Christianity*.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

The story of Sodom and Gomorrah epitomizes the Gospel. Every act in the great, the awful drama of life, is here foreshadowed. The analogy is so perfect that we might almost be tempted to believe that the story is a prophetic allegory, did not nature itself witness its historic truthfulness. The fertile plain contained, embedded in its own soil, the elements of its own destruction. There is reason to believe that this is true of this world on which we live. A few years ago an unusually brilliant star was observed in a certain quarter of the heavens. At first it was thought to be a newly discovered sun; more careful examination resulted in a different hypothesis. Its evanescent character indicated combustion. Its brilliancy was marked for a few hours—a few nights at most—then it faded, and was gone. Astronomers believe that it was a burning world. Our own earth is a globe of living fire. Only a thin crust intervenes between us and this fearful interior. Ever and anon, in the rumbling earthquake, or the sublime volcano, it gives us warning of its presence. These are themselves gospel messengers. They say if we would but hear them—"Prepare to meet thy God." The intimations of Science confirm those of Revelation: "The heavens and the earth . . . are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the Day of Judgment and perdition of ungodly men." What was true of Sodom and Gomorrah—what was true of the earth we live on—is true of the human soul. It contains within itself the instruments of its own punishment. There is a fearful significance in the words of the Apostle: "After thy hardness and impenitent heart treasureth up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath."

Men gather, with their own hands, the fuel to feed the flame that is not quenched; they nurture in their own bosoms the worm that dieth not. In habits formed never to be broken; in words spoken, incapable of recall; in deeds committed, never to be forgotten; in a life wasted and cast away that can never be made to bloom again, man prepares for himself his own deserved and inevitable chastisement. "Son, remember!"—to the soul who has spent its all in riotous living, there can be no more awful condemnation. — *Old Testament Shadows.*

THE JESUITS.

Jesuits is the popular name of a Society more properly entitled "The Society of Jesus"—of all the Religious Orders of the Roman Catholic Church the most important. The Society of Jesus was founded in 1554 by Ignatius Loyola. He was a Spanish cavalier; was wounded in battle; was by his wounds, which impaired the use of one of his legs, deprived of his military ambition, and during his long confinement found employment and relief in reading a Life of Christ, and Lives of the Saints. This enkindled a new ambition for a life of religious glory and religious conquest. He threw himself, with all the ardor of his old devotion, into his new life; carried his military spirit of austerity and self-devotion into his religious career; exchanged his rich dress for a beggar's rags; lived upon alms; practised austerities which weakened his iron frame, but not his military spirit; and thus he prepared his mind for those diseased fancies which characterized this period of his extraordinary career.

He possessed none of the intellectual requirements which seemed necessary for the new leadership which he proposed to himself. The age despised learning, and left it to the priests; and this Spanish cavalier, at the age of thirty-three, could do little more than read and write. He commenced at once, with enthusiasm, the acquisition of those elements of knowledge which are ordinarily acquired long before that age. He entered the lowest class of the College of Barcelona, where he was persecuted and derided by the rich

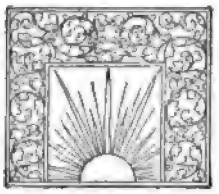
ecclesiastics, to whose luxury his self-denial was a perpetual reproach. He fled at last from their machinations to Paris, where he continued his studies under more favorable auspices. Prominent among his associates here was Francis Xavier, a brilliant scholar, who at first shrunk from the ill-educated soldier; yet gradually learned to admire his intense enthusiasm, and then to yield allegiance to it and its possessor. Several other Spaniards were drawn around the ascetic. At length, in 1534, Loyola and five associates in a subterranean chapel in Paris, pledged themselves to a religious life, and with solemn rites made sacred their mutual pledges to each other and to God.

This was the beginning of the Order of the Jesuits. The original design was a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and a mission for the conversion of Infidels. But as all access to the Holy Land was precluded by a war with the Turks, Loyola and his associates soon turned their thoughts to a more comprehensive organization, specially designed to meet those exigencies which the Reformation had brought upon the Church.

Loyola introduced into the new Order of which he was the founder the principle of absolute obedience which he had acquired in his military career. The name given to its chief was the military title of "General." The organization was not perfected, so as to receive the sanction of the Pope, until 1541. Its motto was *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*—"To the greater Glory of God." Its vows embraced not only the obligations of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience, but also a pledge on the part of every member to go as missionary to any country which the Pope might designate. Loyola was himself the first General of the new Order. Its Constitution, due to him, is practically that of an Absolute Monarchy. The General is elected by a General Congregation, selected for the purpose by the whole body of professed members of the various Provinces. He holds his office for life. A Council of Assistants aid him, but he is not bound by their vote. He may not alter the Constitution of the Society; and he is subject to deposition in certain contingencies; but no instance of the deposition of a General has ever oc-

curred. Practically his will is absolute law, from which there is no appeal.

The Jesuits are not distinguished by any particular dress or peculiar practices. They are permitted to mingle with the world, and to conform to its habits, if necessary for the attainment of their ends. Their widest influence has been exhibited in political circles, where, as laymen, they have attained the highest political positions without exciting any suspicion of their connection with the Society of Jesus; and in education they have been employed as teachers, in which position they have exercised an incalculable influence over the Church. . . . It should be added that the enemies of the Order allege that, in addition to the public and avowed Constitution of the Society, there is a secret code, called *Monita Secreta*—"Secret Instructions"—which is reserved exclusively for the private guidance of the more advanced members. But as this secret code is disavowed by the Society—and since its authority is at least doubtful—it is not necessary to describe it here in detail.—*Dictionary of Religious Knowledge.*



À BECKETT, GILBERT ABBOTT, a British humorist, born in London, January 9, 1811; died at Boulogne, France, August 30, 1856. He wrote burlesque dramas while a mere boy, several of which were published before he had reached the age of fifteen. He was one of the founders of *Punch* (1841), to which he was a frequent contributor, as well as to other journals. In 1849 he was appointed a police magistrate, and executed the duties of his office with marked ability. After his death a pension of £100 was granted to his widow.—His son, ARTHUR WILLIAM À BECKETT, born in 1844, entered the civil service at the age of seventeen, but he soon abandoned it to engage in various literary occupations; and in 1874 he was placed on the editorial staff of *Punch*, having in the meanwhile been called to the bar. He is the author of many novels and dramas, some of them decidedly clever. Among his tales are: *Fallen Among Thieves* (1870), *The Modern Arabian Nights* (1875), *Our Holiday in the Scottish Highlands* (1876), *The Ghost of Graystone Grange* (1877), *The Mystery of Mostyn Manor* (1878). Among his comedies are: *About Town* (1873), which had a run of 150 nights; *Father and Son* (1881), *Long Ago* (1882), *Tracked Out* (1888), *On Strike, Faded Flowers*, and *L. S. D.* He was special correspondent of the *Standard* and *Globe* during the Franco-

German War. He also published *Papers from Pumphandle Court, by A Briefless Junior* (1889), and edited and produced *The Maske of Flower*, in honor of the Queen's Jubilee.—The principal works of the elder à Beckett are: *The Comic History of England, The Comic History of Rome*, and *The Comic Blackstone.* He was looked upon as one of the wittiest writers of the day. The travesty of Blackstone, in which the treatise of that great light of the law is followed step by step, ranks among the highest works of that class.

CORONATION OF HENRY IV.

A week's adjournment took place to prepare for the coronation, which came off on the 13th of October, in a style of splendor which Froissart has painted gorgeously with his six-pound brush and which we will attempt to pick out with our own slender camel's-hair. On the Saturday before the coronation, forty-six squires, who were to be made knights, took each a bath, and had in fact a regular good Saturday night's wash, so that they might be nice and clean to receive the honor designed for them. On Sunday morning, after church, they were knighted by the king, who gave them all new coats, a proof that their wardrobes could not have been in a very flourishing condition. After dinner his Majesty returned to Westminster, bare-headed, with nothing on, according to Froissart,* but a pair of gaiters and a German jacket. The streets of London were decorated with tapestry as he passed, and there were nine fountains in Cheapside running with white and red wine, though we think our informant has been drawing rather copiously upon his own imagination for the generous liquor. The cavalcade comprised, according to the same authority, six thousand horse; but again we are of opinion that Froissart must have found some mare's

* Vol. II., page 699, edition 1842.

nest from which to supply a stud of such wondrous magnitude. The king took a bath on the same night, in order perhaps to wash out the port-wine stains that might have fallen upon him while passing the fountains. "Call me early if you're waking," were the king's last words to his valet, and in the morning the coronation procession started for the Abbey of Westminster. Henry walked under a blue silk canopy, supported on silver staves, with golden bells at each corner, and carried by four burgesses of Dover, who claimed it as their right, for the loyalty of the Dover people was in those days inspired only by the hope of a perquisite. The king might have got wet through to the skin before they would have held a canopy over him, had it not been for the value of the silver staves and golden bells, which became their property for the trouble of porterage. On each side were the sword of Mercy and the sword of Justice, though these articles must have been more for ornament than for use, in those days of regal cruelty and oppression.

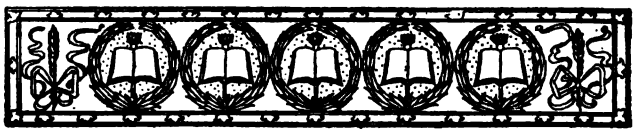
At nine o'clock the king entered the Abbey, in the middle of which a platform, covered with scarlet cloth, had been erected; so that the proceedings might be visible from all corners of the Abbey. He seated himself on the throne, and was looking remarkably well, being in full regal costume, with the exception of the crown, which the Archbishop of Canterbury proposed to invest him with. The people, on being asked whether the ceremony should be performed, of course shouted "Aye," for they had come to see a coronation and were not likely to deprive themselves of the spectacle by becoming, at the last moment, hypercritical of the new king's merits. We cannot say we positively know there was no "No," but the "Ayes" unquestionably had it; and Henry was at once taken off the throne to be stripped to his shirt, which, in the middle of the month of October, could not have been very agreeable treatment. After saturating him in oil, they put upon his head a bonnet, and then proceeded to dress him up as a priest, adding a pair of spurs and the sword of Justice. While his Majesty was in this motley costume, the Archbishop of Canterbury, clutching off

the bonnet from the royal head, placed upon it the crown of St. Edward. Henry was not sorry when these harassing ceremonies were at an end, and having left the Abbey to dress, returned to the Hall to dinner. Wine continued to play, like ginger-beer, from the fountain; but the jets were of the same paltry description as that which throws up about a pint a day in the Temple. We confess that we are extremely sceptical in reference to all allegations of wine having been laid on in the public streets, particularly in those days, when there were neither turncocks to turn it on, nor pipes through which to carry it. Even with our present admirable system of waterworks, we should be astonished at an arrangement that would allow us to draw our wine from the wood in the pavement of Cheapside or take it fresh from the pipe as it rolled with all its might through the main of the New River. Whether the liquid could be really laid on may be doubtful, but that it would not be worth drinking cannot admit of a question. Under the most favorable circumstances, our metropolitan fountains could only be made to run with that negative stuff to which the name of negus has been most appropriately given. Let us, however, resume our account of the ceremonial, from which, with our heads full of the wine sprinkled gratuitously over the people, we have been led to deviate.

Dinner was served for the coronation party in excellent style, but before it was half over it was varied by an *entrée* of the most extraordinary and novel character. It was after the second course that a courser came prancing in, with a knight of the name of Dymock mounted on the top of the animal. The expression of Henry's astonished countenance gave an extra *plat*, in the shape of calf's head surprised, at the top of the royal table. The wonder of Henry was somewhat abated when the knight put into the royal hand a written offer to fight any knight or gentleman who would maintain that the new king was not a lawful sovereign. The challenge was read six times over, but nobody came forward to accept it; and indeed it was nearly impossible, for care had been taken to exclude all persons likely to prove troublesome, as it was very desirable on

the occasion of a coronation to keep the thing respectable. The champion was then presented with "something to drink," in a golden goblet, and pocketed the *poculum* as a perquisite.

Thus passed off the coronation of Henry IV., which is still further remarkable for a story told about the oil used in anointing the head of the new monarch. This precious precursor of all the multitudinous mixtures to which ingenuity and gullibility have since given their heads, was contained in a flask said to have been presented by a good hermit to Henry, Duke of Lancaster, the grandson of Henry III., who gave it to somebody else, until it came, unspilt, into the possession of Henry of Bolingbroke. We confess we reject the oil, with which our critical acidity refuses to coalesce, and we would almost as soon believe the assertion that it was a flask of salad oil sent from the Holy Land by the famous Saladin.—*Comic History of England.*



ABELARD, PETER, a French scholar, born near Nantes in 1079; died April 21, 1142. He was of a noble Breton family, but the name by which he is known appears to be merely a kind of nick-name which was fastened upon him while a student, and adopted by him. He became famous while a mere youth for his scholastic attainments; and while a young man was the acknowledged head of the "Nominalists" in their victorious controversy with the "Realists." He set up a philosophical school of his own, and about 1115 was placed in the chair at Notre Dame, being also nominated as Canon. Within the precincts of Notre Dame was a girl named Héloise, who was under the care of her uncle, the Canon Fulbert. She was noted for her genius as well as her beauty, and became a pupil of Abelard, who was near forty—more than double her age. Illicit love sprung up between them. Héloise, about to become a mother, went off with her lover. Abelard was eager to marry her upon condition that the marriage should be kept a secret, so that his prospects of ecclesiastical preferment might not be marred. Héloise was with difficulty persuaded to grant this sacrifice to her lover; and when the marriage came to be a matter of public talk she denied that it had ever taken place, and fled to a convent. Her uncle, believing that Abelard was trying to get rid of his

wife, took a fearful vengeance. He and some others broke into the room of their victim and inflicted the most severe mutilation upon him. The rest of the story of Abelard and Héloise reads like a romance. He reappeared as a public teacher, with greater success than before; was soon charged with heresy, and obliged to burn the book which he had written. He fled into the forest, built a hut of stubble and reeds, and turned hermit. His retreat was discovered, and its neighborhood was thronged with students, who soon carried him back to Paris, where they built for him an oratory to which he gave the name of the *Paraclete*—the "Comforter." Héloise, who had become a nun, was brought to the Paraclete as the head of a new religious house, of which Abelard was the spiritual director. Abelard again fell under religious persecution, and fled to an abbey in Brittany, where he wrote his *Historia Calamitatum*, which called out the three famous epistles of Héloise, in which she finally accepted the task of resignation which Abelard had commended to her. Abelard was in the end twice condemned by a Council for heresy. He appealed to the Pope, and was on his way to Rome to urge his plea, when he was stricken down by a fatal sickness. His remains were secretly taken to Héloise at the Paraclete, and upon her death she was buried by his side. The bones of this ill-starred pair have been repeatedly shifted from place to place, and they now repose in a conspicuous tomb in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. The most complete edition of Abelard's works was

published in quarto at Paris in 1616. His fame as a scholastic philosopher was in a measure revivified when Cousin, in 1836, put forth an edition of his works, which had for the most part come down only in manuscript. But to all except a few readers he is only known by his singular connection with Héloise. The letters which passed between them in the later years of their lives have been translated into many languages. The main purport of those of Abelard is to reconcile her to the monastic life.

ABELARD TO HÉLOISE.

In the admirable order of Providence, by the very means the devil aimed to destroy us, was our Salvation effected. We were just then united by the indissoluble bond of marriage. It was my wish never to be separated from you; and at that moment God projected to draw us to himself. Had you been tied by no engagement, when I left the world, the persuasion of friends or the love of pleasure might easily have detained you in it. It seemed, by this care of heaven, as if we had been designed for some important purpose; as if it were unbecoming that the literary talents we both possessed should be employed in other business than in celebrating the praises of our Maker. Perhaps it was feared that the allurements of a woman would pervert my heart. It was the fate of Solomon.

How many are the blessings with which your labors are daily crowned! your spiritual children are numerous; whilst I, alas! can number none; and am here in vain, at St. Gildas, preaching to these sons of perdition. And would not, think you, the loss have been deplorable, if, immersed in the deplorable pleasures of the world, in lieu of the splendid offspring you now rear for heaven, you had been, with pain, the mother only of a few earthly children? Then would you have been a mere woman; and now you surpass us all, and now you

change the curse of Eve into the blessing of Mary. Those hands which in holy occupation now turn over the sacred volumes, had been unbecomingly engaged in the mean offices of domestic life! From such unseemly occupations we have been graciously called, even by a holy violence, as was the great apostle. It has been meant, perhaps, for an example from which other learned persons may take warning, and not presume on their own strength.

Be not therefore afflicted, Héloise, nor repine at this paternal chastisement. "God corrects whom he loves." Our sufferings are momentary; they are to purify, and not destroy us. Listen to the prophet, and be comforted: "God will not judge, nor will He twice punish the same crime," says he. Attend to the important advice which truth itself has given to us: "In patience you shall possess your souls." So says Solomon: "The patient man is better than the warrior, and he that is the master of his own mind than the conqueror of cities."

Are you not moved to compunctions and to tears when you behold the innocent Son of God suffering such various torments for you and for us all? Have Him ever before your eyes; carry Him in your thoughts. View Him going out to Calvary, and bearing the heavy weight of His cross. Join the company of people, and of the holy women who lamented and wailed round Him. Learn to sympathize with His sufferings; be early at His monument, and strew perfumes on His grave. But remember, they be spiritual odors; and with your tears bedew them.—*Berington's Translation.*

"There are few lives of literary men more interesting," says Hallam, "or more diversified by success and adversity, by glory and humiliation, by the admiration of mankind and the persecution of enemies, or from which more impressive lessons of moral prudence may be derived."

ABERCROMBIE, JOHN, a Scottish physician and philosophical writer, born at Aberdeen, October 10, 1780; died at Edinburgh, November 14, 1844. He was recognized as at the head of the medical profession in Scotland, and in 1835 was chosen Lord Rector of Mareschal College, Aberdeen. Besides several medical works he wrote *Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers of Man*, and *The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings;* the former being directed especially against the doctrine of Materialism. "On the whole," says a writer in the *North American Review*, "this work must be considered as containing much useful information. If some of his arguments are formed with little attention to vigor, we must remember that he wrote for many who cannot appreciate a course of reasoning that is not conducted in a popular manner."

MATHEMATICAL REASONING.

The proper objects of mathematical reasoning are quantity and its relations; and these are capable of being defined and measured with a precision of which the objects of other kinds of reasoning are entirely unsusceptible. It is indeed always to be kept in mind that mathematical reasoning is only applicable to subjects which can be defined and measured in this manner, and that all attempts to extend it to subjects of other kinds have led to the greatest absurdities. Notwithstanding the high degree of precision which thus distinguishes

mathematical reasoning, the study of mathematics does not, as is commonly supposed, necessarily lead to precision in other species of reasoning, and still less to correct investigation in physical science. The explanation that is given of the fact seems satisfactory.

The mathematician argues certain conclusions from certain assumptions, rather than from actual ascertained facts; and the facts to which he may have occasion to refer are so simple, and so free from all extraneous matter, that their truth is obvious, or is ascertained without difficulty. By being conversant with truths of this nature, he does not learn that kind of caution and severe examination which is required in physical science, for enabling us to judge whether the statements on which we proceed are true, and whether they include the whole truth which ought to enter into the investigation. He thus acquires the habit of too great facility in the admission of data on premises, which is the part of every investigation, which the physical inquirer scrutinizes with the most anxious care; and too great confidence in the mere force of reasoning, without adequate attention to the previous processes of investigation on which all reasoning must be founded. It has been accordingly remarked by Mr. Stewart, and other accurate observers of intellectual character, that mathematicians are apt to be exceedingly credulous in regard both to opinions and to matters of testimony; while, on the other hand, persons who are chiefly conversant with the uncertain sciences acquire a kind of scepticism in regard to statements, which is apt to lead them into the opposite error. These observations of course apply only to what we may call a mere mathematician—a character which is now probably rare, since the close connection was established between the mathematical and physical sciences in the philosophy of Newton.—*Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers.*

THEORIES OF MORALS.

In contemplating the conduct of men as placed in certain relations to each other, we perceive some actions which we pronounce to be *right*, and others which

we pronounce to be *wrong*. In forming our opinion of them in this manner, we refer to the *intentions* of the actor; and, if we are satisfied that he really intended to do what we perceived to be the tendency of his conduct, or even if he purposed something which he was prevented from accomplishing, we view him with feelings of moral approbation or disapprobation; or, in other words, apply to him the award of praise or blame. Such is our simple idea of Virtue or Vice; as applied either to the act or the agent. We have a conviction that there is a line of conduct to which ourselves and others are bound by a certain kind of obligation. A departure from this constitutes moral demerit, or Vice; a correct observance of it constitutes Virtue.

This appears to be the simple view of our primary impression of Vice and Virtue. The next question is, what is the origin of the impression; or on what ground is it that we conclude certain actions to be right, and others wrong? Is it merely from a view of their consequences to ourselves or others? or do we proceed upon an absolute conviction of certain conduct being right, and certain other wrong, without carrying the mind further than the simple act, or the simple intention of the actor—without any consideration of the effect or tendencies of the action? This is the question which has been so keenly agitated in the speculations of ethical science; namely, respecting the origin and nature of moral distinctions.

On the one hand, it is contended that these moral impressions are in themselves immutable, and that an absolute connection of their immutability is fixed upon us, in that part of our constitution which we call Conscience; in other words, there is a certain conduct to which we are bound by a feeling of obligation, apart from all other considerations whatever, and we have an impression that a departure from this, in ourselves or others, constitutes Vice. On the other hand, it is maintained that these distinctions are entirely arbitrary, or arise out of circumstances; so that what is Vice in one case may be Virtue in another. Those who have adopted the latter hypothesis have next to explain what the circumstances are which give rise, in this manner, to

our impressions of Vice and Virtue—moral approbation or disapprobation. The various modes of explaining this impression have led to the Theories of Morals.—*Philosophy of the Moral Feelings.*

HUME'S THEORY.

According to the *Theory of Utility*, as warmly supported by Mr. Hume, we estimate the virtue of an action and an agent entirely by their Usefulness. He seems to refer all our mental impressions to two principles, Reason and Taste. Reason gives us simply the knowledge of Truth or Falsehood, and is no motive of action. Taste gives an impression of Pleasure or Pain, and so constitutes Happiness or Misery, and becomes a motive of action. To this he refers our impressions of Beauty and Deformity, Vice and Virtue. He has, accordingly, distinctly asserted that the words "right" and "wrong" signify nothing more than "sweet" or "sour," "pleasant" or "painful," being only effects upon the mind of the spectator produced by certain conduct; and this resolves itself into the impression of its "usefulness." An obvious objection to this system of Utility was, that it might be applied to the effects of inanimate matter as correctly as to the deeds of a voluntary agent. A printing-press or a steam-engine might be as meritorious as a man of extensive virtue. To obviate this, Mr. Hume was driven to a distinction which, in fact, amounted to a giving up of the doctrine; namely, that the sense of Utility must be combined with a feeling of Obligation. This leads us back to the previous question, on what this feeling is founded, and at once recognizes a principle distinct from the mere perception of Utility. Virtuous conduct may indeed always contribute to general Utility, or general Happiness; but this is an effect only, not the cause or principle which constitutes it Virtuous. This important principle has been well stated by Professor Mills, of Oxford. He defines Morality to be "an obedience to the law or constitution of man's nature, assigned him by the Deity, in conformity to His own essential

and unchangeable attribute, the effect of which is the general happiness of His creatures."—*Philosophy of the Moral Feelings.*

PALEY'S THEORY.

This eminent writer is decidedly opposed to the doctrine of a Moral Sense, or Moral Principle; but the system which he proposes to substitute in its place must be acknowledged to be liable to considerable objections. He commences with the proposition that Virtue is doing good to mankind, in obedience to the Will of God, and for the sake of everlasting Happiness. The Good of Mankind, therefore, is the subject, the Will of God the rule, and everlasting Happiness the motive of human Virtue. The Will of God, he subsequently goes on to show, is made known to us partly by Revelation, and partly by what we discover of his designs and dispositions from his works, or as we usually call it, the Light of Nature. From this last source he thinks it is clearly to be inferred that God wills and wishes the happiness of His creatures; consequently, actions which promote that will and wish must be agreeable to Him, and the contrary. The method of ascertaining the Will of God concerning any action, by the Light of Nature, therefore, is to inquire into the tendency of the action to promote or diminish general happiness. Proceeding on these grounds, he then arrives at the conclusion, that whatever is "expedient" is "right;" and that it is the utility of any moral rule which constitutes the obligation of it. In his further elucidation of this theory, Dr. Paley admits that an action may be useful in an individual case which is not right. To constitute it right, it is necessary that it shall be "expedient upon the whole—at the long run—in all its effects, collateral and remote as well as those which are immediate and direct."—*Philosophy of the Moral Feelings.*

THEORY OF ADAM SMITH.

This system is usually called the *Theory of Sympathy.* According to this ingenious writer, it is required for

our moral sentiments respecting an action, that we enter into the feelings both of the agent and of him to whom the action relates. If we sympathize with the feelings and intentions of the agent, we approve of his conduct as right; if not, we consider it as wrong. If, in the individual to whom the action refers, we sympathize with a feeling of gratitude, we regard the agent as worthy of praise; if with a feeling of resentment, the contrary. We thus observe our feelings respecting the conduct of others, in cases in which we are not personally concerned; then apply these rules to ourselves, and thus judge of our own conduct.

This very obvious statement, however, of what every man feels, does not supply the place of a fundamental rule of right and wrong. It applies only to the application of a principle, not to the origin of it. Our sympathy can never be supposed to constitute an action, right or wrong; but it enables us to apply to individual cases a principle of right and wrong derived from another source; and to clear our judgment in doing so, from the blending influence of those selfish feelings by which we are so apt to be misled when we apply it directly to ourselves. In estimating our own conduct, we then apply to it those conclusions which we have made with regard to the conduct of others; or we imagine others applying the same process in regard to us, and consider how our conduct would appear to an impartial observer.—*Philosophy of the Moral Feelings.*

After having stated these and other theories of morals, and pointed out their several errors and deficiencies, Mr. Abercrombie enunciates his own views upon the matter:

ABERCROMBIE'S THEORY.

The important distinction which these observations have been intended to illustrate may be briefly recapitulated in the following manner: The aspect of actions, as right or wrong, is founded upon a principle in the human mind entirely distinct from the exercise of Rea-

son ; and the standard of moral rectitude derived from this source is, in its nature, fixed and immutable. But there are many cases in which the exercise of Reason may be employed in referring particular actions to this standard, or trying them, as it were, by it. Any such mental process, however, is only to be considered as a kind of test applied to individual instances, and must not be confounded with the standard to which it is the office of this test to refer them. Right or virtuous conduct does, in point of fact, contribute to general Utility, as well as to the advantage of the individual, in the time and extended sense of that term; and these tendencies are perceived by the Reason. But it is neither of these which constitute it Right. This is founded entirely on a different principle; the immutable rule of Moral Rectitude. It is perceived by a different part of our constitution—the Moral Principle, or Conscience ; and, by the operation of this principle we pronounce it Right, without any reference to its consequences either to ourselves or others.—*Philosophy of the Moral Feelings.*

ABOUT, EDMOND - FRANÇOIS - VALENTIN, a French novelist, journalist, and dramatist, born at Dieuze, department of Meurthe, February 14, 1828; died in Paris, January 17, 1885. In 1848 he won the prize of honor at the *Lycée Charlemagne*, and in 1851 was sent to the French School at Athens, Greece, where he devoted himself to archæological studies. In 1855 he wrote *La Grèce Contemporaine;* and in the same year published *Tolla*, a novel, which was charged with being a plagiarism. He received the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1858; and in the following year he put forth at Brussels the *Roman Question*—which was said to have been inspired by the Emperor Napoleon III.—in which he advocated the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope. In the preface to this work he says: "If I have sought a publisher in Brussels, while I had an excellent one in Paris, it is not because I feel any alarm on the score of the regulations of our press, or the severity of our tribunals. But as the Pope has a long arm, which might reach me in France, I have gone a little out of the way to tell him the plain truths contained in these pages." In 1866 M. About was commissioned by the Emperor to draw up a report on the state of public opinion in France. Upon the breaking out of the Franco-German War he became a

war correspondent of the newspaper *La Soir*, and his letters attracted much attention. In 1872 he became editor of the Radical journal *Le XIXe Siècle*, and in the autumn of that year was arrested at Strasbourg by the Germans, in consequence of his work entitled *Alsace*. In 1873 he succeeded Philarète de Chasles as Paris correspondent of the London *Athenæum*. The works of M. About cover a wide range of topics, including fiction, the drama, and politics; and many of them have been translated into English.

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

The earliest Popes were not Kings and had no budgets. Consequently they had no annual deficits to make up. Consequently they were not obliged to borrow millions of M. de Rothschild. Consequently they were more independent than the crowned Popes of more recent times. Ever since the Spiritual and the Temporal have been joined, like two Siamese powers, the most august of the two has lost its independence. Every day, or nearly so, the Sovereign Pontiff finds himself called upon to choose between the general interests of the Church and the private interests of his Crown. Think you that he is sufficiently estranged from the things of this world to sacrifice heroically the Earth, which is near, to the Heaven, which is remote? Besides, we have history to help us. I might, if I chose, refer to certain bad Popes who were capable of selling the dogma of the Holy Trinity for half-a-dozen leagues of territory; but it would be hardly fair to argue from bad Popes to the confusion of indifferent ones.

Think you, however, when the Pope legalized the perjury of Francis I., after the treaty of Madrid, he did it to make the morality of the Holy See respected, or to stir up a war useful to his Crown? When he organized the traffic in Indulgences, and threw one-half of Europe

into heresy, was it to increase the number of Christians, or to give a dowry to a young lady? . . . When he suppressed the Order of the Jesuits, was it to reinforce the army of the Church, or to please his master in France? When he terminated his relations with the Spanish-American provinces upon their proclaiming their independence, was it in the interests of the Church or of Spain? . . .

But this union of powers, which would gain by separation, compromises not only the independence but the dignity of the Pope. The melancholy obligation to govern men obliges him to touch many things which he had better leave alone. Is it not deplorable that bailiffs must seize a debtor's property in the Pope's name? that judges must condemn a murderer to death in the name of the Head of the Church? that the executioner must cut off heads in the name of the Vicar of Christ? There is to me something scandalous in the association of these two words, *Pontifical Lottery*. And what can the hundred and thirty-nine millions of Catholics think, when they hear their Spiritual Sovereign expressing through his Finance Minister, his satisfaction at the progress of vice as proved by the success of the lotteries?—*The Roman Question, Translation of* COAPE.

CHARACTER OF POPE PIUS IX.

Pius IX. plays his part in the gorgeous shows of the Roman Catholic Church indifferently well. The faithful who have come from afar to see him perform Mass are a little surprised to see him take a pinch of snuff in the midst of the azure-tinted clouds of incense. In his hours of leisure he plays billiards for exercise, by order of his physicians. He believes in God. He is not only a good Christian, but a devotee. His morals are pure as they always have been, even when he was a young priest. He has nephews, who, wonderful to relate, are neither rich nor powerful, nor even Princes; and yet there is no law which prevents him from spoiling his subjects for the benefit of his family.

The character of this respectable old man is made up of devotion, simplicity, vanity, weakness, and obstinacy,

with an occasional touch of rancor. He blesses with unction, and he pardons with difficulty. He is a good Priest, and an inefficient King. His intellect, which raised such great hopes, and caused such cruel disappointment, is of a very ordinary capacity. The Romans formed an exaggerated opinion of him at his accession, and have done so ever since. In 1847, when he honestly manifested a desire to do good, they called him a great man; whereas in point of fact he was simply a worthy man, who wished to act better than his predecessors had done, and thereby to win some applause in Europe. Now in 1859 he passes for a violent reactionist, because events have discouraged his good intentions; and, above all, because Cardinal Antonelli, who masters him by fear, violently draws him backward. I consider him as meriting neither past admiration nor present hatred. I pity him for having loosened the rein upon his people, without possessing the firmness to restrain them seasonably. I pity still more that infirmity of character which allows more evil to be done in his name than he has ever himself done good. . . .

Now he is out of humor with his people, with the French, and with himself. . . . He knows the nation is suffering; but he allows himself to be persuaded that the misfortunes of the Nation are indispensable to the safety of the Church. Those about him take care that the reproaches of his conscience shall be stifled by the recollection of 1848, and the dread of a new revolution. He stops his eyes and his ears, and prepares to die calmly between his furious subjects on the one hand and his dissatisfied protectors on the other. Any man wanting in energy, placed as he is, would behave exactly in the same manner. The fault is not his, it is that of weakness and old age.—*The Roman Question, Translation of* COAPE.

THE OUTLOOK IN 1859.

At the worst, and as a last alternative, the Pope might retain the city of Rome, his palaces and temples, his cardinals and prelates, his priests and monks, his princes and footmen; and Europe would contribute to feed the little colony. But will the Pope and the Car-

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ADAMS, ABIGAIL (SMITH), wife of President John Adams, born at Weymouth, Mass., November 11, 1744; died at Quincy, Mass., October 28, 1818. She was married to Mr. Adams in 1764, and was his constant associate during his whole public career. Their correspondence during his long absences on official duty takes almost the form of a journal by both parties. It will naturally be presumed that the letters of an uncommonly sensible woman like Mrs. Adams, who lived in an eventful period of our history, and was personally, and for the most part intimately, acquainted with the great men of her times, must be full of interest and instruction. Some of the most characteristic productions of John Adams, also, were written in letters to his wife. In 1785 Mrs. Adams went to Europe, where her husband was residing in a diplomatic capacity. They took up their residence at Auteuil, a village some miles from Paris. In letters home Mrs. Adams describes their way of life:

LIFE IN FRANCE.

The house we have taken is large, commodious, and agreeably situated near the woods of Boulogne, which belong to the King, and which Mr. Adams calls his park, for he walks an hour or two every day in them. The house is much larger than we have need of; upon occasion forty beds may be made in it. I fancy it must

be very cold in winter. There are few houses with the privilege which this enjoys, of having the saloon, as it is called—the apartment where we receive company—upon the first floor. The dining-room is upon the right hand, and the saloon upon the left, of the entry, which has large glass doors opposite to each other, one opening into the court, as they call it, the other into a large and beautiful garden. Out of the dining-room you pass through an entry into the kitchen. In this entry are stairs which you ascend; at the top of which is a long gallery fronting the street, with six windows, and opposite to each window you open into the chambers, which all look into the garden.

But with an expense of thirty thousand livres in looking-glasses, there is no table in the house better than an oak board, nor a carpet belonging to the house. The floors I abhor, made of red tiles. These floors will by no means bear water; so the method of cleaning them is to have them waxed, and then a man-servant with foot-brushes drives round your room, dancing here and there like a merry-andrew. This is calculated to take from your foot every atom of dirt, and leave the room in a few moments as he found it. The dining-rooms, of which you make no other use, are laid with small stones, like the red tiles for shape and size. The servants' rooms are generally upon the first floor, and the stairs, which you commonly have to ascend to get into the family apartments, are so dirty that I have been obliged to hold up my clothes, as though I were passing through a cow-yard.

You may easily suppose that I have been fully employed, beginning housekeeping anew, and arranging my family, to my no small expense and trouble; for I have had bed-linen and table-linen to purchase and make, spoons and forks to get made of silver—three dozen of each—besides tea-furniture, china for the table, servants to procure, etc. The expenses of living abroad I have always supposed to be high, but my ideas were nowise adequate to the thing. I could have furnished myself in the town of Boston with everything I have, twenty or thirty per cent. cheaper. Everything which will bear the name of elegant is imported from England; and, if

you will have it, you must pay for it, duties and all. . . . The only gauze fit to wear is English, at a crown a yard; so that really a guinea goes no further than a copper with us.

For this house, garden, stables, etc., we give two hundred guineas a year. Wood is two guineas and a half per cord; coal six livres the basket of about two bushels; this article of firing we calculate at one hundred guineas a year. The difference between coming to this negotiation to France and remaining at the Hague, where a house was already furnished at an expense of a thousand pounds sterling, will increase the expense here by six or seven hundred guineas, at a time, too, when Congress have cut off five hundred guineas from what they have hitherto given. For our coachman and horses alone we give fifteen guineas a month. It is the policy of this country to oblige you to a certain number of servants, and one will not touch what belongs to the business of another, though he or she has time enough to perform the whole. . . . We have a servant who acts as *maître d' hôtel*, and who is so very gracious as to act as footman, too, to save the expense of another servant, upon condition that we give him a gentleman's suit of clothes, instead of a livery. Thus with seven servants, and hiring a char-woman upon occasion, we may possibly make out to keep house. With less, we should be hooted at as ridiculous, and could not entertain any company. . . .

I have become steward and book-keeper, determined to know with accuracy what our expenses are, and to prevail upon Mr. Adams to return to America, if he finds himself straitened, as I think he must be. Mr. Jay went home because he could not support his family here, with the whole salary; what then can be done, curtailed as it now is, with the additional expense? Mr. Adams is to keep as little company as he possibly can, but some entertainments we must make, and it is no unusual thing for them to amount to fifty or sixty guineas at a time. More is to be performed by way of negotiation, many times at these entertainments, than at twenty serious conversations; but the policy of our country has been, and still is, to be penny-wise and

pound-foolish. But my own interest apart, the system is bad for that nation which degrades its own ministers, by obliging them to live in narrow circumstances. . . .

I will add one more expense: There is now a Court-mourning, and every foreign minister, with his family, must go into mourning for a Prince of eight years old, whose father was an ally to the King of France. This mourning is ordered by the Court, and is to be worn eleven days only. Poor Mr. Jefferson had to hie away for a tailor to get a whole black suit made up in two days; and at the end of eleven days, should another death happen, he will be obliged to have a new suit of mourning of cloth, because that is the season when silk must be left off. We may groan and scold; but these are expenses which cannot be avoided; for Fashion is the deity which everyone worships in this country; and, from the highest to the lowest, you must submit. To be out of fashion is to be more criminal than to be seen in a state of nature—to which Parisians are not averse. —*Letter to her Sister, September 5, 1784.*

Mr. Adams became President by the election of 1796; and was defeated at the next election in 1800. The Seat of Government being transferred to Washington, President Adams and his family took up their residence there late in November, for the few months which were to intervene until the close of his term. Mrs. Adams, writing to her daughter, gives some account of the aspects of the new Federal capital.

WASHINGTON IN 1800.

I arrived here without meeting with any accident worth noticing except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through the woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately a

straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide, to extricate us out of the difficulty. But woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach *the City*, which is so only in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being.

In the City there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary! The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep, to secure us from daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. If they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere for three months; but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? . . .

You must keep all this to yourself; and when asked how I like it, say that I write to you that the situation is beautiful—which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished; and all inside, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without; and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor, and one for a levee-room. Upstairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson

furniture in it; it is a very handsome room now, but when completed it will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered the future Seat of Government, had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement; and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it. . . . —*Letter to her Daughter, November 21, 1800.*

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Two articles we are very much distressed for: the one is bells, but the more important one is wood; yet you cannot see wood for trees. No arrangement has been made, but by promises never performed, to supply the new-comers with fuel. Of the promises Briesler had received his full share. He had procured nine cords of wood; between six and seven of that was kindly burnt up to dry the walls of the house, which ought to have been done by the Commissioners, but which, if left to them, would have remained undone to this day. Congress poured in; but shiver, shiver. No wood-cutters nor carters to be had at any rate. We are now indebted to a Pennsylvania wagon to bring us, through the First Clerk in the Treasury Office, one cord and a half of wood, which is all we have for this house where twelve fires are constantly required; and where, we are told, the roads will soon be so bad that it cannot be drawn. Briesler procured two hundred bushels of coals, or we must have suffered. This is the situation of almost every person. The public officers have been sent to Philadelphia for wood-cutters and wagons. . . .

The vessel which has my clothes and other matters is not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room; I have no looking-glasses but dwarfs for this house; nor a twentieth part lamps enough to light it. Many things were stolen, many more were broken by removal. Amongst the number, my tea china is more than half missing. Georgetown affords nothing. My rooms are very pleasant and warm whilst the doors of the hall are closed. . . .

My visitors, some of them, come three and four miles. The return of one of them is the work of one day. Most of the ladies reside in Georgetown, or in scattered parts of the city at two and three miles distance. . . . We have all been very well as yet. If we can by any means get wood, we shall not let our fires go out; but it is at a price indeed; from four dollars it has risen to nine. Some day it will fall; but there must be more industry than is to be found here to bring half enough to the market for the consumption of the inhabitants.—*Letter to her Daughter, November 27, 1800.*

ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS, an American statesman and diplomatist, son of President John Quincy Adams, born at Boston, August 18, 1807; died there November 21, 1886. His father having been appointed to diplomatic positions in Europe, the early boyhood of the son was passed abroad. Returning to the United States in 1817 he entered Harvard College, where he graduated in 1825, and in 1838 was admitted to the bar. But he never engaged in legal practice, having previously married the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Boston. He entered into political life about 1840, as a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and in 1848 was nominated by the "Free Soil" party as their candidate for the Vice-presidency. The new "Republican" party was organized some years after, and in 1858 Mr. Adams was elected as representative in Congress from Massachusetts. In 1861 he was sent as minister to Great Britain, holding the position during the whole Civil War and until 1868, when he was recalled at his own request. In 1871–72 he acted as arbitrator for the United States in the commission appointed to settle the questions between Great Britain and the United States arising during the Civil War. In 1872 he was prominent in organizing the "Liberal Republican" movement, and was brought forward as a candi-

date for the Presidency. Mr. Horace Greeley was, however, chosen as the candidate of the party, and was also accepted by the Democratic party, but he failed in securing an election. In 1872 Mr. Adams formally joined the Democratic party, by which, in 1876, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts.

The contributions of Mr. Charles Francis Adams to literature have been very numerous, including several able papers furnished to the *North American Review* and other periodicals. But his most notable literary works are biographico-historical, relating to his grandfather, John Adams, his grandmother, Abigail Adams, and his father, John Quincy Adams. His *Life and Works of John Adams*, in ten volumes, appeared in 1850–56. The preface to this work sets forth his own ideas in respect to the task which had devolved upon him.

THE CAREER OF JOHN ADAMS.

The editor had reason to know that he was looked upon as the successor to this duty, and that, in this view, all the manuscripts, books, and papers relating to it were to be committed to his care. Whatever might have been his doubts of his own abilities to execute it, little room was left him to indulge them. To say that he has acquitted himself of his obligation to his own satisfaction, is more than he will venture to pretend. All that he will venture to claim for himself is an earnest desire to be right, and an endeavor, by no trifling amount of industry, to become so. That he may in many instances have fallen short of his aim will not surprise him. Infallibility in such a department of investigation is altogether out of the question. The writer has detected too many mistakes in his own work, and

observed too many in the productions of others, to cherish a spirit of dogmatism. . . .

So much has been said upon the duties of editors in publishing the papers committed to their care, that a few words may be necessary to explain the principles upon which this work has been conducted: In all cases the best copy attainable has been closely adhered to, saving only the correction of obvious errors of haste, or inadvertency, or negligence. Yet as a considerable number of the letters have been taken not from the originals—of which it is not known that they are yet extant—but from the copy-book containing the rough drafts, it is by no means improbable that, in case of a possibility of collation with the real letters, many discrepancies, not to say interpolations, and even erasures, may be discovered. Should such instances be brought to light, it is proper that this explanation should stand upon record to guard against charges of alteration. Against such variations it would have been impossible to provide, without materially contracting the valuable materials for the work. For all others, the editor has acted upon his own responsibility, and for reasons which appear to him satisfactory.—*Preface to the Works of John Adams.*

Mr. Charles F. Adams, in closing this exhaustive work relating to his grandfather, adds: "These volumes by no means exhaust the valuable materials in the possession of the editor for the illustration of the era of the Revolution; neither do they in the least encroach upon the yet larger stores in reserve for the other work intended for publication at a future period, and destined in giving the Life of John Quincy Adams, to elucidate the history of the generation immediately succeeding."—Nearly a score of years elapsed before Charles Francis Adams fairly entered upon the second part of the work which he

regarded as having devolved upon him, by the publication of *The Memoirs of John Quincy Adams* (13 vols., 1874–76). The preface to this work clearly sets forth his own view upon what he designates as "the next, and far the most difficult part" of these biographico-historical memorials:

THE CAREER OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The papers left by John Quincy Adams were not only much more numerous, but they embraced a far wider variety of topics. Whilst the public career of the father scarcely covered 28 years, that of the son stretched beyond 53. The chief difficulties of the enterprise have grown out of the exuberance of the materials. Not many persons have left behind them a greater variety of papers than John Quincy Adams, all more or less marked by characteristic modes of thought, and illustrating his principles of public life and private action. Independently of a Diary kept almost continuously for 65 years, and numbers of other productions—official and otherwise—there is a variety of discussion and criticism on different topics, together with correspondence, public and private, which, if it were all to be published, as was that of Voltaire, would be likely quite to equal in quantity the hundred volumes of that expansive writer. But this example of Voltaire is one which might properly serve as a lesson for warning rather than for imitation. . . .

The chief objects to be attained by publishing the papers of eminent men seem to be the elucidation of the history of the times in which they acted, and of the extent to which they exercised a personal influence upon opinion, as well as upon events. Where the materials to gain these ends may be drawn directly from their own testimony, it would be far more advisable to adopt them at once, as they stand, than to substitute explanations or disquisitions, the offspring of imperfect impressions gathered long afterward at second-hand. It so happens that in the present instance there remains

a record of life carefully kept by John Quincy Adams for nearly the whole of his active days. It may reasonably be doubted whether any attempt of the kind has been more completely executed by a public man. . . .

Very fortunately for this undertaking, the days have passed [1874] when the bitterness of party spirit prevented the possibility of arriving at calm judgments of human action during the period to which it relates. Another more fearful conflict, not restrained within the limits of controversy, however passionate, has so far changed the currents of American feeling as to throw all earlier recollections at once into the remote domain called "History." It seems, then, a suitable moment for the submission to the public of the testimony of one of the leading actors in the earlier era of the Republic. In my labors I have confined myself strictly to the duty of explanation and illustration of what time may have rendered obsolete in the text. Whatever does there appear remains just as the author wrote it. Whether for weal or woe, he it is who has made his own pedestal, whereon to take his stand, to be judged by posterity, so far as that verdict may fall within the province of all later generations of mankind.—*Preface to Memoirs of John Quincy Adams.*

ADAMS, HANNAH, born at Medfield, Mass., in 1755; died at Brookline, Mass., November 15, 1832. She was the first woman in America to devote herself to authorship. Her father, a man of good education, kept a small country store, dealing among other things in books. He also boarded some students of divinity, from whom the daughter learned Greek and Latin, which she subsequently taught. Her first work, *A View of Religious Opinions*, was published in 1784, and a second and enlarged edition in 1791. "The emolument I derived from this," she says, "not only placed me in a comfortable situation, but enabled me to pay the debts I had contracted during mine and my sister's illness, and to put out a small sum at interest." In 1799 she published a *Summary History of New England*, from the settlement at Plymouth to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. In gathering materials for this work among old manuscripts, she seriously impaired her eyesight, and had to employ an amanuensis to prepare the copy for the printers. Her most elaborate work, *The History of the Jews*, since the destruction of Jerusalem, was in 1818 reprinted in London, "at the expense and for the benefit of the London Society for Promoting Christianity Amongst the Jews." She commenced an Autobiography, which was continued down to her death by Mrs. H. F. Lee.

During the later years of her life she enjoyed a comfortable annuity, raised by her friends.

CHURCH AND STATE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Most of the Massachusetts settlers had, while in their native country, lived in communion with the Established Church. The rigorous severity used to enforce ceremonies, by them deemed unlawful, occasioned their removal to New England. The Massachusetts churches, in general, were formed on the Congregational model, and maintained Calvanistic doctrines. The colony had no settled plan of church discipline till after the arrival of Mr. John Cotton, whose opinion in civil and religious concerns was held in the highest estimation. He gradually modelled all their church administrations, and determined their ecclesiastical constitutions. . . . In consequence of the union thus formed between Church and State, on the plan of the Jewish Theocracy, the ministers were called to sit in Council, and give their advice in matters of religion, and cases of conscience which came before the Court, and without them they never proceeded to any act of an ecclesiastical nature.

None were allowed to vote in the election of rulers but freemen, and freemen must be church members; and as none could be admitted into the Church but by the Elders, who first examined and then propounded them to the brethren for their vote, the Clergy acquired hereby a vast ascendancy over both rulers and people, and had, in effect, the keys of the State as well as the Church in their hands. The Magistrates, on the other hand, regulated the gathering of the churches, interposed in the settlement and dismission of ministers, arbitrated in ecclesiastical controversies, and controlled synodical assemblies. This coercive power of the Magistrates was deemed absolutely necessary to preserve the order of the Gospel.—*History of New England.*

MERITS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONISTS.

Though the conduct of our ancestors, in the application of the power of the civil magistrate to religious concerns, was fraught with error, and the liberal sentiments of the present age place their errors in the most conspicuous point of view, yet their memory ought ever to be held in veneration. And while we review the imperfections which, at present, cast a shade over their characters, we ought to recollect those virtues by which they gave lustre to the age in which they lived; *viz.:* their ardent love of liberty, when tyranny prevailed in Church and State; the fortitude with which they sacrificed ease and opulence, and encountered complicated hardships, in order to enjoy the sacred rights of conscience; their care to lay a foundation for solid learning, and establish wise and useful institutions in their infant State; the immense pains they took in settling and cultivating their lands, and defending the country against the depredations of the surrounding Indians; and, above all, their supreme regard for religion. . . .

The Massachusetts Colony rapidly increased. A dreary wilderness in the space of a few years had become a comfortable habitation, furnished with the necessaries and conveniences of life. It is remarkable that previous to this period all the attempts at settling "the Northern Patent," upon secular views, had proved abortive. They were accompanied with such public discouragement as would probably have lost the continent to England, or have permitted only the sharing of it with the other European Powers, as in the West India Islands, had not the spirit of religion given rise to an effectual colonization.—*History of New England.*

THE HEBREW NATIONALITY.

The history of the Jews is remarkable above that of all other nations for the number and cruelty of the persecutions they have endured. They are venerable for the antiquity of their origin. They are discriminated

from the rest of mankind by their wonderful destination, peculiar habits, and religious rites. Since the destruction of Jerusalem, and their universal dispersion, we contemplate the singular phenomenon of a nation subsisting for ages without its civil and religious polity, and thus surviving its political existence.

But the Jews appear in a far more interesting light, when considered as a standing monument of the truth of the Christian Religion; as an ancient Church of God, to whom were committed the Sacred Oracles; as a people selected from all nations to make known and preserve the knowledge of the True God. To them the Gospel was first preached, and from them the first Christian Church in Jerusalem was collected. To them we are indebted for the Scriptures of the New as well as of the Old Testament. To them were given the spirit of Prophecy, and the power of working Miracles. From them were derived an illustrious train of Prophets and Apostles. "To them pertaineth the adoption and the glory, the service of God and the promises; and of them, as concerning the flesh, Christ came." . . .

The preservation of this extraordinary people during their calamitous dispersion exhibits the faithfulness of the Deity in fulfilling his gracious promise, that "when they are in the land of their enemies, He will not cast them away, nor destroy them utterly." Though from the destruction of Jerusalem to the sixteenth century there are few countries in which they have not been successfully banished, recalled, and again expelled, yet they have never been banished from one country without finding an asylum in another. . . . One of the great designs of their being preserved and continued a distinct people appears to be that their singular destiny might confirm the divine authority of the Gospel, which they reject; and that they might strengthen the faith of others in those sacred truths, to which they refuse to yield their own assent.—*History of the Jews.*

ADAMS, HENRY, an American historian, third son of Charles Francis Adams, was born in Boston, Mass., February 16, 1838. He graduated at Harvard in 1858, and from 1861 to 1868 was private secretary to his father, who was then Minister to England. From 1870 to 1877 he was assistant professor of history at Harvard. He then again spent several years in London, and upon his return to this country settled in Washington, D. C. He has been a frequent contributor to periodicals, and was, for a time, the editor of the *North American Review*. He published *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law* (1876), *Life of Albert Gallatin* (1879), *Writings of Albert Gallatin* (1879), *John Randolph* (1882), *History of the United States*, including the first and second administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison (1889–90), *Historical Essays* (1891), *The Tendency of History* (1895). Of his biography of *John Randolph*, a prominent critic says: "To Mr. Adams, Randolph is, if not quite a lay figure on which to hang historical drapery, at least a cadaver to be curiously dissected for the instruction of an interested class. However this may detract from the interest of the book as a biography, it very much increases its value to the political student."

FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

For eighteen years after 1783 William Pitt guided England through peace and war with authority almost as absolute as that of Don Carlos IV. or Napoleon himself. From him and from his country President Jefferson had much to fear and nothing to gain beyond a continuance of the good relations which President Washington, with extreme difficulty, had succeeded in establishing between the two peoples. So far as England was concerned this understanding had been the work of Pitt and Lord Grenville, who rather imposed it on their party than accepted it as the result of any public will. The extreme perils in which England then stood inspired caution; and of this caution the treaty of 1794 was one happy result. So long as the British Government remained in a cautious spirit, America was safe; but should Pitt or his successors throw off the self-imposed restraints on England's power, America could at the utmost, even by a successful war, gain nothing materially better than a return to the arrangements of 1794.

The War of Independence, which ended in the definitive treaty of 1783, naturally left the English people in a state of irritation and disgust toward America; and the long interregnum of the Confederation, from 1783 to 1789, allowed this disgust to ripen into contempt. When at length the Constitution of 1789 restored order in the American chaos, England felt little faith in the success of the experiment. She waited for time to throw light on her interests.

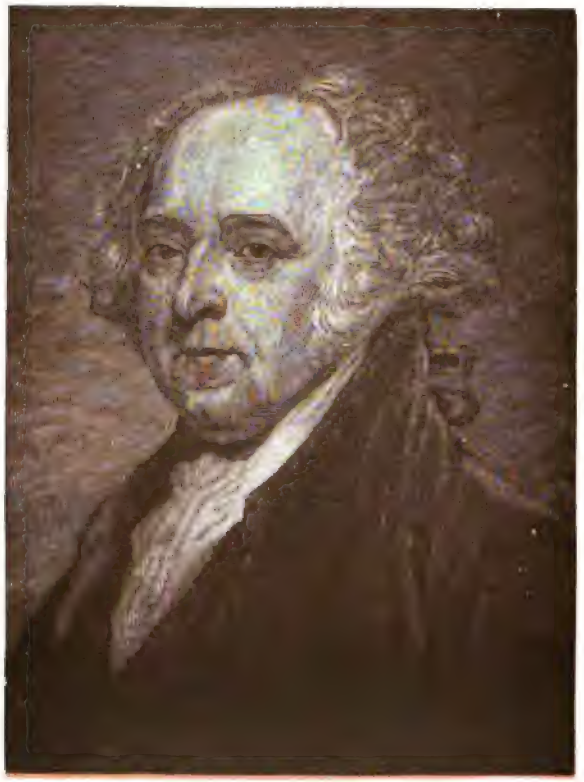
This delay was natural, for American independence had shattered into fragments the commercial system of Great Britain, and powerful interests were combined to resist further concession. Before 1776 the colonies of England stretched from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and across the Gulf of Mexico to the coast of South America, mutually supporting and strengthening each other. Jamaica and the other British islands of the West Indies drew their most necessary supplies from the Delaware and the Hudson. Boston and New York

were, in some respects, more important to them than London itself. The timber, live-stock, and provisions which came from the neighboring continent were essential to the existence of the West Indian planters and negroes. When war cut off these supplies, famine and pestilence followed. After the peace of 1783 even the most Conservative English statesmen were obliged to admit that the strictness of their old colonial system could not be maintained, and that the United States, though independent, must be admitted to some of the privileges of a British colony. The Government unwillingly conceded what could not be refused, and the West Indian colonists compelled Parliament to relax the colonial system so far as to allow a restricted intercourse between their islands and the ports of the United States. The relaxation was not a favor to the United States—it was a condition of existence to the West Indies; not a boon, but a right which the colonists claimed and an Act of Parliament defined.

The right was dearly paid for. The islands might buy American timber and grain, but they were allowed to make return only in molasses and rum. Payment in sugar would have been cheaper for the colonists, and the planters wished for nothing more earnestly than to be allowed this privilege; but as often as they raised the prayer, English shipowners cried that the navigation laws were in peril, and a chorus of familiar phrases filled the air, all carrying a deep meaning to the English people. "Nursery of seamen," was one favorite expression, "Neutral frauds" another; and all agreed in assuming that at whatever cost, and by means however extravagant, the navy must be fed and strengthened. Under the cover of supporting the navy any absurdity could be defended; and in the case of the West Indian trade, the British shipowner enjoyed the right to absurdities sanctioned by a century and a half of law and custom. The freight on British sugars belonged of right to British shippers, who could not be expected to surrender of their own accord, in obedience to any laws of political economy, a property which was the source of their incomes. The colonists asked permission to refine their own sugar; but their request not only roused

strong opposition from the shipowners who wanted the bulkier freight, but started the home sugar-refiners to their feet, who proved by Acts of Parliament that sugar-refining was a British, and not a colonial, right. The colonists then begged a reduction of the heavy duty on sugar, but English country gentlemen cried against a measure which might lead to an increase of the income tax, or the imposition of some new burden on agriculture. In this dilemma the colonists frankly said that only their weakness, not their will, prevented them from declaring themselves independent, like their neighbors at Charleston and Philadelphia.

Even when the qualified right of trade was conceded, the colonists were not satisfied; and the concession itself laid the foundation of more serious changes. From the moment that American produce was admitted to be a necessity for the colonists, it was clear that the Americans must be allowed a voice in the British system. Discussion whether the Americans had or had not a right to the colonial trade was already a long step toward revolution. One British minister after another resented the idea that the Americans had any rights in the matter; yet when they came to practical arrangements the British statesmen were obliged to concede that they were mistaken. From the necessity of the case, the Americans had rights which never could be successfully denied. Parliament struggled to prevent the rebel Americans from sharing in the advantages of the colonial system from which they rebelled; but unreasonable as it was that the United States should be rewarded for rebellion by retaining the privileges of subjects, this was the inevitable result. Geography and nature were stronger than Parliament and the British navy.—*History of the United States.*



JOHN ADAMS.

ADAMS, JOHN, second President of the United States, born at Braintree, Mass., October 30, 1735; died at Quincy, Mass., July 4, 1826. He graduated at Harvard College in 1755, took charge of a Grammar School at Worcester, and read law with the only lawyer in the town; and in 1758 commenced practice in his native county of Suffolk, of which Boston was the shire town. In 1764 he married Abigail Smith, a daughter of the minister of the neighboring town of Weymouth. The disputes between Great Britain and the American Colonies, growing primarily out of the Stamp Act, were growing warm, and Adams took a prominent part on the side of the Colonists, although he did not concur in the violent early acts of their leaders. The dispute which was allayed by the repeal of the Stamp Act broke out afresh upon the passage by Parliament of the Boston Port Bill and the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor. The Congress of 1774 was a consequence of these proceedings, Adams being appointed one of the five delegates from Massachusetts to this Congress, which was convened at Philadelphia. He was prominent among those who were in favor of restricting the aggressions of England upon the rights of the Colonies. His Diary and his numerous Letters, now included in the edition of his *Life and Works*, prepared by

his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, throw much light upon this seeding period of the American nation.

The "Continental Congress" of 1775, although composed of nearly the same members as the Congress of the preceding year, found that higher duties had devolved upon it. The earlier Congress had rather to deliberate upon what ought to be done. The Continental Congress was forced by the course of things to decide what could be done, and what must be done. Adams had made up his mind that any reconciliation with the Mother Country was hopeless. Other members thought otherwise, and a most respectful petition to the King was agreed upon. No harm could be done by such a petition, and, as it turned out, no good was done by it. Adams and his associates carried the main practical point: The Colonies were to put themselves into a "state of defence," while still asserting that "the war on their part was defensive only, and without any intention to throw off their allegiance." The meeting of the Congress early in 1776 evinced clearly that a separation between the Mother Country and the Colonies was to be effected by armed force. The decisive point was reached early in May, when a resolution moved by R. H. Lee was passed, averring that the United States "are and ought to be free and independent." Three committees were appointed to prepare the necessary measures. Adams was a member of two of these committees, that on the Declaration of Independence being the most significant. The Declaration itself

was drawn up by Jefferson, though the original document was somewhat modified so as to meet the views of Adams, upon whom was devolved the arduous task of carrying the Declaration through the somewhat undecided Congress.

For the ensuing twelve years John Adams was one of the most notable men in America. He was recognized as having "the clearest head and the firmest heart of any man in Congress." Early in 1778 he was sent to Europe to take practically the lead in conducting our foreign affairs, first as Commissioner to France, and subsequently as Minister to the Netherlands and to Great Britain.

In the meantime it had become clear to all men that the Confederation of States was not a form of government suited to meet the exigencies of the times. Early in 1788 Adams, at his own urgent request, was recalled from his mission abroad. Upon his return he was reappointed as a delegate from Massachusetts to the Continental Congress, which had been assembled mainly to draw up a new form of Constitution for the United States. This Congress had, however, already completed their work, and Mr. Adams had nothing to do with the actual framing of the Constitution of the United States. This document, as originally framed, prescribed that each of the Presidential Electors—the number of which was provisionally fixed at sixty-nine—should cast two ballots for different persons. The person receiving the highest vote, provided that it was more than half of the whole number cast, was thereby elected as President. The person receiving the next

highest number, whether a majority of the whole or not, was to be Vice-President. Washington received one vote from each of the Electors, and was thus unanimously chosen as President. The remaining Electoral votes were given to eleven persons. Of these Mr. Adams received thirty-four, the highest number cast for any one person, though lacking one of being a majority of the whole; and he was therefore declared to have been chosen Vice-President, and President of the Senate *ex officio*. At the second Presidential election, in 1792, Washington again received an entire Electoral vote. Adams also received a majority of the remaining vote, and was thus chosen again as Vice-President.

Washington having positively declined to hold the Presidency for a third term, the election of 1797 took a singular turn. Three candidates were presented for the first place—Adams, Jefferson, and Thomas Pinckney. Jefferson was recognized as the leader of the Anti-Federal or "Republican" party; while both Adams and Pinckney were the recognized candidates of the Federal party for the first and second places. But a considerable portion of the party wished that Pinckney should receive the higher vote, and thus be chosen as President. A large number of Eastern Federalist Electors withheld their votes from Pinckney, and the result was that Adams had seventy-one Electoral votes, being a majority of the whole, and the highest number for any. He was thus chosen President, while Jefferson, having sixty-nine votes, became Vice-President.

At the next Presidential election, in 1800, Adams and Charles C. Pinckney were the Federal candidates, receiving sixty-five and sixty-four votes respectively. Jefferson and Burr were the Republican candidates, each receiving seventy-three votes. The choice for President thus devolved upon the House of Representatives, and this body selected Jefferson as President, Burr being Vice-President. The public life of John Adams fairly ended with this defeat. He retired to his home in Braintree, and wrote much matter, some of it of decided value. He died on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. On the same day died Thomas Jefferson, long the associate, and subsequently the bitter political opponent, of Adams. It is pleasant to call to mind that when both of these patriots had come to be very old men, they forgot the previous animosities of their political life.

Most of the ten large volumes which make up the *Works of John Adams* are of mere temporary and local significance. But some of them contain passages deserving a place in the permanent record of human thought. Prominent among these works is his *Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America*, first published in London, in 1787, while the author was our Minister in England. The *Defence of the American Constitutions* was published in Philadelphia ten years later in three octavo volumes. The undertaking of this valuable work grew out of the fact, mentioned by Chancellor Kent, that at

the commencement of the French Revolution many speculative writers and theoretical politicians had been struck with the simplicity of a legislature with a single assembly, and had concluded that more than one house was useless and expensive. President Adams therefore thought it timely to vindicate the value and necessity of the division of the Legislature into two branches, and of the distribution of the powers of the Government into distinct departments. The work was written in the form of about fifty letters, and before the present Constitution of the United States had been framed. He speaks therefore of the characteristics of the Governments of the Thirteen independent Colonies or States which constituted the Confederation; and of these he says:

THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE THIRTEEN STATES.

It will not be pretended that the persons employed in the formation of these Governments had any interviews with the gods, or were in any degree under the inspiration of heaven, any more than those at work upon ships or houses, or laboring upon merchandise or agriculture. It will be forever acknowledged that these Governments were contrived merely by the use of reason and the senses. Neither the people nor their conventions, committees or sub-committees, considered legislation in any other light than ordinary arts and sciences, only as of more importance. Called without exception, and compelled without previous inclination —though undoubtedly at the best period of time, both for England and America—to erect suddenly new systems of laws for their future government, they adopted the methods of a wise architect, in erecting a new palace for the residence of his sovereign. . . . Unembarrassed by attachments to noble families, hereditary lines, and successions, or by considerations of royal blood,

even the pious mystery of holy oil had no more influence than that other of holy water. And their leaders —or, more properly followers—were men of too much honor to attempt it.

Thirteen Governments, thus naturally founded on the authority of the People alone—without a pretence of miracle or mystery, which are destined to spread over the northern part of that whole quarter of the globe—are a great point gained in favor of the rights of mankind. The experiment is made, and has completely succeeded. It can be no longer called in question, whether authority in magistrates, and obedience of citizens, can be grounded on reason, morality, and the Christian religion, without the monkery of priests or the knavery of politicians.—*Preface to the Defence.*

THE OUTLOOK IN 1787.

The arts and sciences, in general, during the three or four last centuries, have had a regular course of progressive improvement. The inventions in the mechanic arts, the discoveries in natural philosophy, navigation, and commerce, and the advancement of civilization and humanity, have occasioned changes in the condition of the world, and the human character, which would have astonished the most refined nations of antiquity. A continuation of such exertions is every day rendering Europe more and more like one community, or single family. The checks and balances of republican Governments have been in some degree adopted by the courts of princes. . . . A control has been established over ministers of state and the royal councils, which approaches in some degree the spirit of republics. The press has great influence, even where it is not expressly tolerated; and the public opinion must be respected by a minister, or his place becomes insecure. . . . And if religious toleration were established, and personal liberty a little more protected, by giving an absolute right to demand a public trial in a certain reasonable time, and the States [Estates] invested with a few more privileges—or, rather, restored to some that have been taken away—these Governments would be brought to

as great a degree of perfection—they would approach as near to the character of governments of Laws and not of Men, as their nature will probably admit of.—*Preface to the Defence.*

The *Diary* of John Adams, though not kept up unremittingly during his whole life, contains many interesting passages. In January, 1759, not long after he had begun the practice of law, he writes:

EARLY PLANS FOR LIFE.

What am I doing? Shall I sleep away my whole seventy years? No, by everything I swear I will renounce this contemplative, and betake myself to an active, roving life by sea or land; or else I will attempt some uncommon, unexpected enterprise in law. Let me lay the plan, and arouse spirit enough to push boldly. I swear I'll push myself into business. I'll watch my opportunity to speak in Court, and will strike with surprise; surprise bench, bar, jury, auditors and all. Activity, boldness, forwardness, will draw attention. I will not lean with my elbows on the table forever, like So-and-so; but I will not forego the pleasures of ranging the woods, climbing cliffs, walking in fields, meadows, by rivers, lakes, etc., and confine myself to a chamber for nothing. I'll have some boon in return, exchange: Fame, fortune, or something. . . .

In Parson Wibird's company something is to be learned of human nature, human life, love, courtship, marriage. . . . He has his mind stuffed with remarks and stories of human virtues and vices, wisdom and folly, etc. But his opinion, out of poetry, love, courtship, marriage, politics, war, grace, decency, etc., is not very valuable. His soul is lost in dronish effeminacy. I'd rather be lost in a whirlwind of activity, study, business, great and good designs of promoting the honor, grandeur, wealth, happiness of mankind.—*Diary for 1759.*

THE YEAR 1765.

This has been the most remarkable year of my life. That enormous engine, fabricated by the British Parliament for battering down all the rights and liberties of America—I mean the Stamp Act—has raised and spread through the whole continent a spirit which will be recorded to our honor with all future generations. . . . Such, and so universal, has been the resentment of the people that every man who has dared to speak in favor of the stamps, or to soften the detestation in which they are held, has been seen to sink into universal contempt and ignominy. The people, even to the lowest ranks, have become more attentive to their liberties, more inquisitive about them, and more determined to defend them than they were ever before. The crown officers have everywhere trembled; and all their little tools and creatures have been afraid to speak, and ashamed to be seen.

This spirit, however, has not been sufficient to banish from persons in authority that timidity which they have discovered from the beginning. The Executive Courts have not yet dared to pronounce the Stamp Act void, nor to proceed to business as usual, though it should seem that necessity alone would be sufficient to justify business at present, though the Act should be allowed to be obligatory. The stamps are in the castle; the Governor has no authority to unpack the bales; the Act has never been proclaimed nor read in the Province; and yet the probate office is shut, the custom-houses are shut, and all business seems at a stand. . . . How long we are to remain in this languid condition—this passive obedience to the Stamp Act—is not certain.

But such a pause cannot be lasting . . . and it is to be expected that the public offices will very soon be forced open, unless such favorable accounts should be received from England as to draw away the fear of the great; or unless a greater dread of the multitude should drive away the fear of censure from Great Britain. It is my opinion that by this inactivity we discover cowardice, and too much respect for the Act. This rest

appears to be—by implication at least—an acknowledgment of the authority of Parliament to tax us. And if this authority is once acknowledged and established, the ruin of America will become inevitable.—*Diary of 1765.*

The letters written by Adams to his wife are often extremely interesting. In them he lays bare his inmost heart upon matters of public import. Thus, late in July, 1775, when the first Continental Congress was in session, and the question of revolution or no revolution was becoming the important issue of the time, he writes of Franklin and some other members of that Congress:

ADAMS UPON FRANKLIN AND OTHERS.

Dr. Franklin has been very constant in his attendance upon Congress from the beginning. His conduct has been composed and grave, and, in the opinion of many gentlemen, very reserved. He has not assumed anything, nor affected to take the lead; but has seemed to choose that Congress should pursue their own sentiments, and adopt their own plans. Yet he has not been backward; has been very useful to us on many occasions, and discovered a disposition entirely American. He does not hesitate at our boldest measures, but rather seems to think us too irresolute and backward. He thinks us at present in rather an odd state; neither at peace nor at war; neither dependent nor independent. But he thinks that we shall soon assume a character more decisive. He thinks that we have the power of preserving ourselves; and that, even if we should be driven to the disagreeable necessity of assuming a total independency, and set up a separate State, we can maintain it.

The people in England have thought that the opposition was wholly owing to Dr. Franklin; and I suppose their scribblers will attribute the proceeding of Congress

to him; but there cannot be a greater mistake. He has had but little share farther than to co-operate and to assist. He is, however, a great and a good man. I wish his colleagues from this city [Philadelphia] were all like him; particularly one [John Dickinson], whose abilities and virtues, formerly trumpeted so much in America, have been found wanting. There is a young gentleman from Pennsylvania whose name is Wilson, whose fortitude, rectitude, and abilities, too, greatly outshine his master's. Mr. Biddle, the Speaker, has been taken off by sickness; Mr. Mifflin is gone to the camp; Mr. Morton is ill too; so that this Province has suffered by the timidity of two overgrown fortunes. The dread of confiscation, or caprice—I know not what—has influenced them too much. Yet they were for taking arms, and pretended to be very valiant. This letter must be secret, dear, or at least communicated with great discretion.—*Letter, July 23, 1775.*

It was almost a year longer before the question of Independence came to a final decision in the Continental Congress. On July 3, 1776, Adams wrote to his wife:

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater, perhaps, never was or will be debated among men. A Resolution was passed, without one dissenting Colony, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and as such they have, and of right ought to have, full power to make war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which other States may rightfully do." You will see in a few days a Declaration setting forth the causes which have impelled us to this mighty revolution, and the reasons which will justify it to God and man. . . .

When I run through the whole period from 1761 to this, I am surprised at the suddenness as well as the

greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom; at least this is my judgment. Time must determine. It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever. It may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting, and distresses yet more dreadful. . . .

Had a Declaration of Independency been made seven months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might, before this hour, have formed alliances with foreign States. We should have been masters of Quebec, and been in possession of Canada. . . . But the delay of this Declaration to this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning, though weak and mistaken, people, have been gradually, and at last totally, extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of Independence . . . so that the whole people, in every Colony of the Thirteen, have now adopted it as their own act. This will cement the union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a Declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever. . . . I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure which it will cost us to maintain this Declaration and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even though we should rue it—which I trust in God we shall not.—*Letter, July 3, 1776.*

CHARACTER OF NEW ENGLANDERS.

If ever I get through this scene of politics and war, I will spend the remainder of my days in endeavoring to instruct my countrymen in the art of making the most of their virtues and abilities; an art which they have hitherto too much neglected. A Philosophical Society shall be established at Boston, if I have wit and address to accomplish it, some time or other. . . . My countrymen want art and address. They want knowledge of the world. They want the exterior and accomplishments of gentlemen, upon which the world has set so high a value. In solid abilities and virtues they vastly excel, in general, any people on this continent. Our New England people are awkward and bashful; yet they are pert, ostentatious, and vain—a mixture which excites ridicule and gives disgust. They have not the faculty of showing themselves to the best advantage, nor the art of concealing this faculty; an art and faculty which some people possess in the highest degree. Our deficiencies in this respect are owing wholly to the little intercourse we have with strangers, and to our inexperience of the world. These imperfections must be remedied, for New England must produce the heroes, the statesmen, the philosophers, or America will make no great figure for some time.—*Letter, August 3, 1776.*

THE SEAL FOR THE UNITED STATES.

Dr. Franklin proposes a device for the seal: Moses lifting up his wand and dividing the Red Sea, and Pharaoh in his chariot overwhelmed with the waters; this motto, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." —Mr. Jefferson proposed the children of Israel in the wilderness, led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and on the other side, Hengist and Horsa, the Saxon chiefs from whom we claim the honor of being descended, and whose political principles and form of government we have assumed.—I proposed the Choice of Hercules, as engraved in some editions of Lord Shaftesbury's works: the hero resting on his club;

Virtue pointing to her rugged mountain on one hand, and persuading him to ascend ; Sloth, glancing on her flowery paths of pleasure, wantonly reclining on the ground, displaying the charms both of her eloquence and person, to seduce him into vice. But this is too complicated a group for a seal or medal, and it is not original.—*Letter, August 14, 1776.*

MILITARY DISCIPLINE AND OBEDIENCE.

There is such a mixture of the sublime and the beautiful, together with the useful, in military discipline, that I wonder every officer we have is not charmed with it. . . . A disciplinarian has affixed to him commonly the ideas of cruelty, severity, tyranny, etc. ; but if I were an officer, I am convinced that I should be the most effective disciplinarian in the army. I am convinced that there is no other effective way of indulging benevolence, humanity, and the tender social passions in an army. There is no other way of preserving the health and the spirits of the men. There is no other way of making them active and skilful in war ; no other way of guarding an army against destruction by surprise ; and no other method of giving them confidence in one another—of making them stand by one another in the hour of battle. Discipline in an army is like the laws in civil society. There can be no liberty in a commonwealth where the laws are not revered and most sacredly observed ; nor can there be happiness or safety in an army for a single hour where the discipline is not observed.—Obedience is the only thing wanting now for our salvation :—obedience to the laws in the States, and obedience to officers in the army.—*Letter, August 24, 1777.*

COST OF LIVING IN PHILADELPHIA.

The business of the country has been in so critical and dangerous a situation for the last twelve months that it was necessary that Massachusetts should have a full representation ; but the expenses of living are grown so enormous that I believe it will be necessary

to reduce the number of delegates to three, after the campaign is over.

Prices current: Four pounds a week for board, besides finding your own washing, shaving, candles, liquors, pipes, tobacco, wood, etc. Thirty shillings a week for [the board of] a servant. (It ought to be thirty shillings for a gentleman and four pounds for the servant, because he generally eats twice as much, and makes twice as much trouble.) Shoes, five dollars a pair. Salt, twenty-seven dollars a bushel. Butter, ten shillings a pound. Punch, twenty shillings a bowl. All the old women and young children are gone down to the Jersey shore to make salt. Salt water is boiling all round the coast, and I hope it will increase; for it is nothing but heedlessness and shiftlessness that prevents us from making salt enough for a supply; but necessity will bring us to it. As to sugar, molasses, rum, etc., we must leave them off. Whiskey is used here instead of rum, and I don't see but it is just as good. Of this the wheat and rye countries can easily distil enough for the use of the country. If I could get cider I would be content.—*Letter, August 29, 1777.*

HOPES AND FORECASTINGS.

The question now is, whether there will be a general engagement. I think it is not good policy for us to attack them, unless we can get a favorable advantage of them in the situation of the ground, etc. I think it would be imprudent, perhaps, for us, with our whole force, to attack them with all theirs. . . . But will not Mr. Howe be able to compel us to a general engagement? Perhaps he may, but Washington will manœuvre it with him a good deal to avoid it. A general engagement, in which Howe should be defeated, would be ruin to him. If we should be defeated, his army would be crippled; and perhaps we might suddenly re-enforce our army, which he could not. All that he could gain by a victory would be the possession of this town [Philadelphia], which would be the worst position he could be in; because it would employ his whole force, by sea and land, to keep it and the command of the river.

Their principal dependence is not upon their arms, I believe, so much as upon the failure of our revenue. They think they have taken such measures—by circulating counterfeit bills—so to depreciate the currency that it cannot hold its credit longer than this campaign. But they are mistaken. We must disappoint them by renouncing all luxuries, and by a severe economy. General Washington sets a fine example. He has banished wine from his table, and entertains his friends with rum-and-water. This is much to the honor of his wisdom, his policy, and his patriotism. And the example must be followed by banishing sugar and all imported articles from our families. If necessity should reduce us to a simplicity of dress and diet becoming republicans, it would be a happy and a glorious necessity. . . .

Washington has a great body of militia assembled and assembling, in addition to a grand Continental army. Whether he will strike or not, I can't say. He is very prudent, and will not unnecessarily hazard his army. I should put more to risk, if I were in his shoes; but perhaps he is right. . . . I wish that Stark had the command in the Northern Department. I am sick of Fabian systems in all quarters. The officers drink: "A long and moderate war!" My toast is: "A short and violent war!" They would call me mad, rash, etc., but I know better. I am as cool as any of them—and cooler too—for my mind is not inflamed with fear nor anger; whereas I believe theirs are with both. . . .

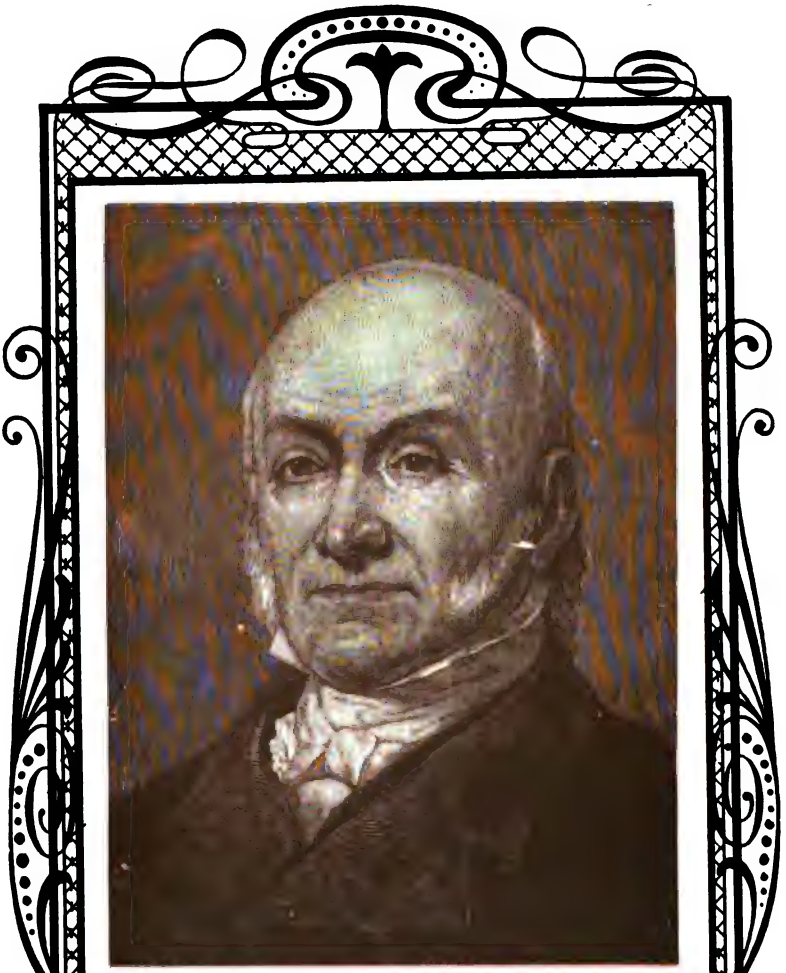
The General has harangued his army, and published general orders, in order to prepare their minds for something great. Whether he expects to be attacked, or whether he designs to offend, I can't say. . . . If there should be no general battle, and the two armies should lounge away the remainder of the campaign, in silent inactivity, gazing at each other, Howe's reputation would be ruined in his own country and in all Europe, and the dread of him would cease in all America. The American mind, which, I think, has more firmness now than it ever had before, since this war began, would acquire a confidence and strength that all the efforts of Great Britain afterward would not be able to relax. . . .

The moments are critical here. We know not but the next will bring us an account of a general engagement begun; and when once begun, we know not how it will end. All that we can do is to pray that we may be victorious; at least, that we may not be vanquished.

But if it should be the will of Heaven that our army should be defeated, and Philadelphia fall into Mr. Howe's hands, still America is not conquered. America would yet be possessed of great resources, and capable of great exertions. It may be the design of Providence that this should be the case; because it would only lay the foundations of American Independence deeper, and cement them stronger. It would cure Americans of their vicious and luxurious and effeminate appetites, passions, and habits—a more dangerous army to American liberty than Mr. Howe's.

However, without the loss of Philadelphia, we must be brought to an entire renunciation of foreign commodities; at least of West Indian produce. People are coming to this resolution very fast here. Loaf-sugar at four dollars a pound, wine at three dollars a bottle, etc., will soon introduce economy in the use of these articles. This spirit of economy would be more terrible to Great Britain than anything else; and it would make us more respectable in the eyes of all Europe. Instead of acrimonious altercations, I wish that my countrymen would agree in this virtuous resolution of depending upon themselves alone. Let them make salt, and live without sugar and rum.—*Letters, August 29, September 8, 1777.*

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY, sixth President of the United States, eldest son of John Adams, was born at Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767; died at Washington, February 23, 1848. In 1777 he accompanied his father on his first European mission, and was placed at a school near Paris for more than a year, where he acquired the French language. He went to Europe with his father a second time in 1780; and in 1782 he went to Russia as Secretary of Legation to Mr. Dana, who had been made Minister at St. Petersburg. In 1786 he returned to America, and entered the junior class at Harvard College; afterward studied law and commenced practice in Boston in 1791. He soon attracted attention by his papers on public matters, contributed to the *Boston Centinel*, mainly in defence of the policy of President Washington, by whom, in 1794, he was appointed Minister to Holland. His father, having become President of the United States in 1797, appointed him Minister at Berlin, acting by the express advice of Washington, who wrote that he considered young Adams "the ablest person in the American diplomatic service," and that "merited promotion ought not to be withheld from him merely because he was the President's son." Upon the accession of Jefferson to the Presidency, Adams was recalled, and in 1801 he resumed the practice of law in Boston.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

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In 1803 he was chosen to the United States Senate from Massachusetts. He was elected by the Federal party, with which he continued to act for four years. This party was now signally defeated throughout the nation. Mr. Adams supported the war-measures of the Republican party, and was not re-elected to the Senate. In 1806 he was made Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres in Harvard College.

Mr. Madison became President in 1809 and appointed Adams as Minister to Russia. In 1813 he was placed at the head of the commission for negotiating the Treaty of Ghent, which put an end to the war with Great Britain; and he was soon made resident Minister at London. He returned to America in 1817 to fill the post of Secretary of State in the first administration of Mr. Monroe. When Monroe's second term drew to a close, six candidates for the Presidency were brought forward, all of them prominent in the Republican party, and three of them members of Monroe's Cabinet. Adams received the support of the majority of the former Federalists, who had now no real existence as a party.

At the election held in 1824 Jackson received 99 electoral votes; Adams, 84; Crawford, 41; Clay, 37. No one having a majority, the election devolved upon the House of Representatives. Crawford received the vote of four States, Jackson that of seven; Adams, receiving the vote of thirteen States, was chosen as President. At the next election, in 1828, he was signally defeated for the Presidency by Andrew Jackson. In 1831 he ac-

cepted the Anti-Masonic nomination for Congress from the Suffolk district of Massachusetts, which he continued to represent until his death, seventeen years later, making himself specially prominent in maintaining the right of petition upon the subject of slavery, which had been virtually denied to the abolitionists.—In November, 1846, while on the point of leaving Boston for Washington, he had a shock of paralysis, which kept him from his seat for several months. He resumed his seat, but rarely spoke in Congress after that. On February 21, 1848, he had a second stroke while in the House, and died two days later, never recovering more than partial consciousness.

John Quincy Adams was busy with his pen during the greater part of his life. His *Journal*, which has been edited by his son, Charles Francis Adams, embodies a mass of highly important information in regard to persons and events of his time. His *Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory*, delivered during his Harvard Professorship, are rather above the majority of treatises of this class. Of his public Speeches, besides those pronounced in Congress, the most important is *The Jubilee of the Constitution*, delivered before the New York Historical Society, April 30, 1839, being the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as first President of the United States.

SECESSION AND NULLIFICATION.

Recent events in our history [*i.e.* those of 1832 *et seq.*] to which the rising generation of our country cannot and ought not to close their eyes, have brought

again into discussion questions which at the period to which we are now reverting [1789] were at the deepest and most vital interest to the continued existence of the Union itself. The question whether any one State of the Union had the right to secede from the Confederacy at her pleasure was then practically solved. The question of the right of the people of any one State to nullify within her borders any legislative act of the General Government was involved in that of the right of Secession, without, however, the most obnoxious feature of the modern doctrine of nullification and secession—the violation of the plighted faith of the nullifying or seceding State. Rhode Island had not only neglected to comply with the requisitions of the Confederation-Congress to supply the funds necessary to fulfil the public engagements; but she alone had refused to invest the Congress with powers indispensable for raising such supplies. She had refused to join in the united effort to re-vivify the suspended animation of the Confederacy; and she still defied the warning of her sister States, that if she persevered in this exercise of her sovereignty and independence, they would leave her alone in her glory, and take up their march in united column.

North Carolina, not more remiss than her sister States in the fulfilment of her obligations, after joining them in the attempt to draw the bonds of union closer together by a new compact, still refused to ratify it. Rhode Island and North Carolina still held back. The Union and Washington marched on without them. Their right to secede was not contested; no unfriendly step to injure was taken; no irritating measure to provoke them was proposed. The door was left open for them to return, whenever the proud and wayward spirit of State Sovereignty would give way to the attractions of clearer-sighted self-interest and kindred sympathies; and when within two years they did return, without invitation or repulsion, they were received with open arms.

The questions of secession, or of resistance under State authority, against the execution of the laws of the Union within any State can never again be presented under circumstances so favorable to the preten-

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sions of the separate States, as they were at the organization of the Constitution of the United States. At that time Rhode Island and North Carolina might justly have pleaded that their sister States were bound to them by a compact into which they had voluntarily entered, with stipulations that it should undergo no alteration but by unanimous consent. That the Constitution was a confederate Union founded upon principles totally different, and to which not only they were at liberty to refuse their assent, but which all the other States combined could not, without a breach of their own faith, establish among themselves without the free consent of *all* the partners to the prior contract; that the Confederation could not otherwise be dissolved; and that, by adhering to it, they were only performing their own engagements with good faith, and claiming their own unquestionable rights.

The justification of the people of the eleven States which had adopted the Constitution of the United States, and of that provision of the Constitution itself, which had prescribed that the ratification of nine States should suffice to absolve them from the bonds of the old Confederation, and to establish the new Government, as between themselves, was found in the *principles* of the Declaration of Independence. The Confederation had failed to answer the purposes for which governments are instituted among men. Its powers, or its impotence, operated to the destruction of those ends which it is the object of government to promote. The people, therefore—who had made it their own only by their acquiescence—acting under their responsibility to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, absolved themselves from the bonds of the old Confederation, and bound themselves by the new and closer ties of the Constitution. . . . They passed upon the old Confederation the same sentence which they had pronounced in dissolving their connection with the British nation; and they pledged their faith to each other anew to a far closer and more intimate connection. It is admitted—it was admitted then—that the people of Rhode Island and of North Carolina were free to reject the new Constitution; but not that they could justly

claim the continuance of the old Confederation. The law of political necessity—expounded by the judgment of the Sovereign Constituent People, responsible only to God—had abolished that. The People of Rhode Island and of North Carolina might dissent from the more perfect Union, but they must acquiesce in the necessity of the separation. Of that separation they soon felt the inconvenience to themselves, and rejoined the company from which they had strayed. The number of primitive States has since doubled by voluntary and earnest applications for admission. It has often been granted as a privilege and a favor; sometimes delayed beyond the time when it was justly due—and never declined by any one State entitled to demand it. —*The Jubilee of the Constitution.*

OUR EBAL AND GERIZIM.

When the children of Israel, after forty years of wandering in the wilderness, were about to enter upon the Promised Land, their leader, Moses, who was not permitted to cross the Jordan with them, just before his removal from among them, commanded that when the Lord their God should have brought them into the land, they should put the curse upon Mount Ebal and blessing upon Mount Gerizim.

Fellow citizens! the Ark of *your* Covenant is the Declaration of Independence. Your Mount Ebal is the Confederacy of separate State Sovereignties; and your Mount Gerizim is the Constitution of the United States. In that scene of tremendous and awful solemnity, narrated in the Holy Scriptures, there is not a curse pronounced upon the people upon Mount Ebal, not a blessing promised them upon Mount Gerizim, which your posterity may not suffer or enjoy from your and their adherence to, or departure from, the principles of the Declaration of Independence, practically interwoven in the Constitution of the United States. Lay up these principles then, in your hearts and in your souls; bind them for signs upon your hands, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes; teach them to your children—speaking of them when sitting in your houses, when walking by the way, when lying down and when

rising up; write them upon the doorplates of your houses, and upon your gates; cling to them as to the issues of life; adhere to them as to the cords of your eternal salvation! So may your children's children, at the next return of this day of jubilee, after a full century of experience under your National Constitution, celebrate it again in the full enjoyment of all the blessings recognized by you in the commemoration at this day, and of the blessings promised to the children of Israel upon Mount Gerizim, as the reward of obedience to the Law of God.—*The Jubilee of the Constitution.*

John Quincy Adams made several translations from French and German authors. Among these is a decidedly clever rendering of the *Oberon* of Wieland. He also wrote no little poetry. His longest poem, *Dermot MacMorrogh*, relates the Conquest of Ireland, in the twelfth century, by the English. It comprises four cantos, containing in all nearly three hundred stanzas, and is worthy of higher appreciation than has been accorded to it. The poem concludes with setting forth the fate of the traitor Dermot, and the subjugation of Ireland:

THE FATE OF ERIN.

And now the priestly legates in their turn,
  Absolve the royal penitent from guilt:
No more the Holy Pontiff's bowels yearn
  For vengeance, on the blood of Becket spilt:
Profuse his gracious favor, in return
  Confirms the deed on fraud and falsehood built
And grants what Adrian had bestowed before:
The right supreme to Erin's verdant shore.

Thus was the shame of servitude her lot;
  And has been since from that detested day,
When Dermot all his country's claims forgot,
  And basely bartered all her rights away.

Oh! could the Muse be heard, his name should rot
In fresh, immortal, unconsumed decay,
And be with Arnold's name transmitted down,
First in the roll of infamous renown. . . .

He first with daring and relentless hand,
Had torn of friendship and of love the ties;
Had rent of wedlock's sacred vows the band,
And taken fraud and falsehood for allies.
Expelled with justice from his native land,
To Albion's tyrant for revenge he flies;
Betrays his trust, pays homage for his throne;
And seals his country's ruin with his own. . . .

And now concentrated, burst forth his rage,
He cursed the day on which he had been born;
For on the record of his life no page
Could speak of comfort to his state forlorn;
No cordial drop of memory to assuage,
Of fell Remorse the vital-searching thorn.
A burning fever seized on every vein,
And mortal madness fastened on his brain.

And to their wildered senses, Erin's saints
Appear with lighted torches in their hands,
Applying scorpion scourges till he faints,
And then reviving him with blazing brands;
While o'er his head a frowning Fury paints
In letters which he reads and understands:
"Expect no mercy from thy Maker's hand!
Thou hadst no mercy on thy Native Land!"

And to the shades the indignant spirit fled:
And thus was Erin's conquest first achieved;
Thus Albion's monarch first became her head.—
And now her freedom shall be soon retrieved.
For (mark the Muse, if rightly she has read,
Let this her voice prophetic be believed),
Soon, soon shall dawn the day—as dawn it must,
When Erin's sceptre shall be Erin's trust.

And here I hang my harp upon the willow;
And will no longer importune the Muse,

Nor woo her nightly visits to my pillow,
  Nor more implore her favor or abuse.—
Brave sons of Erin, o'er the Atlantic billow!
  The harp is yours! will you to hear refuse?—
Take, take it back: yourselves the strain prolong;
And give your Dermot's name to deathless song.

For, oh! if ever on the roll of Time
  Since man has on this blessed planet dwelt,
A soul existed saturate with crime,
  Or the deep curse of after ages felt,
Yours was his country, Erin was his clime;
  Nor yet has justice with his name been dealt.
My voice, alas, is weak, and cannot sing.
Touch, touch yourselves the never-dying string!

Among the minor poems of John Quincy Adams, which appeared under the title of *Poems of Religion and Society*, perhaps the best is the *jeu d'esprit*, in twenty-five stanzas, entitled:

THE WANTS OF MAN.

I.

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so; but 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told, would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold, I still should long for more.

II.

What first I want is daily bread, and canvass-backs and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide my appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France besides, to dress my dinner well.

VI.

I want, when Summer's foliage falls and Autumn strips
the trees,
A house within the city walls, for comfort and for ease.
But here, as space is somewhat scant, and acres some-
what rare,
My house in town I only want to occupy a square.

VII.

I want a steward, butler, cook; a coachman, footman,
grooms;
A library of well-bound books, and picture-garnished
rooms;
Correggios, Magdalen, and Night, the Matron of the
Chair;
Guido's fleet Coursers in their flight, and Claudes at
least a pair.

XII.

I want—who does not want?—a wife, affectionate and
fair,
To solace all the woes of life, and all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will, of firm yet placid
mind,
With all my faults to love me still, with sentiment re-
fined.

XIII.

And as Time's car incessant runs, and Fortune fills my
store,
I want of daughters and of sons from eight to half a
score.
I want—alas, can mortal dare such bliss on earth to
crave?
That all the girls be chaste and fair, the boys all wise
and brave.

XVII.

I want a warm and faithful friend, to cheer the adverse
hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend, nor bend the knee to
power:

A friend to chide me when I'm wrong, my inmost soul
to see,
And that my friendship prove as strong for him as his
to me.

XVIII.

I want a kind and tender heart, for others' wants to
feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart, and bosom armed
with steel,
To bear divine chastisement's rod; and mingling with
my plan,
Submission to the will of God, with charity to man.

XXI.

I want the genius to conceive, the talents to unfold,
Designs the vicious to retrieve, the virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill, a persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will, and reach from
pole to pole.

XXIII.

I want the voice of honest praise to follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days the friend of human
kind;
That after ages, as they rise, exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies, their blessings on my
name.

XXIV.

These are the wants of mortal man: I cannot want
them long,
For life itself is but a span, and earthly bliss a song.—
My last great want—absorbing all—is, when beneath
the sod,
And summoned to my final call, the mercy of my God.

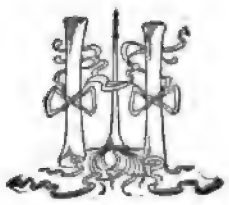
XXV.

And oh! while circles in my veins of life the purple
stream,
And yet a fragment small remains of nature's transient
dream,

My soul, in humble hope unscared, forget not thou to pray
That thus thy want may be prepared to meet the Judgment Day.

TO A SUN-DIAL.

Thou silent herald of Time's ceaseless flight!
Say, couldst thou speak, what warning voice were thine,
Shade, who canst only show how others shine!
Dark, sullen witness of resplendent Light
In day's broad glare, and when the noontide bright
Of laughing Fortune sheds the ray divine,
Thy ready favors cheer us; but decline
The clouds of morning and the gloom of night.
Yet are thy counsels faithful, just and wise:
They bid us seize the moments as they pass,
Snatch the retrieveless sunshine as it flies,
Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass.
Aspiring still, with energy sublime,
By virtuous deeds to give Eternity to Time.



ADAMS, SARAH FULLER (FLOWER), an English poetess and hymn-writer, was born at Great Harlow, Essex, February 22, 1805; was married to William Bridges Adams (1795–1872), the inventor of the "fish-joint" and numerous other railway improvements, in 1834; and died in August, 1848. Her principal work is *Vivia Perpetua* (1841), a dramatic poem, couched throughout in a fine strain of impassioned emotion. It symbolizes, in the guise of Vivia's conversion to Christianity, the writer's own devotion to the high ideals which inspired her life. *The Royal Progress*, a long poem on the surrender of the Isle of Wight to Edward I., appeared in 1845. Among her minor works were a little catechism entitled *The Flock at the Fountain*, many poems written for the Anti-Corn Law League, and numerous contributions, chiefly in 1834 and 1835, to the *Monthly Repository*. Her hymns, composed for use in the services at Finsbury Chapel, and set to music by her sister, Eliza Flower, can hardly be surpassed as simple expressions of pure and passionate devotional feeling. The lines beginning *He Sendeth Sun, He Sendeth Shower* (1841), are exquisite in their blended fervor and resignation. Her best-known hymn, *Nearer, my God, to Thee* (1841)—which has been often erroneously attributed to Harriet Beecher Stowe—is sung wherever the English language is spoken.

Her other hymns, most of which have come into common use, are: *Part in Peace, Christ's Life was Peace* (1841), originally sung in *Vivia Perpetua* by the persecuted Christians, at the close of Act iii., and after Vivia's condemnation in Act v.; *Creator Spirit, Gently Fall the Dews, Sing to the Lord, Darkness Shrouded Calvary, Go and Watch the Autumn Leaves, The Mourners Came at Break of Day, O I Would Sing, O Hallowed Memories, O Love! Thou Makest All Things Even, Part in Peace! Is the Day Before Us?* (altogether different from the former), *The World May Change* (translated from Schiller), and a rendering of Fénélon's *Living or Dying, Lord, I Would Be Thine.*

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
  Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

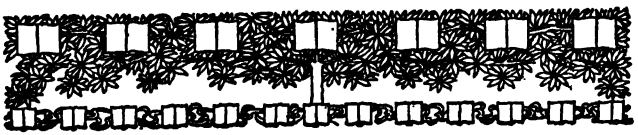
Or if, on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

FAITH IN DIVINE GOODNESS.

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower.
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

Oh! ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that Thou hast made . nine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!



ADAMS, WILLIAM, an English clergyman and religious writer, was born in Warwickshire in 1814; died at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, January 17, 1848. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford, graduating at Oxford with the highest honors in 1836. From 1837 to 1842 he was Fellow and Tutor at Merton College, and vicar of St. Peter's at Oxford. His first volume, *Shadow of the Cross*, appeared in 1842, *The Distant Hills* in 1844; then followed *The Fall of Crœsus*, *The Old Man's Home*, and *The King's Messengers*, the last issued but a short time before his death. These allegories have been translated into a number of European languages, and some of them into Bengalese, and published in India.

SCENE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

It was on the evening of the 18th of April, 1843. I had been long gazing upon it, and had imagined that I was alone, when my attention was arrested by a sigh from someone near me. I turned round, and saw a venerable old man seated upon a fragment of the fallen cliff, beneath which the violets were very thickly clustering. His hair was white as silver, his face deeply furrowed, and yet pervaded by a general expression of childish simplicity, which formed a strong contrast to the lines which must have been indented upon it by care and suffering, no less than the lapse of years. I cannot recall the words of the chance observation which I addressed to him, but it related to the lateness and inclemency of the season, and I was at once struck

by the singularity of his reply. "Yes, yes," he said, musingly, "the winter has indeed been very long and dreary; and yet it has been gladdened, from time to time, by glimpses of the coming spring."

I now observed him more closely. There was a strangeness in his dress which first excited my suspicion, and I fancied that I could detect a restlessness in his light blue eye which spoke of a mind that had gone astray. "Old man," I said, "you seem tired; have you come from far?"

"Ah, woe is me," he replied, in the same melancholy tone as before; "I have indeed travelled a long and solitary journey; and at times I am weary, very weary; but my resting-place now must be near at hand."

"And whither then," I asked, "are you going?"

"Home, sir, home," he replied; and while his voice lost its sadness, his face seemed to brighten, and his eye grow steady at the thought, "I hope and believe that I am going home."

I now imagined that I had judged him hastily, and that the answers which I had ascribed to a wandering intellect proceeded in truth from depth of religious feeling. In order to ascertain this, I asked: "Have you been long a traveller?"

"Fourscore and thirteen years," he replied; and observing my look of assumed wonder, he repeated a second time, more slowly and sadly than before, "Fourscore and thirteen years."

"The home," I said, "must be very far off that requires so long a journey."

"Nay, nay, kind sir, do not speak thus," he answered; "our home is never far off; and I might perhaps have arrived at it years and years ago. But often during the early spring I stopped to gather the flowers that grew beneath my feet; and once I laid me down and fell asleep upon the way. And so more than fourscore and thirteen years have been wanted to bring me to the home which many reach in a few days. Alas! all whom I love most dearly have long since passed me on the road, and I am now left to finish my journey alone."

During this reply I had become altogether ashamed

of my former suspicion, and I now looked into the old man's face with a feeling of reverence and love. The features were unchanged; but instead of the childish expression which I had before observed, I believed them to be brightened with the heavenliness of the second childhood, while the restlessness of the light blue eye only spoke to me of an imagination which loved to wander amid the treasures of the unseen world. I purposely, however, continued the conversation under the same metaphor as before. "You have not, then," I said, "been always a solitary traveller?"

"Ah, no," he replied; "for a few years a dear wife was walking step by step at my side; and there were little children, too, who were just beginning to follow us. And I was so happy then, that I sometimes forgot we were but travellers, and fancied that I had found a home. But my wife, sir, never forgot it. She would again and again remind me that 'we must so live together in this life, that in the world to come we might have life everlasting.' They are words that I scarcely regarded at the time, but I love to repeat them now. They speak to me of meeting her again at the end of our journey."

"And have all your children left you?" I asked.

"All, all," he replied. "My wife took them with her when she went away. She stayed with me, sir, but seven years, and left me on the very day on which she came. It seems strange now that I could have lived with them day after day without a thought that they were so near their journey's end, while I should travel onward so many winters alone. It is now sixty years since they all went home, and have been waiting for me there. But, sir, I often think that the time, which has seemed so long and dreary to me, has passed away like a few short hours to them."

"And are you sure, then," I said, "that they are all gone home?" It was a thoughtless question, and I repented the words almost before they were spoken. The tears rose quickly in the old man's eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion, as he replied: "Oh, sir, do not bid me doubt it. Surely, every one of them is gone home; one, at least, of the number, is undoubtedly

there; and they all went away together, as though they were travelling to the same place; besides, sir, my wife was constantly speaking to them of their home; and would not their journey as well as my own have been prolonged, if their home had not been ready for them? And when I think of them I always think of home; am I not, then, right in believing that all of them are there?"

There were allusions in this answer which I did not at the time understand; but the old man's grief was too sacred for me to intrude farther upon it. I felt, also, that any words of my own would be too feeble to calm the agitation which my thoughtless observation had caused. I merely repeated a passage from Holy Scripture in reply: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

The old man's face again brightened, and as he wiped away the tears he added: "And 'Blessed,' also, 'are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' There is not only a blessing for those who have been taken to their rest, but there is the image of that blessing to cheer the old man who is left to pursue his solitary journey."

At this moment the sun, which had been obscured by a passing cloud, suddenly shone forth, and its rays were reflected by a path of gold in the silent waters. The old man pointed to it with a quiet smile; the change was in such harmony with his own thoughts, that I do not wonder at the metaphor it suggested to him. "There," said he, "is the blessing of the mourner! See! how it shines down from the heaven above, and gilds with its radiance the dreary sea of life."

"True," I replied; "and the sea of life would be no longer dreary, if it were not for the passing clouds which at times keep back from it the light of Heaven." His immediate answer to this observation proved the image, which he had employed, to be one long familiar to his own mind. "There are indeed clouds," he said, "but they are never in Heaven; they hover very near the earth; and it is only because our sight is so dim and indistinct that they seem to be in the sky."—*The Old Man's Home.*

ADAMS, WILLIAM DAVENPORT, British journalist, literary and dramatic critic, son of William Henry Davenport Adams, was born at Brixton, Surrey, in 1851. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Edinburgh University. He has been connected with both daily and weekly papers, and for many years was an editorial writer on the *Globe*. Among his published works are: *Lyrics of Love from Shakespeare to Tennyson* (1873), *Dictionary of English Literature* (1877), *Quipps and Quiddities* (1881), *Modern Anecdotes* (1886), *By-ways in Book-land*, essays (1889), *Rambles in Book-land*, essays (1890), *A Book of Burlesque* (1891), *With Poet and Player*, essays (1891), and *A Dictionary of the Drama*.

THE REIGN OF ROMANCE.

Attention is frequently called to the fact that the most popular fictions of to-day belong to the region of the fanciful. Romance, it is pointed out, reigns triumphant at the circulating libraries. And no doubt, for the moment, that is so. Nor is the fact so very remarkable as it is sometimes thought. It would have been strange indeed if there had not speedily been a reaction against the species of story-telling which has so long been paramount among us. For a considerable period the "bread and butter" and "blood and thunder" schools have had things very much their own way. Of late the so-called realistic school has had an occasional inning, but, for the most part, the field has been occupied by the "domestic" and the "sensational"—

the story of the stable and the still-room, the tale of the tremendous and the terrible. The readers of fiction have alternated, in the main, between these two literary *genres*, and it was to be expected that there would be a rebound from work so theatrical on the one hand and so namby-pamby on the other. The need for something more genuinely imaginative was too clamant to remain long unsupplied.

But, in truth, there has always been, and always will be, a demand for the romantic in prose narrative. It may be more obvious or persistent at one time than at another, but it always exists to some extent. Among the young it never expires altogether, and it grows in earnestness with the growth of the mind. The boy who has been fed on "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" insists upon having their modern equivalents, and the production of stories and hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field keeps the pens of a dozen or more writers perpetually at work. Probably no boys' books of recent years have been so highly esteemed as those of Jules Verne; and they, we all know, are romantic in the extreme, soaring to heights of fancy to which the Aimards, the Mayne Reids, the Edgars, and the Kingstons of the past never by any possibility aspired. The feminine mind is even more imaginative than the male, and girls in their teens absorb at every pore the most fantastic narratives on which they can lay their hands. The adult intellect, naturally, is more balanced; but, probably, the older that one gets, the more prone one is to put aside the realistic representations of life in favor of the fanciful. The more keenly we feel that the romance is going out of our own existence, the more desirous we are to seek it and enjoy it in the realm of fiction.

It is extremely likely that hundreds of very excellent people are devoted to literature of this sort without knowing it. They read an infinitude of what they, and others, call simply "novels," without stopping to distinguish what kind of stories they are. And yet the difference between the novel and the romance ought to be readily discernible. There is nothing in common between the two except that they are the products of

the invention. The kinds of invention employed are obviously distinct. The novelist takes the characters and events of every day, and invents new combinations for them. He does not supply his own material, that is furnished for him by nature. All he has to do is to present it to the reader in fresh forms. To a certain extent he is a photographer; his art consists in the skill with which he arranges the details. This much is certain—that he must not go outside the bounds of the possible or the probable. And therein lies his limited sphere as compared with that of the romancist, to whose imaginative flights no bounds are placed. The romancist is the "chartered libertine" of fiction. Like the British army, he can go anywhere and do anything. He can soar into the heavens above or dive into the earth beneath. While the novelist is chained to the surface of society, the romancist can, if he chooses, descend with his fascinated readers into "the waters that are under the earth."—*Rambles in Book-land.*

THE POETRY OF PATRIOTISM.

The editor of the selection from the lyrical poems of Mr. Alfred Austin draws attention to the fact that the poet is pre-eminently a lover, not only of the country, but of country—a lover, not only of England as a geographical unit, but of England as a nation. The claim is well based, and can be sustained. It is perfectly true; Mr. Austin is one of the most patriotic of our verse-men. Where'er he roams, whatever realms he sees, his heart, untravelled, fondly turns to England:

> I cherish still, and hold apart
> The fondest feeling in my heart
> For where, beneath one's parent sky,
> Our dear ones live, our dead ones lie.

For him this land is "this privileged Isle, this brave, this blest, this deathless England." He bids "fair, proud England" be "proud, fair England still," and, meanwhile, declines to believe that she has "fallen like Rome" or any other empire of the past.

Happily, in all this affection for, and pride in, his na-

tive country, Mr. Austin does not by any means stand alone. The line of English patriot-poets is a long one, and as distinguished as it is long. It began with great brilliance. There was Warner with his "Albion's England," and Daniel with his "Civil Wars," and Drayton with his "Poly-Olbion" and "Baron's Wars" and "Battle of Agincourt," and Browne with his "Britannia's Pastorals"—all of them devoted, more or less, to the praise of the country to which the poets belonged, and for which they had a sentiment of genuine admiration. Never, however, have there been such splendid testimonies as our premier poet-dramatist paid to the charms —the virtues and the achievements—of this tiny isle, this "little body with a mighty heart," this "precious stone set in a silver sea." Shakespeare, as I have said in a former volume, appears to have had for England an absorbing passion, which found vent in tributes more magnificent than any other land has ever obtained at the hands of its rhymers.

After this, the strain of eulogy was, for a certain period, arrested. The men of the Commonwealth had something weightier to do than to be the Laureates of patriotism; those of the Restoration and the Revolution were too largely influenced by foreign habits of thought or by solicitude about their heads to think much, if at all, of the purely patriotic side of life. In the one case they were too indifferent in feeling, and in the other too partisan in their methods to consecrate their pens to the service and celebration of their country. Later on, our poets began to discourse of the beauties of England as a dwelling-place. Pope wrote of Windsor Forest, Dyer of Grongar Hill, and so on, maintaining the tradition of Drayton in poetic topography; singing the praises of picturesque and interesting localities. The first truly patriotic note after Shakespeare was struck by Thomson in that "Rule Britannia" which has survived with wonderful freshness the most laboriously hackneyed treatment—much, no doubt, to the surprise of the author, if he is ever permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon. The eighteenth century must have been for the English people an era of patriotic moments, or Thomson could never have been inspired

to conceive and complete so sturdy an utterance of national feeling. This was the period in which Collins wrote his "Ode to Liberty," with its invitation to the typical Englishman to "read Albion's fame in every age;" and it is to Collins, also, that we owe that impressive dirge in which praise is given to

> The brave who rest,
> By all their country's wishes blessed.
>
> . . . . . .

As it happily happens, Tennyson has in no sense been isolated in this matter. The humblest, as well as the greatest, of his contemporaries have emulated him in this phase of song. Eliza Cook was but a gentle poetaster; nevertheless, she wrote a few lyrics, such as "The Englishman"—

> 'Tis the star of earth, deny it who can,
> The island home of the Englishman.

"The Flag of the Free," "The Ploughshare of Old England," and so on, which, in their modest way, did much to create and maintain among us a strong national sentiment. Open the poetical works of Gerald Massey and you will be struck by the enthusiasm and *entrain* with which that poet of the people celebrates and illustrates the patriotic principle. His pages overflow with praises of the mother country, with pride in her past and faith in her future. The measures are homely, but they are generous and sincere:

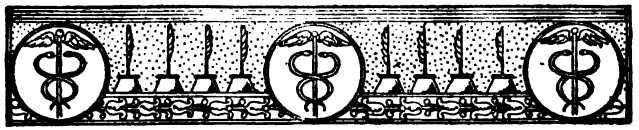
> Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
> Of a Past she can never forget;
> And again she shall herald the world up higher;
> For there's life in the Old Land yet.

Even so unassertive and contemplative a poet as Arthur Clough could not help breaking out into a tribute to the "green fields of England." And the men who are writing actively to-day maintain with admirable earnestness and vigor the note which rings through the verse of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson. It was only the other day that Mr. Lewis Morris

penned an eloquent "Song of Empire;" and we all know how of late years Mr. Swinburne has come to the front as a splendid eulogist of the land which gave him birth:

Thou, though the world should misdoubt thee,
  Be strong as the seas at thy side;
Bind on thine armor about thee
  That girds thee with power and with pride.
Where Drake stood, where Blake stood,
  Where fame sees Nelson stand,
Stand thou too, and now too
  Take thou thy fate in thy hand.

—*With Poet and Player.*



ADAMS, WILLIAM HENRY DAVENPORT, English journalist, compiler, and author, was born at Buxton, Surrey, England, in 1829; died December 30, 1891. He was for a short time the editor of a provincial newspaper. He then removed to London, where he became connected with many of the leading periodicals. After some years spent in journalism, he began to compile, translate, and write books on history, biography, geography, and various other subjects. Among the numerous works which he published are: *Memorable Battles in English History* (1862); *Marvels of Creation* (1867); *Franco-Prussian War* (1871); *St. Paul, his Life, his Work, and his Writings* (1875); *By-ways of English Literature* (1875); *Celebrated English Women of the Victorian Era* (1884); *Mountains and Mountain Climbing* (1884); *Egypt, Past and Present* (1885); *A Concordance to Shakespeare* (1885); *England at War* (1886); *Good Queen Anne* (1886); *India, Pictorial and Descriptive* (1887); *Makers of British India* (1888); *The White King; or, Charles the First* (1888); *Essays on Literary Subjects* (1888); *The Maid of Orleans* (1889). He never entirely abandoned journalism, and from 1870 to 1877 edited *The Scottish Guardian.*

AKBAR'S LAST YEARS AND DEATH.

The misconduct of his sons darkened the closing years of the great Emperor. Selim, afterward the Emperor Jahanger, possessed excellent abilities; but in all other respects contrasted unfavorably with his father and grandfather. Naturally of an austere temper, it had been inflamed, and at the same time his intellect enfeebled, by the immoderate use of wine. He himself tells us in his autobiography—all the Mughal emperors, by the way, inherited Babar's autobiographic tastes—that in his youth he took at least twenty cups of wine daily, each cup containing half a soi, that is, six ounces, or nearly half a pint (the amount seems incredible), and that if he went a single hour without his beverage, his hands began to shake, and he was unable to sit at rest. Opium-drinking was another of his vices. The severe and didactic minister-historian, Abul Fazl, he had always regarded as his natural enemy; and it was partly as a concession to this feeling of his son's that Akbar sent his minister to the Deccan. In 1602 the prince contrived his murder, employing as his agent Narsing Deo, Raja of Orcha, who inveigled him into an ambuscade, overpowered him and his court, and sent his head to the prince. The loss of his principal adviser—his son's share in which he seems never to have known or suspected—was a great blow to Akbar. He wept bitterly, and passed two days and nights without food or sleep; and he despatched an army against Narsing Deo, with orders to seize his family, lay waste his territory, and inflict other severities from which, in his ordinary frame of mind, Akbar would certainly have shrunk.

His third son, Prince Daniyal, brought much sorrow and shame on Akbar's gray hairs. He, too, was addicted to intemperance; and his terrible excesses finally killed him in 1604, when he was only in his thirtieth year. His health for some time previous had been lamentably feeble; and the Emperor, besides exacting from him his word of honor that he would drink no more wine, surrounded him with trusty officers to pre-

vent him from gratifying his unhappy craving. But, with the cunning of the dipsomaniac, the prince contrived to outwit them. He had his liquor conveyed to him secretly in the barrel of a fowling-piece, and speedily drank himself to death.

The Emperor, an old man, whose strength had been taxed for nearly half a century by the burden of empire, was unable to bear the additional pressure of domestic troubles. He had been for some time ailing, when, in September, 1605, his complaint suddenly assumed a most unfavorable aspect. Feeling that his end was approaching, he hastened to set in order the vast affairs of his extended empire, so that his successor might have no difficulty in taking up the various threads. His laborious task completed, he sent for his son Selim, and bade him summon to his presence all his omrahs, "for I cannot endure," he said, "that any misunderstanding should exist between you and those who for so many years have shared in my toil and been the associates of my glory."—*Warriors of the Crescent.*

ADAMS, WILLIAM TAYLOR (pseudonym, OLIVER OPTIC), an American writer of juvenile fiction, was born in Medway, Mass., July 30, 1822; died March 27, 1897. He was for twenty years a teacher in the public schools of Boston, for many years a member of the school board of Dorchester, and served for one year in the Massachusetts Legislature. With the exception of one or two volumes for grown people, *The Way of the World* and *Living Too Fast*, his writings consist of stories for boys, of which he produced the unprecedented number of one hundred and twenty-five. It is said that more than two million copies of his books have found their way into the hands of readers.

His first book was issued in 1853, under the title *Hatchie, the Guardian Slave.* Its sale was very large, and it was followed by a collection of stories entitled *In Doors and Out.* In 1862 appeared the *Riverdale Series*, in six volumes. Then came the *Starry Flag Series*, *Army and Navy Series*, and the *Woodville Stories.* His latest works include *On the Blockade*, *Stand by the Union*, *A Young Knight-errant*, and *Strange Sights Abroad.*

UNDER THE FLAG OF MOROCCO.

Half an hour later the craft was near enough to be made out in detail. It was a steamer of about four hundred tons, the commander judged, and somewhat peculiar in her construction. She was "long, low, and

rakish," as piratical schooners were described in former times. She had two masts with an excessive rake, to which the smokestack corresponded. She was of most symmetrical build, and all in the pilot-house called her handsome.

The commander and Mr. Boulong observed her very attentively through their spy-glasses. Her colors were set at the main peak, and she sported a burgee at the foremast head. The glasses were directed to the colors, which the observers had thus far been unable to make out. The flag was peculiar; the captain and the first officer were familiar with those of all nations; but the northeast wind carried it over so far that it could not be seen distinctly.

"I think that is the flag of Morocco," said one of the Portuguese gentlemen.

"And that looks like the Pacha's steam-yacht," added the other.

"I recognize the flag now," said Captain Ringgold. "It looks more like a red table-cloth, with a border of half-diamonds in white, and a pair of sheep-shears in the middle. Who is the Pacha to whom you allude, Don Roderigue? We have just come from Mogadore, and possibly we may have seen him."

"He is an immensely wealthy Moorish gentleman, who holds a high place in the army, and has been governor, or Kaïd, of the province in which he resides," replied Don Roderigue.

"He is not thirty years old, and is called the handsomest man that ever comes to Funchal; but we are always very sorry to see his yacht approaching our shore."

"Why so?"

"He is a Mohammedan, but does not live up to his creed. He was educated in Paris, and once lived in London. He drinks too much wine over here, and is a reckless, unprincipled scoundrel," continued the Portuguese gentleman. "We do not think our wives and daughters are safe when he is in Funchal, and we shut them up."

"We have met the gentleman, and we do not fancy him," added the captain.

"He comes to Funchal two or three times a year, and

cruises every summer in the Mediterranean," said Don Joao. "You have the most beautiful young lady I ever met in my life; and I advise you not to let the Pacha see her."

"Unfortunately he has already seen her at Mogadore, and that fact was the reason why we sailed from that port very abruptly," replied Captain Ringgold.

Before the arrival of the steamer at the town, the commander had informed Mr. Woolridge of the coming of Noury Pacha, and pointed out the steam-yacht to him. They had an anxious consultation in regard to the matter. The Guardian-Mother came up to her former moorings, and soon landed her gratified passengers from the island, who were profuse in their acknowledgments of the pleasure they had derived from the excursion.

Before the return of the barge from her trip to the shore with the guests, the commander had ordered the second cutter into the water, and the chief steward was ordered to obtain what provisions and stores he needed at once. Mr. Gaskette was in charge of the boat, and Louis and Felix were permitted to go with him. The Pacha's yacht had anchored quite near the shore, but at a considerable distance from the Guardian-Mother. Boats were already plying between her and the town, and one of them had landed near the market.

Several of the sailors of the second cutter were sent up to bring off the purchases of Mr. Sage, and Mr. Gaskette and Louis followed them. The provisions were purchased and sent to the boat. Several of the Moorish tars were seen in the vicinity, and they looked as little like sailors as possible.

"By the powers of mud!" exclaimed Felix, suddenly, as they passed a couple of the Morocco sailors. "One of them is Scott, as sure as you live!"

"Which one?" demanded Mr. Gaskette.

"The one on the right."

The second officer asked no more questions, but seized the runaway by the collar of his tunic. Louis understood what he intended at once, and thrust his arm through that of the young reprobate, as the officer had done with the other. They had him as a couple of

French policemen would handle a prisoner, and they marched him at double quick to the boat. The companion of Scott attempted to interfere. He seized Louis by the back of his coat-collar, when Felix planted a blow on the side of his head which caused him to stagger and fall. When he got up he departed in the other direction.

Scott was tumbled into the boat, and held fast by his captors. Mr. Sage had come, and the officer hurried the boat off. Scott protested with all his might, but he might as well have kept his breath. Louis was not a little surprised to see that the Blanche had hauled out from her moorings, and was already under way. She stood out of the port at once, and when the stores and the prisoner had been taken on board, the Guardian-Mother followed her. But Don Joao was at the head of the customs department, and everything had been arranged with him.

"Well, my lad, you look as though you had joined a circus company," said Captain Ringgold, when he had time to speak to the runaway.

"You will pay dearly for this," howled Scott, crying like a baby in his anger. "The Pacha is the biggest man in Morocco except the Sultan, and he is my friend."

"Knott, take him below, and see that he is dressed like a Christian," said the captain.

The old salt obeyed the order with a relish.—*Strange Sights Abroad.*

ADDISON, JOSEPH, an English poet, essayist, and statesman, born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672; died at Holland House, Kensington, June 17, 1719. He was the son of Rev. Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, who was an author of some distinction in his day. He was educated at Charter House School, London, and at Queen's and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his Latin verses. While quite a young man he secured the favor of Dryden and other men of letters, and likewise of Lords Halifax and Somers, through whose influence he received a pension of £300 to enable him to travel, and especially to perfect himself in the French language, in order to be prepared for official employment. His continental travels lasted from 1699 to the close of 1703, when he returned to England. King William III. had died in the meantime; Addison's patrons had gone out of power; his pension was stopped, and for some time he was hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties; but he was known to the leaders of both parties as a man of genius. The great war of the Spanish Succession had brought the Whigs and Tories of England into some sort of harmony. On August 13, 1704, was fought the great battle of Blenheim, and the Ministry looked about for some man who could properly celebrate the

JOSEPH ADDISON.

victory in verse. They sent the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the garret occupied by Addison, to engage his services, offering him a government commissionership worth £200 a year as an earnest of still greater favors.

The result of this interview was *The Campaign*, a poem of some five hundred lines, inscribed to the Duke of Marlborough, whom it celebrates. The poem became famous, and laid the foundation for the fortunes of the poet. Apart from its merits as a poem for the time, *The Campaign* ranks high among the works of its class. Its special merit is that it discards wholly all the old fashion of ascribing a great victory to the personal prowess of its hero as a man-at-arms. Addison was perhaps the first man to recognize in verse that a battle is won by brains, not by brawn. He reserved his praise for those qualities which made Marlborough one of the greatest commanders of any age—energy, sagacity in planning, and firmness of mind amid the confusion, uproar, and slaughter of the battle-field. The conclusion of the poem, which might stand for its "argument," reads:

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er Time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When Actions unadorned are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries must be taught to speak;
And Rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the Hero cast a borrowed blaze.

Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Raised of themselves their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.
—*The Campaign.*

The most famous passage in the poem is the twenty lines which form the prelude to the Battle of Blenheim, crowned as it is by the three concluding couplets which compare Marlborough to an angel guiding the whirlwind. "The extraordinary effect which this simile produced," says Macaulay, "when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis: 'Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past.' Addison spoke not of *a* storm, but of *the* storm. The great tempest of November, 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked, and the prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast."

MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM.

But O my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.—

'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the dreadful battle where to rage.—
So when an Angel by Divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land—
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past—
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.
—*The Campaign.*

Addison's commissionership—apparently a sinecure—placed him in comfortable circumstances, and he amused himself in literary productions. He published the narrative of his *Travels in Italy*—a country which he looked upon only through classical eyes; the lively opera of *Rosamond*, which failed upon the stage, owing to the bad music which was set to it; *The Drummer*, a comedy; the tragedy of *Cato*, and a large number of pamphlets and poems, none of which, excepting two or three *Hymns*, are of special account except as the productions of one who had gained a name in other departments of literature. But while he was thus amusing rather than occupying himself with literature, his political prospects were growing brighter and brighter. The Whigs came into power, and the leaders of the party looked out for Addison, whom everybody liked. He was made Under Secretary of State, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and finally Sec-

retary of State. He was also returned to Parliament in 1708, and held a seat there, for one constituency or another, until his death, eleven years later. But he made no figure in the House of Commons, never attempting but once to make a speech. Indeed we find no evidence in him of any great capacity for political affairs. And yet, says Macaulay, "Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot, Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honor to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post, the highest that Chatham or Fox ever reached; and this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament."

In 1716, at the age of forty-four, and three years before his death, he married the dowager Countess of Warwick, to whose graceless son, Lord Warwick, he had been a kind of mentor. This marriage was far enough from a happy one; and during its brief continuance Addison was never so happy as when he could escape from the magnificent drawing-room of his titled and imperious wife, and have a chat and a bottle of wine at a London tavern with some of his old friends and cronies. He died in perfect peace. Among his last words were those to his unworthy son-in-law: "See how a Christian can die." His public funeral was a magnificent one. His remains were laid at rest in the vaults of the magnificent Chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. He was as good as forgotten almost as soon as he was dead. Neither his rich and titled widow nor any

one of his contemporary friends ever thought of commemorating him by even a simple tablet on the walls of the Abbey. Three generations passed before the omission was supplied, almost in our own day, by his bust erected in the "Poets' Corner."

As a poet or dramatist Addison cannot be placed high even in the third rank of British authors. His tragedy of *Cato* contains some passages of fine declamation, the best of which is Cato's soliloquy on immortality; and of the whole work Aikin says: "It is equally remarkable for a correctness of plan and a sustained elevation of style;" and that it is further distinguished by the "glow of its sentiments in favor of political liberty." The *Letter from Italy*, addressed to Lord Halifax, has some noble passages; and one or two of his *Hymns* and religious *Odes* stand among the classics of our language. The most notable passage in his versified *Account of the Greatest English Poets* is that upon the author of the *Faery Queen:*

UPON EDMUND SPENSER.

Old Spenser next, warmed with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barbarous age;
An age, that yet, uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
Can claim an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleased, at distance, all the sights—

Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
Of damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
—Account of the Greatest British Poets.

ON ITALY.

Now has kind Heaven adorned this happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avails her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
Where all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
—Letter from Italy.

ODE ON THE CREATOR.

The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes in every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?—
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine:
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

THE DIVINE CARE.

I.

Now are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
Now sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed the tainted air.

. . . . . .

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou sawest the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on Thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if Thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

But Addison owes his great place in English literature mainly to his essays, and especially to those embodied in *The Spectator*, a weekly periodical, the first number of which appeared March 1, 1711, and the last of the first series (No. 555), December 6, 1712. Addison, however, had previously commenced writing essays, especially in *The Tattler*, established in 1709 by his friend Richard Steele, to which he contributed about sixty short essays, all of which appeared subsequently in his "Works." Among these *Tattler* essays are some of more than mere temporary value, showing the power of keen observation, felicitous description, and trenchant satire, which were soon to be more fully manifested in *The Spectator*.

LITERARY VERMIN.

The whole creation preys upon itself; every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible

insects that tease him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shows us that a louse itself is a very lousy creature. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about with it a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the leviathan than there are visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it: I mean the small wits and scribblers that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub Street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say when a fox is very much troubled with fleas he goeth into the next pool, with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the vermin get into it; after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves and get their living where they can. I would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible that I may some time or other disappear, and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers, and authors! It would be like Dr. B——'s dropping his cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the skirts of it.

To enumerate some of these doughty antagonists: I was threatened to be answered weekly by the *Tit for Tat;* I was undermined by the *Whisperer*, haunted by *Tom Brown's Ghost*, scolded at by a *Female Tattler*, and slandered by another of the same character, under the

title of *Atalantis*. I have been *annotated*, *re-tattled*, *examined*, and *condoled*. But it being my maxim, "Never to speak ill of the dead," I shall let these authors rest in peace; and take great pleasure in thinking that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross, in Spenser's *Den of Error*, who, after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their monstrous attempts upon him—one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

If ever I should want such a fry of little Authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's equipage, that do honor to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my antagonists as malicious but hungry; and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As to those who detract from my labors without being prompted to it by an empty stomach—in return for their censures, I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself that their malice is nothing but their envy or ignorance. Give me leave to conclude, like an Old Man and a Moralist, with a Fable.

The Owls, Bats, and several other Birds of Night, were one day together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbors in a very sociable manner. This Satyr at last fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: "Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother's son of you. But the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is *to shine on*."—*The Tattler, No. 229, September 26, 1710.*

HINTS FOR CHARLATANS.

The very foundation of Poetry is Good Sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art: "*Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.*" And if so, we have reason to believe that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making professions of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe that he is no pretender in that which we are no judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand. Ordinary Quacks and Charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances; and therefore always lay their claim to some supernumerary accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand of a Doctor "*who was arrived at the Knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had discovered the Female Fern Seed.*" Nobody ever knew what this meant; but the Red and Green Dragon so amused the people, that the Doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my recollection, was "TETRACHYMAGOGON," which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the Bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity, and when they were sick would have nobody but this Learned Man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one "*who had studied Thirty Years by Candle-light for the Good of his Countrymen.*" He might have studied twice as long by daylight, and never have been taken notice of. But Elucubrations cannot be overvalued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as "*the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son,*" and others by not being born at all, as "*the Unborn Doctor,*" who, I hear, is lately gone out of the way of his patients, having died worth five hundred pounds per annum, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend, Doctor Saffold, succeeded his old contemporary, Doctor Lilly, in the studies both of Physic and Astrology, to which he added that of Poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the Bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted two of his own, which were as follows:

Within this Place
Lives Doctor Case.

He is said to have got more by this distich than Mr. Dryden did by all his Works.

There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable ways by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage, from one end to the other, faced with Patents, Certificates, Medals, and Great Seals, by which the several Princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the Doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks who have given physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient. This great condescension of the Doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience, and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many Princes, Kings, and Emperors under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing that, as Physicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavor to recommend themselves by Oratory, and are therefore without controversy the most eloquent persons in the whole British Nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the Arts—especially that of which I am an humble Professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native Country, I could wish there might be a suspension of Physic for some years, that our Kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by wars, might have leave to recruit itself. As for myself, the

only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against the present distemper. In short, my recipe is: *Take Nothing.*

Were the Body Politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe for it in the same manner. I remember when our whole island was shaken by an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold Pills which (as he told the country people) were "very good against an earthquake." It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for the allaying popular commotions and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of Abstinence, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular: *Abstine a Fabis*—"Abstain from Beans." That is, say the interpreters, "Meddle not with Elections"—Beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.—*The Tattler, No. 240, October 21, 1710.*

Most of Addison's contributions to *The Tattler* are humorous in their form, aiming to satirize the follies of the time. His last paper, which appeared in one of the latest issues of *The Tattler*, is of a wholly serious character, being introductory to the timely reprinting of the famous "Prayer or Song of Praise made by My Lord Bacon, Chancellor of England."

SPECIAL PERIODS OF DEVOTION.

I have heard that it is a rule among the conventuals of several Orders in the Romish Church to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity, and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented crimes, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular Acts of Devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever Deity they worshipped, or whatever Religion they professed.

That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected or forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may he suitable to every day of our lives, they are more likely to be performed if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our Church has accordingly instituted several Seasons of Devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and (if I may so say) the Fashion itself, call upon a man to be attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted, in some former papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries—particularly in Rome and Greece—were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to show how those in our own nation that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country. I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because Priestcraft is the common cry of every cavilling empty scribbler, I shall show that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with Immortality and the prospect of future rewards; and men who lived in dutiful submission to all the doctrines of Revealed Religion.

I shall in this paper only instance Sir Francis Bacon,

a man who for the greatness of genius, and the compass of knowledge, did honor to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of Reason, force of Style, or brightness of Imagination. . . .

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary man a Prayer of his own composing which, for the elevation of thought and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than of a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence toward his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, which stripped him of all those riches and honors which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this Prayer, at the time we find him prostrating himself before the mercy-seat, and humbled under the afflictions which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, and his devotion, and his love to mankind; which gave him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men than the greatness had done from which he had fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the Prayer itself, with the title to it, as it was found among his Lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my reader with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time. [Here follows Bacon's "Prayer or Psalm."]—*The Tattler, No. 267, December 23, 1710.*

But by far the greater part of the Essays, upon which Addison's fame rests, were contributed to *The Spectator*. This periodical was planned by Addison in conjunction with Richard Steele, and was to consist of papers supposed to be written by a club who had united for that purpose. The first

number appeared on Thursday, March 1, 1711, and was continued daily — Sundays excepted— until the close of 1712; the last paper but one furnished by Addison (No. 540, November 29th) contained an announcement by the imaginary "Spectator" that "The Club, of which I am a member, being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my readers next week, upon a project relating to the institution of a new one." The first number of the new *Spectator* appeared in June, 1714, and was issued three times a week for about three months. Something more than half the papers were furnished by Addison. But the new *Spectator* failed to supply the place of the old one. There is no one essay in it which has fixed itself in the public mind. In fact it must be pronounced dull. The best of these papers is the following, which has in it much of the old vein:

THE DISTRIBUTION OF HUMAN CALAMITIES.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, and implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my

stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching up one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds. There was a certain lady of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying-glass in one of her hands. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously aided him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bring in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into a heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife. There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts shook their heads, and marched away as heavy loaden as they came.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles; and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hands of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen.

But what most surprised me was a remark I made,

that there was not a single Vice or Folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaden with his Crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his Memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his Modesty instead of his Ignorance. . . .

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrow; though, at the same time, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover in this vast heap what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burthens and grievances. As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries—this chaos of calamity—Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this FANCY began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the Colic, and who I found wanted an Heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, had the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came toward him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his Colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the Gout in its stead; but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain.

It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges

that were made: Sickness against Poverty, Hunger against Want of Appetite, and Care against Pain. The female world were very busy among themselves bartering for features. One was trucking a lock of gray hair for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third was cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation. But on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish as soon as she had got it into her possession much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with. . . .

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burthens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the Phantom who had led them into such gross delusion was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by this mount of sorrows, but—what I thought very remarkable—the whole heap sank to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly; being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evil which fell to his lot.—*The Spectator, No. 558, June 23, 1714.*

Addison in 1713 contributed about fifty papers to Steele's *Guardian*, and wrote a considerable number of political and other essays; but his fame rests mainly upon *The Spectator* in its first form. Of the 550 numbers about 250 were by Ad-

dison; and these are by far the best in the work. Macaulay even affirms that "his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors." As *The Spectator* continued only two years, Addison must have written an average of between two and three essays every week. The subjects of these are of the most varied. On Monday, perhaps, there would be an ingenious allegory; on Tuesday an Eastern apologue; on Wednesday, a bit of character-painting; on Thursday, a sketch from common life; on Friday, a good-natured but keen hit at some fashionable foible; on Saturday, a religious meditation well fitted for the ensuing day of rest; and so on for alternate days for more than a hundred weeks, the author being all the while in constant occupation in important public offices. Selections can give only a very general idea of the manner and tone of essays so varied.

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place and the uses to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the conditions of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness which is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole day in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another. The whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of Satire upon the

departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous mass of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew. I found there were poets who had no monuments, and likewise monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bottom of the ocean. I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. . . . I have left the repository of our English Kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement.

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and

gloomy imaginations. But for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the Great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of Parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the Parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see Kings lying side by side with those who deposed them; when I consider rival Wits placed side by side, or the Holy Men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debases of Mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that Great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—*The Spectator*, *No. 26.*

VISIT TO THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together on the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of Emporium for the whole earth. I must confess that I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what Ambassadors are in the politic world: they negotiate affairs, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several Ministers of Com-

merce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Americans; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, a Frenchman at different times, or, rather, fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a "Citizen of the World." . . .

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of Mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude insomuch that at many public solemnities, I cannot forbear at expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken special care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the sauce of Barbadoes; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane; the Philippine Islands give a flavor to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates; the muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth; the scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole; the brocaded petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of

commerce, what a barren, uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil.

Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of Nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices and oils and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend, Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the Spice Islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes with the bare necessaries of life; but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. . . .

For these reasons, there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than Merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices; distribute the gifts of Nature; find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufactures and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been standing upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down

upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like Princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them estates as valuable as the land itself.—*Spectator, No. 69.*

THE DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

I was invited to the dissection of a Beau's Head. An operator opened it with a great deal of nicety; and upon a cursory and superficial view, it appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it, so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The *Pineal Gland*, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the Seat of the Soul, smelt very strongly of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye; insomuch that the Soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large *antrum* or cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these *antrums* or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked

dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be "right Spanish." The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact description.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed into one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments; others ended in several bladders which were filled with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of a spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *Galimatias*, and the English, "Nonsense."

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick; and what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from which we concluded that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *Os Cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged by snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle, which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, that this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's "cocking his nose," or "playing rhinoceros."

We did not find anything remarkable in the Eye, sav-

ing only that the *Musculi amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into English, the "Ogling Muscles," were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the muscle which turns the eye toward heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we discover in the heads of other men. We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged had passed for a Man above five-and-thirty years, during which time he ate and drank like other people; dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions has acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a Wit.—*Spectator*, *No. 275*.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF PUG, THE MONKEY.

Will Honeycomb told us that Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness upon parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning he wrote a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack, says Will, was conducted into the parlor, where he diverted himself for some time with her favorite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of her monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window and went about his business. The lady soon after coming into the parlor, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up and to this day is in some doubt—says Will—whether it was written by Jack or the Monkey:

"Madam—Not having the gift of speech, I have for a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the con-

venience of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth :

"You must know, Madam, that about a thousaad years ago I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a Dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who had lived in different animals.

"This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a Dæmon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblamably that I was made President of a College of Brachmans—an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

"I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so well in it that I became First Minister to a Prince who lived upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honor for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

"Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods under the shape of a Jackall, and soon lifted myself into the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or a hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was half-picked, for my encouragement; but upon my being

unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded grip in his anger that I died of it.

"In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian Tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step out of my house but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

"My soul then entered into a flying fish, and in that state I led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge Sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head. Upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark that swallowed me down in an instant.

"I was some years afterward, to my great surprise, an eminent Banker in Lombard Street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious that the whole town cried shame upon me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

"I was afterward very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled to an Emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted to me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighborhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

"I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a Bee; but being tired of the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my last two transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme and turned Drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder a hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it that we were for the most part left dead upon the spot.

"I might tell of many other transmigrations which I went through: How I was a Town Rake, and afterward did penance in a bay Gelding for ten years; as also how I was a Tailor, a Shrimp, and a Tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

"But I shall pass over these, and several other stages of life to remind you of the young Beau, who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he had got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to

"Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Ethiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hand. You see, Madam, this is not the first time you have had me in a chain. I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage; but that you will still continue your accustomed favors to *Your most devoted and humble Servant*, PUG.

"*P. S.* I would advise your little Shock-dog to keep out of my way; for, as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like."—*The Spectator, No. 343.*

Some of Addison's essays in *The Spectator* form connected series, each of which would constitute a considerable volume. Among these are the critiques upon Milton's *Paradise Lost* and upon the *English Ballads*. Of these Macaulay says: "They are always luminous, and often ingenious. The very worst of them must be regarded as creditable to him, when the character of the school in which he had been trained is fairly considered. The best of them were much too good for his readers. In truth, he was not so far behind our generation as he was before his own." The essays in which Sir Roger de Coverly and his friends appear as characters "can hardly," continues Macaulay, "be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English Essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English Novelists." These papers are brought to a fitting close by the account of the death of the good old Knight:

THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLY.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense,

Sir Roger de Coverly is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was warmly promoting an Address of his own penning in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig Justice of the Peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters from the Chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the death of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the Butler who took such care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the Butler mentions in the simplicity of his heart several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter without any alteration or diminution :

"*Honored Sir*—Knowing that you were my master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole county, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring Gentleman ; for you know my good master was always the poor man's friend.

" Upon his coming home the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom ; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from a widow Lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life ; but this only proved a lightening before his death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady, his mother.

"He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and he has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood.

"It was a very moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortable upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverly Church should have a steeple to it. The Chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears.

"He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held by six of the Quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse, with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods.

"Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made

on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from, *Honored Sir, Your most Sorrowful Servant*, EDWARD BISCUIT.

"*P. S.* My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the Knight has left rings and mourning for everyone in the Club. —*The Spectator, No. 517.*

ADLER, FELIX, author and lecturer, was born in Alzey, Germany, August 13, 1851. He is the son of a Hebrew rabbi, and came to the United States when quite young. He graduated at Columbia College in 1870, and afterward studied at Berlin, and at Heidelberg. From Heidelberg he received the degree of Ph.D. From 1874 to 1876 he was Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature at Cornell University. In 1876 he established in New York City the Society of Ethical Culture. Mr. Adler is the lecturer for this society, which supports a number of charities. His most important works are *Creed and Deed* (1878) and *The Moral Instruction of Children* (1892).

IMMORTALITY.

True disinterestedness is the distinguishing mark of every high endeavor. The pursuit of the artist is unselfish, the beauty he creates is his reward. The toil of the scientist in the pursuit of abstract truth is unselfish, the truth he sees is his reward. Why should we hesitate to acknowledge in the domain of ethics what we concede in the realm of art and science? To say that unselfishness itself is only the more refined expression of a selfish instinct, is to use the term selfish with a double meaning, is a mere empty play on words. We have the innate need of harmony in the moral relations; this is our glory, and the stamp of the Divine upon our nature. We cannot demonstrate the existence of disinterested motives any more than we can demonstrate that there is joy in the sunlight and freedom in

the mountain breeze. The fact that we *demand unselfishness* in action alone assures us that the standard of enlightened self-interest is false.

And indeed, if we consult the opinions of men where they are least likely to be warped by sophistry, we shall find that disinterestedness is the universal criterion by which moral worth is measured. If we suspect the motive we condemn the act. If a person gives largely for some object of public usefulness, or charity, we do not permit the munificence of the gift to deceive our judgment. Perhaps he is merely desirous of vaunting his wealth, perhaps it is social standing he aims at, perhaps he is covetous of fame. If these suspicions prove well founded, the very men who accept his bounty will, in their secret hearts, despise him, and by a certain revulsion of feeling we shall resent his action all the more, because, not only is he destitute of honorable purpose, but he has filched the fair front of virtue, and defiled the laurel even in the wearing of it.

We do not even accord the name of goodness to that easy, amiable sympathy which leads us to alleviate the sufferings of others, unless it be guided by wise regard for their permanent welfare. The tattered clothes, the haggard looks, the piteous pleading voice of the pauper on the public highway may awaken our pity, but the system of indiscriminate alms-giving is justly condemned as a weakness rather than a virtue.

On the other hand, obedience to duty, when it involves pain and self-abnegation, seems to rise in the general estimation. Clearly because in this instance even the suspicion of interested motives is removed, since hardship, injury in estate and happiness, and even the possible loss of life, are among the foreseen consequences of the act. It is for this reason that the Book of Martyrs has become the golden book of mankind, and that the story of their lives never fails to fill us with mingled sorrow and admiration and pride. They are monuments on the field of history, and milestones on the path of human progress. We regard them and gain new courage and confidence in our better selves. The blazing pyre on the Campo Fiore, whereon Giordano Bruno breathes his last, becomes a beacon-light

for the truth-seeker; the dying Socrates still pours benignant peace over many a sufferer's couch; the Man of sorrows, on Calvary, comforts the hearts of the Christian millions. In the presence of these high examples the inadequacy of the selfish standard becomes clearly apparent. We recognize what a sublime quality that is in man which enables him, not only to triumph over torment and suffering, but to devote his very self to destruction for the sake of honor and truth. Freely must Virtue be wooed, not for the dowry she may bring; by loyal devotion to her for her own sake only, can she be won!

If thus it appears that not only is there nothing in the nature of Virtue to warrant a claim to reward, but that it is her very nature to disclaim any reward, it will become plain that the problem, as stated in the beginning, rests upon an entirely false foundation. That the unrighteous and unprincipled should enjoy temporal happiness, does not offend the law of justice. That you, my good sir, honest in all your dealings, truthful in all your acts, should be unhappy, is greatly to be deplored. Why evil and unhappiness should have been allowed at all to enter a world created by an all good and all powerful Being may fairly be asked. Why those who possess the treasure of a clear conscience should not also possess the lesser goods of earth, is a question with which morality is in nowise concerned.

Virtue can have no recompense, save as it is its own recompense, and vice can receive no real punishment, save as it is its own avenger. The hope of immortality, in so far as it is based upon the supposed necessity of righting in a future state what is here wrong, is therefore untenable, for it is based upon the assumption of a wrong which exists in the imagination merely. *And he who claims a reward because of his virtue, has thereby forfeited his right to maintain the claim, since that is not virtue which looks for reward.—Creed and Deed.*

ÆLIANUS, CLAUDIUS, a Roman rhetorician of the second century A.D., was born at Prænestе in Italy. He was a teacher of rhetoric at Rome, probably under Hadrian. On account of his accuracy and grace in speaking and writing Greek, he was surnamed the "Honey-tongued;" he was also called the "Sophist," from his occupation. He was very fond of retirement, and devoted himself to the study of Plato, Aristotle, Isocrates, Plutarch, Homer, Anacreon, etc., and, although he was a Roman, he gave preference to the Greek writers, and used the Greek language in his works.

His entertaining work entitled *Varia Historia* has many times been republished, as also his treatise, *De Natura Animalium.* An edition of the latter work published by Schneider, at Leipsic, in 1784, is considered very useful; also that published by Fr. Jacobs in 1832. In an edition of his collected works by Gesner, 1556, another work, entitled *Epistolæ Rusticæ*, is also attributed to him. His *Varia Historia* contains anecdotes of every kind, historical, biographical, and antiquarian, put together without any connection whatever, and was probably never intended for publication.

THE SUCKING-FISH.

The *Echeneis* is a sea-fish of a blackish aspect, about as long as a middling eel. It is named *Echeneis* from

its strong faculty; for, seizing upon the hind part of a ship, though under full sail, in a brisk wind, it will stop her course as a furious horse is restrained by a strong bit and bridle. In vain are the sails spread, and in vain do the winds blow; the passengers are terrified, but the sailors know the reason of it.—*Hist. De Animal., Lib. 2, c. 17.*

TWO FAMOUS EPIGRAMS.

Short ears are an element of beauty.

The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.

ÆSCHINES, an Athenian orator, and the most noted rival of Demosthenes, born at Athens, 389 B.C.; died at Samos, 314 B.C. The accounts of his origin are contradictory. He entered into public service at an early age; became an actor, served with credit in the army, and afterward appeared as a public orator. In 346 B.C. he was one of the ten ambassadors, among whom was Demosthenes, who were sent by the Athenians to negotiate a peace with Philip of Macedon. Æschines favored the alliance with Philip, and zealously opposed the policy advocated by Demosthenes. In 338 B.C. Æschines, after the battle of Chæronea, an Athenian, named Ctesiphon, proposed that the State should bestow the honor of a golden crown upon Demosthenes. Æschines brought a charge against Ctesiphon of having introduced an illegal measure into the assemblage. The case was not brought to trial until six years after, when Philip was dead. The action, though nominally against Ctesiphon, was really an impeachment of Demosthenes. The oration of Demosthenes *On the Crown*, in reply to Æschines, is one of his most famous productions. Ctesiphon, or, rather, Demosthenes, was acquitted, and Æschines was mulcted in a heavy fine for having brought forward a factious resolution. He was unable to pay the fine, and went to the island of Samos, where he taught

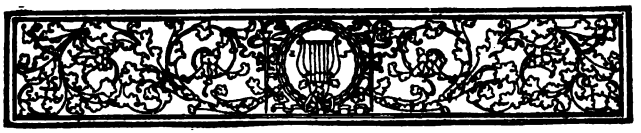
oratory with great success. Only three of his orations are extant; one on his Embassy, one against Timarchus, and the one against Ctesiphon. These orations are distinguished by a happy flow of words, by an abundance and clearness of ideas, and by an air of great ease, which arose less from art than nature.

AGAINST CTESIPHON.

[*The Exordium.*] You see, Athenians, what forces are prepared, what numbers are formed, and arrayed, what soliciting through the Assembly, by a certain party; and all this to oppose the fair and ordinary course of justice in the State. As to me, I stand in firm reliance, first, on the Immortal Gods; next on the Laws and you, convinced that Faction never can have greater weight with you than Law and Justice. . . . Let it also be remembered that the whole body of our citizens hath now committed their State, their Liberties into your hands. Some of them are present waiting the event of this trial; others are called away to attend on their private affairs. Show the due reverence to these; remember your oaths and your laws; and if we convict Ctesiphon of having proposed decrees, illegal, false, and detrimental to the State, reverse these illegal decrees, assert the freedom of your Constitution, and punish those who have administered your affairs in opposition to your Laws, in contempt of your Constitution, and in total disregard of your interests. If with these sentiments impressed on your minds, you attend to what is now to be proposed, you must, I am convinced, proceed to a decision just and religious—a decision of the utmost advantage to yourselves and to the State. As to the general nature of this prosecution, thus far have I premised, and I trust, without offence. Let me now request your attention to a few words about the laws relative to persons accountable to the Public, which have been violated by the decree proposed by Ctesiphon. . . .

[*The Peroration.*] And now bear witness for me, thou

Earth, thou Sun; O Virtue and Intelligence, and thou, O Erudition, which teacheth us the just distinction between Vice and Virtue, I have stood up, I have spoken in the cause of Justice. I have supported my prosecution with a dignity befitting its importance. I have spoken as my wishes dictated; if too deficiently, as my abilities admitted. Let what hath now been offered, and what your own thoughts must supply, be duly weighed; and do you pronounce such a sentence as justice and the interests of the State demand.—*Translation of* LELAND.



ÆSCHYLUS, the earliest of the three great Greek tragic poets, born at Eleusis, 525 B.C.; died at Gela, in Sicily, 456 B.C. He was of a noble family, tracing its descent from Codrus, the last King of Athens. His first attempt as a tragic poet was made at the age of twenty-five. He subsequently distinguished himself as a soldier, being present at the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. He gained his first tragic prize at an early age, and subsequently another for a "trilogy" or series of three dramas presented consecutively at a single representation. One of these was the *Persians*, which is still extant. He gained in all thirteen prizes for tragedy; but when he was fifty-seven years of age, he was defeated for the prize by Sophocles. He soon after left Athens and took up his residence in Sicily, because, as is said by some, he had suffered this defeat by Sophocles; but according to others, the reason was that he was charged with impiety in having divulged the Eleusinian mysteries into which he had been initiated. A legend of very doubtful authenticity states that he was killed by a tortoise which an eagle let fall upon the bald head of the poet, which he mistook for a stone. Æschylus is said to have been the author of seventy dramas, of which all but five were tragedies. Of these, seven are extant entire, and there

are fragments of several others preserved in quotations by various authors. The extant dramas are: the *Seven Against Thebes*, the *Suppliants*, the *Persians*, the *Prometheus Bound*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Libation-bearers*, and the *Eumenides*. Æschylus is the grandest of the Attic tragic poets. His artistic creed is that there is a blind, overruling, omnipresent, inevitable Fate, or Necessity, against which neither gods nor men can contend successfully, and from which they cannot escape; and yet it is the glory and the duty of the great good man to struggle to the end with undaunted resolution. Running all through his dramas is the idea of "ancestral guilt, continually reproducing itself and continually punished from generation to generation; of hapless kindred criminals, who would not be such if they could avoid it; but who are goaded on to the commission of ever new atrocities by the hereditary curse of their doomed race; predestined murderers, adulterers, and paracides, inextricably involved in the dark net of Necessity."

THE BINDING OF PROMETHEUS.

[PROMETHEUS *is led in by* HEPHÆSTOS *and others:* HEPHÆSTOS *speaks:*]

O thou, Themis, wise in Counsel, son,
Full of deep purpose, lo! against my will,
I fetter thee against thy will with bonds
Of bronze that none can loose, to this lone height,
Where thou shalt know nor voice nor face of man,
But scorching in the hot blaze of the Sun,
Shalt lose thy skin's fair beauty. Thou shalt long
For starry-mantled night to hide day's sheen,

For sun to melt the rime of early dawn;
And evermore the weight of present ill
Shall wear thee down. Unborn as yet is he
Who shall release thee: this the fate thou gain'st
As due reward for thy philanthropy.
For thou, a god, not fearing wrath of gods,
In thy transgression gav'st their power to men;
And therefore on this rock of little ease
Thou shalt keep thy watch, nor lying down,
Nor knowing sleep, nor even bending knee;
And many groans and wailing profitless
Thy lips shall utter; for the mind of Zeus
Remains inexorable. Who holds a power
But newly gained is ever stern of mood.

—*Prometheus Bound, Translation of* PLUMPTRE.

THE SOLILOQUY OF PROMETHEUS.

O divine æther, and ye swift-winged winds, and ye fountains of rivers, and countless dimplings of the waves of the deep! and thou Earth, mother of all, and to the all-seeing orb of the Sun, I appeal! Look upon me, what treatment I, a god, am enduring at the hand of the gods! Behold with what indignities mangled I shall have to wrestle through time of years innumerable. Such an ignominious bondage hath the new ruler of the immortals devised against me. Alas! alas! I sigh over the present suffering, and that which is coming on. How, where, must a termination of these toils arise? And yet what is it I am saying? I know beforehand all futurity exactly, and no suffering will come upon me unlooked for. But I needs must bear my doom as easily as may be, knowing, as I do, that the might of Necessity cannot be resisted. But it is not possible for me either to hold my peace, or not to hold my peace, touching these my fortunes. For having bestowed boons upon mortals, I am enthralled unhappily in these hardships. And I am he that hath searched out the source of fire, by stealth borne off enclosed in a fennel-stalk, which hath shown itself a teacher of every art to mortals, and a great resource. Such then as this is the

vengeance that I endure for my trespasses, being riveted in fetters beneath the naked sky.—*Prometheus Bound, Literal Translation of* BUCKLEY.

THE WARNING OF HERMES TO PROMETHEUS.

I have, methinks, said much in vain;
For still thy heart, beneath my shower of prayers,
Lies dry and hard—nay, leaps like a young horse
Who bites against the new bit in his teeth,
And tugs and struggles against the new-tried rein—
Still fiercest in the feeblest thing of all—
Which sophism is, since absolute Will disjoined
From perfect Mind is worse than weak. Behold,
Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable woe
Must sweep persuasion through thee! For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame,
And hide thy body where a hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm; and when thou hast passed
A long black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun while Zeus's winged hound,
The strong carnivorous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee, self-called to a daily feast,
And set his fierce beak in thee, and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh, and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver. Do not look
For any end moreover to this curse,
Or ere some good appear, to accept thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell
And gloomy abysses around Tartarus.
Then ponder this!—this threat is not a growth
Of vain invention; it is spoken and meant!
King Zeus's mouth is impotent to lie
Consummating the utterance by the act:—
So, look to it, thou!—take heed—and nevermore
Forget good counsel to indulge self-will.

—*Prometheus Bound, Translation of* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE BEACON-LIGHTS.

Hephaistos—sending a bright blaze from Idê,
Beacon did beacon send, from fire the poster,
Hitherward : Idé to the rock Hermaian
Of Lemnos ; and a third great torch o' the island
Zeus's seat received in turn, the Athoan summit.
And—so upsoaring as to stride sea over,
The strong lamp-voyager, and all for joyance—
Did the gold-glorious splendor, any sun like,
Pass on—the pine-tree—to Makistos's watch-place ;
Who did not—tardy—caught, no wits about him,
By sleep—decline his portion of the missive
And far the beacon's light, in stream Euripos
Arriving, made aware Messapios's warders,
And up they lit in turn, played herald onward,
Kindling with flame a heap of gray old heather,
And strengthening still, the lamp, decaying nowise,
Springing o'er Plain Asopos—full-moon fashion.
Effulgent—toward the crag of Mount Kithairon,
Roused a new rendering-up of fire the escort—
And light—far escort, lacked no recognition
O' the guard—as burning more than burnings told you.
And over Lake Gorgopis light went leaping,
And at Mount Aigiplanktos safe arriving,
Enforced the law—"to never stint the fire-stuff."
And they send, lighting up with ungrudged vigor,
Of flame a huge beard, ay, the very foreland,
So as to strike above, in burning onward,
The look-out which commands the Strait Saronic.
Then did it dart until it reached the outpost,
Mount Arachnaios here, the city's neighbor :
And then darts to this roof of the Atreidai
This light of Idê's fire not unforefathered !
Such are the rules prescribed the flambeau-bearer ;
He beats that's first and also last in running.
Such is the proof and token I declare thee,
My husband having sent me news from Troia :
Troia do the Achaioi hold this same day.

—*Agamemnon, Translation of* ROBERT BROWNING.

THE DOOM OF CLYTÆMNESTRA.

[*To* CLYTÆMNESTRA *enter* ORESTES, *her son, and* PYLADES: *the* CHORUS *of Captive Women is also present.*]

Orest.—'Tis thee I seek; he there has had enough.
Clyt.—Ah me! my loved Ægisthos! Art thou dead?
Orest.—Loved thou the man? Then on the self-same tomb
Shalt thou now lie, nor in his death desert him.
Clyt. (*Baring her bosom.*)—Hold, boy! respect this breast of mine,
Whence thou, my son, full oft, asleep, with toothless gums,
Hast sucked the milk that sweetly fed thy life.
Orest.—What shall I do, my Pylades? Shall I
Through this respect forbear to slay my mother?
Pylad.—Where then are Loxia's other oracles,
The Pythian counsels, and the fast-sworn vows?
Have all men hostile rather than the gods.
Orest.—My judgment goes with thine; thou speakest well.
[*To Clytæmnestra.*] Follow; I mean to slay thee where he lies.
For while he lived thou held'st him far above
My father. Sleep thou with him in thy death,
Since thou lov'st him, and whom thou should'st love hatest.
Clyt.—I reared thee, and would fain grow old with thee.
Orest.—What! thou live with me, who did'st slay my father!
Clyt.—Fate, O my son! must share the blame of that.
Orest.—This fatal doom, then, it is Fate that sends.
Clyt.—Dost thou not fear a parent's curse, my son?
Orest.—Thou, though my mother, did'st to ill chance cast me.
Clyt.—No outcast thou, so sent to house allied.
Orest.—I was sold doubly, though of free sire born.
Clyt.—Where is the price, then, that I got for thee?
Orest.—I shrink for shame from pressing that charge home.

Clyt.—Nay, tell thy father's wantonness as well.
Orest.—Blame not the man that toils when thou'rt at ease.
Clyt.—'Tis hard, my son, for wives to miss their husbands.
Orest.—The husband's toil keeps her that sits at home.
Clyt.—Thou seem'st, my son, about to slay thy mother!
Orest.—It is not I that slay thee, but thyself.
Clyt.—Take heed, beware a mother's vengeful hounds.
Orest.—How, slighting this, shall I escape my father's?
Clyt.—I seem, in life, to wail as to a tomb.
Orest.—My father's fate ordains this doom for thee.
Clyt.—Ah me! the snake is here I bore and nursed.
Orest.—An o'er-true prophet was that dread, dream-born.
Thou slewest one thou never should'st have slain;
Now suffer fate should never have been thine.

[*Exit* ORESTES, *leading* CLYTÆMNESTRA *into the palace, and followed by* PYLADES.—*The* CHORUS *sing responsively:*]

I.

Late came due vengeance on the sons of Priam;
Just forfeit of sore woe;—
Late came there, too, to Agamemnon's house
Twin lions, twofold Death.
The exile who obeyed the Pythian hest
Hath gained his full desire,
Sped on his way by counsel of the Gods.

. . . . . .

III.

And so on one who loves the war of guile
Revenge came subtle-souled;
And in the strife of hands the Child of Zeus
In very deed gave help.
(We mortals call her Vengeance, hitting well
The meetest name for her,)
Breathing destroying wrath against her foes.

IV.

She it is whom Loxia summons now,
Who dwelleth in Parnassia's cavern vast,
Calling on Her who still
Is guileful without guile,
Halting of foot, and tarrying over-long:
The will of Gods is strangely overruled;
It may not help the vile;
'Tis meet to adore the Power that rules in Heaven:
At last we see the Light.

—*The Libation-bearers, Translation of* PLUMPTRE.

ÆSOP, a fabulist, said to have been born in Phrygia, about 620 B.C. It is said that he was brought to Athens while young and sold as a slave to Iadmon, of Samos, who gave him his freedom. Crœsus, King of Lydia, subsequently invited him to his court and employed him in positions of trust, finally making him Ambassador at Delphi, where he was charged with sacrilege and was put to death by being thrown from a precipice. He visited Athens during the sovereignty of Pisistratus, where he wrote the fable of *Jupiter and the Frogs*. His genuine works are supposed to have perished, the collection of fables which goes under his name being either imitations or entirely spurious productions of a later age. So great, however, was his reputation that a statue of him was executed by the famous sculptor Lysippus. The current story that he was a misshapen dwarf is wholly fictitious. He stands, therefore, as a representative of a class of writers, rather than as a distinct individual.

JUPITER AND THE FROGS.

The Frogs, grieved at having no established ruler, sent ambassadors to Jupiter, entreating for a King. He, perceiving their simplicity, cast down a huge log into the pond. The Frogs, terrified at the splash occasioned by its fall, hid themselves in the depths of the pool. But no sooner did they perceive that the

log continued motionless than they swam again to the top of the water, dismissed their fears, and came so to despise it as to climb up and squat upon it. After some time they began to think themselves ill-treated in the appointment of so inert a ruler, and sent a second deputation to Jupiter to pray that he would set over them another sovereign. He then gave them an Eel to govern them. When the Frogs discovered his easy good-nature, they yet a third time sent to Jupiter to beg that he would once more choose for them another King. Jupiter, displeased at their complaints, sent a Heron, who preyed upon the Frogs day by day, till there were none left to croak upon the pond.—*Translation of* TOWNSEND.

THE TREES AND THE AXE.

A man came into the forest, and made a petition to the Trees to provide him a handle for his axe. The Trees consented to his request, and gave him a young ash-tree. No sooner had the man fitted from it a new handle to his axe than he began to use it, and quickly felled with his strokes the noblest giants of the forest. An old Oak, lamenting when too late the destruction of his companions, said to a neighboring Cedar: "The first step has lost us all. If we had not given up the rights of the Ash, we might yet have retained our own privileges, and have stood for ages."—*Translation of* TOWNSEND.

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

An Old Man that had travelled a long way with a great bundle of fagots, found himself so weary that he flung it down, and called upon Death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. Death came straightway at his call and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good Sir," said the Old Man, "just do me the favor to help me up with my bundle of fagots."—*Translation of* JAMES.

THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT.

Once upon a time there was a fierce war between the Birds and the Beasts. For a long time the issue of the contest was uncertain, and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature—part Bird and part Beast—kept aloof, and remained neutral. At length, when the Beasts seemed to be getting the better of it, the Bat joined their forces, and appeared active in the fight; but a rally being made by the Birds, which proved successful, the Bat was found at the end of the day among the ranks of the winning party. A peace being speedily concluded, the Bat's conduct was condemned alike by both parties; and, being acknowledged by neither, and so excluded by the terms of the truce, he was obliged to skulk off as best he could; and has ever since lived in holes and corners, never daring to show his face except in the darkness of twilight.—*Translation of* JAMES.

THE BELLY AND THE OTHER MEMBERS.

In former days, when all a man's limbs did not work together as amicably as they do now, but each had a will and a way of its own, the Members began to find fault with the Belly for spending an idle, luxurious life, while they were wholly occupied in laboring for its support, and ministering to its wants and pleasures. So they entered into a conspiracy to cut off its supplies for the future. The Hands were no longer to carry any food to the mouth, nor the Mouth to receive the food, nor the Teeth to chew it. They had not long persisted in this course of starving the Belly into subjection, ere they all began, one by one, to fail and flag, and the whole Body to pine away. Then the Members were convinced that the Belly also—cumbersome and useless as it seemed—had an important function of its own; that they could no more do without it, than it could do without them; and that if they would have the constitution of the Body in a healthy state, they must work together, each in his proper sphere, for the common good of all.—*Translation of* JAMES.

THE FOX AND THE HEDGEHOG.

A Fox, swimming across a very rapid river, was carried by the force of the current into a deep ravine, where he lay for a long time very much bruised and sick, and unable to move. A swarm of hungry, blood-sucking Flies settled upon him. A Hedgehog, passing by, compassionated his sufferings, and inquired if he should drive away the Flies that were tormenting him. "By no means," replied the Fox; "pray do not molest them."—"How is that?" said the Hedgehog; "do you not want to be rid of them?"—"No," returned the Fox; "for these Flies which you see are full of blood, and sting me but little; and if you rid me of these which are already satiated, others more hungry will come in their place, and will drink up all the blood I have left."—*Translation of* TOWNSEND.

THE EAGLE AND THE ARROW.

An Eagle sat on a lofty rock, watching the movements of a Hare whom he sought to make his prey. An Archer, who saw him from a place of concealment, took an accurate aim, and wounded him mortally. The Eagle gave one look at the arrow that had entered his heart, and saw in that single glance that its feathers had been furnished by himself. "It is a double grief to me," he exclaimed, "that I should perish by an arrow feathered from my own wings!"—*Translation of* TOWNSEND.

THE OAK AND THE WOOD-CUTTERS.

The Wood-cutters cut down a Mountain Oak, split it in pieces, making wedges of its own branches for dividing the trunk, and for saving of their labor. The Oak said, with a sigh, "I do not care about the blows of the axe aimed at my roots; but I do grieve at being torn in pieces by these wedges made from my own branches."—*Translation of* TOWNSEND.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

As a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling at some distance down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence. "Villain!" said he, running up to her, "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?"—"Indeed," said the Lamb, humbly, "I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you."—"Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names."—"Oh, Sir," said the Lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born."—"Well," replied the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue me out of my supper." And without another word he fell upon the poor helpless Lamb, and tore her to pieces.—*Translation of* JAMES.

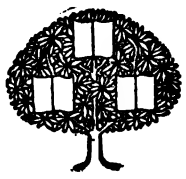
THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF.

A Shepherd-boy, who tended his flock not far from a village, used to amuse himself at times in crying out "Wolf!" Twice or thrice his trick succeeded. The whole village came running out to his assistance; and all the return they got was to be laughed at for their pains. At last, one day the Wolf came indeed; and the Boy cried out in earnest. But the neighbors, supposing him to be at his old sport, paid no heed to his cries, and the Wolf devoured the sheep. So the Boy learned, when it was too late, that Liars are not believed even when they tell the truth.—*Translation of* JAMES.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A Husbandman who had a quarrelsome family, after having tried in vain to reconcile them by words, thought he might more readily prevail by an example. So he called his sons and bade them lay a bundle of sticks before him. Then having tied them up into a fagot, he told the lads, one after another, to take it up and break it. They all tried, but tried in vain. Then, untying the

fagot, he gave them the sticks to break one by one. This they did with the greatest ease. Then said the father: "Thus, my sons, as long as you remain united, you are a match for all your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone."—*Translation of* JAMES.



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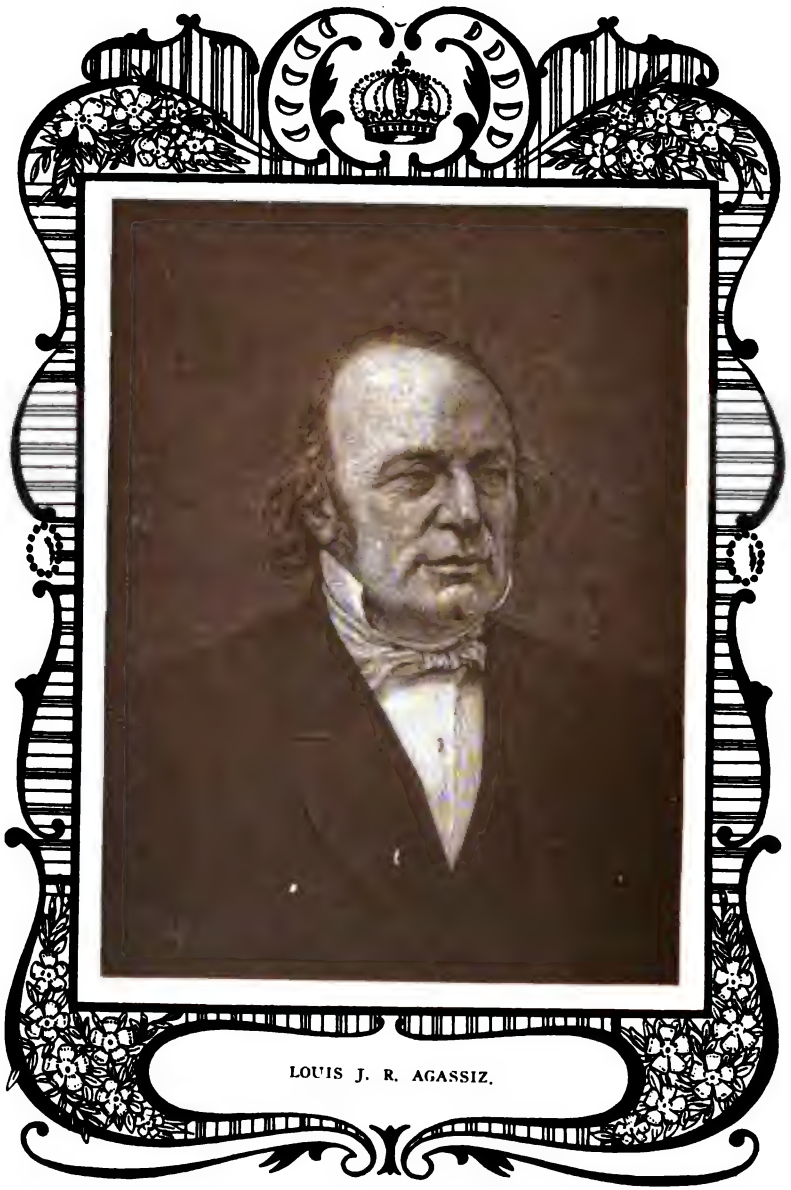


LOUIS J. R. AGASSIZ.

AGASSIZ, JEAN LOUIS RODOLPHE, a celebrated Swiss-American naturalist and author, born at Motier, Switzerland, May 28, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., December 14, 1873. Before coming to America, in 1846, he had distinguished himself by his researches in various departments of natural history and science, notably by his great works, written in French, upon *Fossil Fishes* and upon the *Glaciers of the Alps.* Toward the close of 1847 the Scientific School at Cambridge, Mass., was founded by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and Agassiz accepted the position of Professor of Zoölogy and Geology in the new institution. He subsequently, for a short time, held the chair of Comparative Anatomy in the Medical College at Charleston, S. C., and in 1868 was appointed a non-resident professor in Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y. His services in various departments of natural history, both as an original observer and investigator, and as a lecturer and author, were unequalled by those of any other man who ever lived; and from time to time he made long journeys and voyages for investigation and research. These travels included the whole country from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic Coast to the Valley of the Mississippi. In 1865 he took charge of a scientific expedition, most liberally provided for by a merchant of Bos-

ton, to explore the waters of Brazil. A narrative of this expedition was published, written mainly by Mrs. Agassiz. He subsequently made a scientific excursion to the Rocky Mountains; and in December, 1871, accompanied by several other men of science, he set out on a voyage around Cape Horn, in the United States Coast Survey steamer Hassler. The results of this voyage, undertaken for deep-sea dredging, were of great importance in the study of oceanic faunæ.—The influence of Agassiz upon the scientific development of the United States was profound and far-reaching. Joined with his great scientific ability, he had the faculty of communicating the results of his investigations, and propounding his theories, in an attractive form. He therefore deservedly holds a high place not only in science, but also in literature.

THE GROWTH OF CORAL REEFS.

A coral reef is a structure built up from a definite depth successively and gradually, not by one kind of coral, but by a great variety of kinds combining together, and forming by their joint work a wall which, from a given depth, may end in reaching the surface of the water. And while it is growing, this wall is all the time changing its builders. It is not one kind that commences and completes the structure to the summit. One kind does a part of the work, and then ceases; another kind comes in and continues the work for a while, and ceases in its turn; and so on till it is completed. Here we have a slanting shore; suppose at six hundred feet distance from the shore the depth is ten or twelve fathoms. It will be a favorable level for the formation of a succession of reefs; for the animals which begin to work live at that depth. They commence building a

wall in that form: steep toward the ocean, slanting gently toward the shore, rising in the end to the level of the water. The steepness of the outward wall, and the gentle sloping toward the land, are the result of those fostering influences which accelerate the growth of the reef under conditions which are most favorable to the development of different corals. . . .

But one thing must be remembered: The *Radiates* which begin the reef, after building it up to a certain height, necessarily create conditions that are unfavorable to their growth. The condition of the water inside, toward the land, is so altered that the first set of corals can no longer prosper there. The space inside becomes almost an inland pool, even though the water washes over the top of the reef. And now another kind of coral sets in, and begins to build. The work goes on, but not so rapidly, perhaps, as before. The first set stop at a certain height, the second set carry it up higher toward the surface. The second set are more hardy, and require less of the immediate action of the sea to sustain their growth. But there are still other kinds which never build the reef itself; namely, those which grow under its shelter. They may be compared to the underbrush of the forest, which does not begin until the forest trees have reached a certain height. So we have the reef-builders and the underbrush. And then a third set of reef-builders may come in, and bring it up to the surface of the water; and after they have grown, the underbrush fills up the bottom toward the land.

Now comes a question which, for a length of time, was one of the most perplexing in the study of these animals: Having ascertained that different portions of the reef, at different depths, are built by different species, and that all these corals are immovably attached to each other, the question arises, whence did these new corals come which have built up the later portions of the reef? On examining these animals we find, along the portions which divide the internal cavity, bunches of eggs. They have long been known as such. But what was not known is the fact that the young which are hatched from these eggs are free,

and swim in the water. They are little pear-shaped bodies surrounded with innumerable fringes which keep them revolving in the water. They move about at will until they find a proper resting-place, where they fix themselves and grow. Whenever there is a reef which has grown up to the level—say, of six fathoms—where the second set of corals come in, there will be found these little floating animals, which subsequently attach themselves to the reef at their proper level, and grow. Then another set come in, in the same way, and so build up the reef. The succession of these different species of animals is now readily explained. Each one of these little young animals undergoes a transformation from a free swimming body to a polyp.—*Graham Lectures.*

METAMORPHOSES OF ANIMALS.

Under the name of metamorphoses are included those changes which the body of an animal undergoes after birth, and which are modifications in various degrees of its organization, form, and mode of life. Such changes are not peculiar to certain classes, as has been so long supposed, but are common to all animals without exception. Vegetables also undergo metamorphoses, but with this essential difference, that in vegetables the process consists in an addition of new parts to the old ones. A succession of leaves differing from those which preceded them comes in each season; new branches and roots are added to the old stem, and woody layers to the trunk.

In animals the whole body is transformed, in such a manner that all the existing parts contribute to the formation of the modified body. The chrysalis becomes a butterfly; the frog, after having been herbivorous during its tadpole state, becomes carnivorous, and its stomach is adapted to this new mode of life; at the same time instead of breathing by gills, it becomes an air-breathing animal; its tail and gills disappear, lungs and legs are formed; and finally it lives and moves upon the land.

The nature, the duration, and importance of metamorphoses, and also the epoch at which they take place,

are infinitely varied. The most striking changes naturally presenting themselves to the mind, when we speak of metamorphoses, are those occurring in insects. Not merely is there a change of physiognomy and form observable, or an organ more or less formed, but their whole organization is modified. The animal enters into new relations with the external world, while at the same time new instincts are imparted to it. It has lived in water, and respired by gills; it is now furnished with trachæ, and breathes air. It passes by with indifference objects which were before attractive; and its new instincts prompt it to seek conditions which would have been most pernicious during its former period of life. All these changes are brought about without destroying the individuality of the animal. The mosquito, which to-day haunts us with its shrill trumpet, and pierces us for our blood, is the same animal that a few days ago lived obscure and unregarded in stagnant water, under the guise of a little worm. . . .

The different external forms which an insect may assume is well illustrated by the canker-worm. Its eggs are laid upon posts and fences, or upon the branches of the apple, elm, and other trees. They are hatched about the time the tender leaves of these trees begin to unfold. The caterpillar feeds on the leaves, and attains the full growth at the end of about four weeks, being then not quite an inch in length. It then descends into the ground, and enters the earth to the depth of four or five inches, and having excavated a sort of cell, is soon changed into a chrysalis or nymph. At the usual time in the spring it bursts its skin, and appears in its perfect state in the form of a moth. In this species, however, only the male has wings. The perfect insects soon pair; the female crawls up a tree, and, having deposited her eggs, dies.

Transformations no less remarkable are observed among the Crustacea. The *Antifa*, like all Crustacea, is reproduced by eggs. From these eggs little animals issue, which have not the slightest resemblance to the parent. They have an elongated form, a pair of tentacles, and four legs, with which they swim freely in the water. Their freedom, however, is of but short duration,

The little animal soon attaches itself by means of its tentacles—having previously become covered with a transparent shell, through which the outlines of the body, and also a very distinct eye, are easily distinguishable. It is plainly seen that the anterior portion of the animal has become considerably enlarged; subsequently the shell becomes completed, and the animal casts its skin, losing with it both its eyes and its tentacles. On the other hand, a thick membrane lining the shell pushes out, and forms a stem, by means of which the animal fixes itself to immersed bodies, after the loss of its tentacles. The stem gradually enlarges, and the animal soon acquires a definite shape. There is, consequently, not only a change of organization in the course of the metamorphoses, but also a change of faculties and mode of life. The animal, at first free, becomes fixed; and its adhesion is effected by totally different organs at different periods of life: first by means of tentacles, which were temporary organs; and afterward by means of a fleshy stem, especially developed for that purpose.

The metamorphoses of the Mollusca, though less striking, are not less worthy of notice. Thus, the oyster is free when young, like the clam, and most other shell-fishes. Others, which are at first attached or suspended to the gills of the mother, afterward become free. Some naked gasteropods are born with a shell, which they part with shortly after leaving the egg.

The study of metamorphoses is therefore of the utmost importance for understanding the real affinities of animals, very different in appearance; as is readily shown by the following instances: The butterfly and the earth-worm seem, at the first glance, to have no relation whatever. They differ in their organization no less than in their outward appearance. But on comparing the caterpillar and the worm, these two animals are seen closely to resemble each other. The analogy, however, is only transient; it lasts only during the larva state of the caterpillar, and is effaced as it passes to the chrysalis and butterfly conditions, the latter becoming a more and more perfect animal, whilst the worm remains in its inferior state. . . .

Similar instances are furnished by animals belonging to all types of the animal kingdom. . . . In the type of the Vertebrata the considerations drawn from metamorphoses acquire still greater importance in regard to classification. The sturgeon and the white-fish are two very different fishes; yet, taking into consideration their external form and bearing merely, it might be questioned which of the two should take the highest rank; whereas the doubt is very easily resolved by an examination of their anatomical structure. The white-fish has a skeleton, and, moreover, a vertebral column composed of firm bone. The sturgeon, on the contrary, has no bone in the vertebral column except the spines, or *apophyses* of the vertebræ; the middle part or body of the vertebræ is cartilaginous. If, however, we observe the young white-fish just after it has issued from the egg, the contrast will be less striking. At this period the vertebræ are cartilaginous, like those of the sturgeon, its mouth is also transverse, and its tail undivided. At that period the white-fish and the sturgeon are much more alike. But this similarity is only transient. As the white-fish grows its vertebræ become ossified, and its resemblance to the sturgeon is comparatively slight. As the sturgeon has no such transformation of the vertebræ, and is in some sense arrested in its development, while the white-fish undergoes subsequent transformation, we conclude that, compared with the white-fish, it is really inferior in rank. . . .

Nevertheless, the metamorphoses which occur in animals after birth will, in many instances, present but trifling modifications of the relative rank of animals, compared with those which may be derived from the study of changes previous to that period; as there are many animals which undergo no changes of great importance after their escape from the egg, and occupy, nevertheless, a high rank in the zoölogical series; as, for example, birds and mammals. The question is, whether such animals are developed according to different plans, or whether their peculiarity in that respect is merely apparent. To answer this question, let us go back to the period anterior to birth, and see if some parallel may not be made out between the embryonic changes

of these animals, and the metamorphoses which take place subsequently to birth in others.

We have already shown that embryonic development consists in a series of transformations; the young animal enclosed in the egg differing in each period of its development from what it was before. But because these transformations precede birth, and are not therefore generally observed, they are not less important. To be satisfied that these transformations are in every respect similar to those which follow birth, we have only to compare the changes which immediately precede birth with those which immediately follow it, and we shall readily perceive that the latter are simply a continuation of the former, till all are completed.

The young white-fish, as we have seen, is far from having acquired its complete development when born; much remains to be changed before its development is complete. But the fact that it has been born does not prevent its future evolution, which goes on without interruption. Similar inferences may be drawn from the development of the chick. The only difference is that the young chicken is born in a more mature state, the most important transformations having taken place during the embryonic period, while those to be undergone after birth are less considerable, though they complete the process begun in the embryo.

In certain mammals, known under the name of *Marsupials* (the opossum and kangaroo), the link between the transformations which take place before birth, and those occuring at a later period, is especially remarkable. These animals are brought into the world so weak and undeveloped that they have to undergo a second gestation, in a pouch with which the mother is furnished, and in which the young remain, each one fixed to a teat, until they are entirely developed. Even those animals which are born nearest to the complete states undergo, nevertheless, embryonic transformations. Ruminants acquire the horns and the lion his mane. Most mammals, at their birth, are destitute of teeth, and incapable of using their limbs; and all are dependent on the mother, and the milk secreted by her, until the stomach is capable of digesting other aliment.

If it be thus shown that the transformations which take place in the embryo are of the same nature and of the same importance as those which occur afterward, the circumstance that some precede and others succeed birth cannot mark any radical difference between them. Both are processes of the life of the individual. Now, as life does not commence at birth, but goes still further back, it is quite clear that the modifications which supervene during the former period are essentially the same as the later ones. And hence that metamorphoses, far from being exceptional in the case of insects, are one of the general features of the animal kingdom. We are therefore perfectly entitled to say that all animals, without exception, undergo metamorphoses. . . .

It is only by connecting the two kinds of transformation—namely, those which take place before and those after birth—that we are furnished with the means of ascertaining the relative perfection of an animal. In other words, these transformations become, under such circumstances, a natural key to the gradation of types. At the same time, they force upon us the conviction that there is an immutable law presiding over all these changes, and regulating them in a peculiar manner to each animal. . . . From the facts observed in the study of fossils, we may conclude that the oldest fossil fishes did not pass through all the metamorphoses which our osseous fishes undergo; and consequently that they were inferior to analagous species of the present epoch, which have bony vertebræ. Similar considerations apply to the fossil crustacea and to the fossil echinoderms, when compared with their living types; and it will probably be found true of all classes of the animal kingdom, when they are fully studied as to their geological succession.—*Outlines of Comparative Physiology.*

AGATHIAS, a Greek historian and poet, born at Myrina, Asia Minor, about 536 A.D.; died about 582. He received his education at Alexandria, and went to Constantinople in 554, in which place he studied Roman law for some years, and thereafter practised as an advocate. Advocates at that period were known in Constantinople by the title "Scholasticus," and this appellation was generally accorded to Agathias.

But little remains of Agathias's poetical works. His collection of erotic poems, entitled *Daphniaca*, were lost entirely, only the introduction to his Κυκλος, or anthology from earlier and contemporary writers, being extant. In the *Anthologia Græci* a number of his epigrams may be found.

During the last year that he was in Alexandria (553) he commenced his chief work, the history of the period, beginning it where Procopius ends, with the twenty-sixth year of Justinian's reign, and continuing the narrative of events for a period of five years. The style is not very clear, but the work is valuable as a chronicle, although the author shows great ignorance of the history and geography of Western Europe. This history was printed in Greek, with a Latin translation by Bonaventura Vulcanius, in 1594, at Leyden. Niebuhr's edition is the best (Bonn, 1828). In the second volume of Louis Cousin's *History of Con-*

stantinople, a French translation of Agathias's history is published.

THE VINTAGE FEAST.

We trod the brimming wine-press ankle-high,
Singing wild songs of Bacchic revelry:
Forth flowed the must in rills; our cups of wood
Like cockboats swam upon the honeyed flood:
With these we drew, and as we filled them quaffed,
With no warm Naiad to allay the draught:
But fair Rhodanthé bent above the press,
And the fount sparkled with her loveliness:
We in our souls were shaken; yea, each man
Quaked beneath Bacchus and the Paphian.
Ah me! the one flowed at our feet in streams—
The other fooled us with mere empty dreams!
—*Translated by* JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE TORMENTS OF LOVE.

All night I wept, and when the morning rose,
And short oblivion o'er my senses crept,
The swallows, twittering round me as I slept,
Drove from my couch the phantom of repose.

Be silent, envious birds! It was not I,
Who stopp'd the voice of tuneful Philomel.
Go—and again your plaintive descant swell
With Itylus, among the mountains high!

Leave me, oh leave for a while, to steep
My senses in a sweet forgetfulness!
Perchance my dreams Rhodanthé's form may bless,
Her lovely image fill my arms in sleep.
—BLAND'S *Collections from The Anthology.*

AGUILAR, GRACE, an English writer, mainly of religious fiction, was born at Hackney, near London, June, 1816; died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, September 16, 1847. She was of Spanish-Hebrew descent, and remained true to the faith of her fathers. She became deaf and dumb some time before her death, and was obliged to converse with her fingers in the sign-language used by deaf-mutes. She wrote *The Magic Wreath*, a small volume of poems; *Records of Israel, Jewish Faith, its Consolations, Women of Israel, Vale of Cedars, Days of Bruce, Woman's Friendship, Home Scenes and Heart Studies*, and *Home Influence*, which is the most popular of all her works. Leslie Stephen's *National Biography* says: "All her novels are of a highly sentimental character, and mainly deal with the ordinary incidents of domestic life Like the rest of her writings, they evince an intensely religious temperament, but one free from sectarian prejudice."

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"I am sure I cannot play a note now," said Emmeline; "it will be no use trying."

"Emmeline!" exclaimed her mother, adding gravely, "I am afraid you have danced too much instead of not enough."

The tone, still more than the words, was enough. Poor Emmeline was just in that mood when tears are

quite as near as smiles; her own petulance seemed to reproach her too, and she suddenly burst into tears. Many exclamations of sympathy and condolence burst from her mother's friends: "Poor child!" "She has over-tired herself!" "We cannot expect her to play now!" But Mrs. Greville saying, with a smile, that her little friend's tears were always the very lightest April showers, successfully turned the attention of many from her; while Mrs. Hamilton, taking her hand from her face, merely said, in a low voice:

"Do not make me more ashamed of you. What would papa think if he were to see you now?"

Her little girl's only answer was to bury her face still more closely in her mother's dress, very much as if she would like to hide herself entirely, but on Mrs. Allan saying, very kindly:

"Do not distress yourself, my dear. I would not have asked to hear you play, if I had thought you would dislike it so much. I dare say you are very tired, and so think you will not succeed."

She raised her head directly, shook back the fair ringlets that had fallen over her face, and though the tears were still on her cheeks and filling her eyes, she said, with a blending of childish shyness and yet courageous truth, impossible to be described:

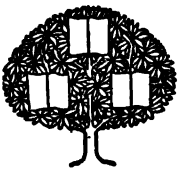
"No, ma'am, I am not too tired to play. I did not cry from fatigue, but because I was angry with mamma for not letting me dance any more; and angry with myself for answering her so pettishly; and because—because—I thought she was displeased—and that I deserved it."

"Then come and redeem your character," was Mrs. Hamilton's only notice of a reply that actually made her heart throb with thankfulness that her lessons of truth were so fully understood and practised by one naturally so gentle and timid as her Emmeline; while Mrs. Allan knew not what to answer, from a feeling of involuntary respect. It would have been so easy to escape a disagreeable task by tacitly allowing that she was too tired to play, and what careful training must it have been to have so taught truth.

"Mrs. Allan would not ask you before, because she

knew you did not like to play while the room was so very full; therefore ought you not to do your very best to oblige her?"

Emmeline looked timidly up in her mother's face, to be quite sure that her displeasure had subsided as her words seemed to denote; and quite satisfied, her tears were all checked, and taking Mrs. Allan's offered hand, she went directly to the music-room.—*Home Influence.*

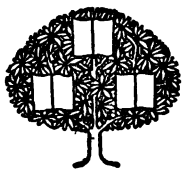


AINSWORTH, WILLIAM HARRISON, an English novelist, born at Manchester, February 4, 1805; died at Reigate, January 3, 1882. He was the son of a solicitor, and was designed for the legal profession, but while quite young embraced the profession of literature and acquired great notoriety as a writer of sensational novels founded mainly upon historical or semi-historical themes. He was for some time the editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and about 1842 started *Ainsworth's Magazine*, a periodical which he conducted for many years, and in which most of his writings originally appeared. Among the best-known of his tales, which gained a great though not a wholly reputable popularity, are: *John Cheverton* (1825), which was praised by Sir Walter Scott; *Rookwood*, *Crichton*, *Jack Sheppard*, *The Tower of London*, *Old St. Paul's*, *Windsor Castle*, *St. James's Palace*, *The Lancashire Witches*, *The Star Chamber*, *The Flitch of Bacon*, *The Spanish Match*, *John Law*, *The Projector*, *Constable Bourbon*, *Old Court*, *Merrie England*, *Hilary St. Ives*, *Middleton Pomphret*, and *The League of Latham*, the last being issued in 1876; so that Mr. Ainsworth's career as a popular novelist extended over more than half a century, and the works of few of his contemporaries enjoyed so wide a popularity among the less cultivated class of readers.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

For some time Charles remained standing on the deck of the schooner, with his gaze fixed upon the shores from which he was rapidly receding. After running his eye along the line of lofty and precipitous chalk cliffs, extending on the right to the South Foreland, and on the left to Sandwich, he turned his regards to the old castle, nowhere beheld to such advantage as from the sea. Precisely at that moment the first beams of the sun began to gild the lofty keep, and erelong the gray walls encircling the hill, with the numerous watch-towers, the antique church, and the pharos were lit up, until the entire fortress, which had hitherto looked cold and stern, assumed a bright and smiling aspect, which Charles was willing to construe into a favorable omen to his expedition. Not till castle and cliffs began to grow dim in the distance, did he bid a mental adieu to England. No incident worthy of being chronicled occurred during the passage. When in mid-channel those in the schooner caught sight of several men-of-war belonging to the fleet which Buckingham had professed he was about to inspect, but in other respects the voyage was monotonous, and appeared long and tedious to the travellers, all of whom were impatient to get across the channel. We must not omit to mention that, immediately after their embarkation, Jack and Tom, deeming disguise no longer necessary, had laid aside their false beards.

Just at the hour of two in the afternoon they entered the harbor of Boulogne, and, after some little delay, were permitted by the officers of the port to disembark, and Charles, for the first time, set foot in France.—*The Spanish Match.*



AIRD, THOMAS, a noted Scottish poet and journalist, contributor to *Blackwood*, and editor of the *Edinburgh Journal* and of the *Dumfries Herald*, was born at Bowdon, in Roxburghshire, August 28, 1802, and died at Dumfries, April 25, 1876. He studied in the parish school of his native village, and graduated at the Edinburgh University. He early evinced a striking love of literature; and, having become acquainted with Carlyle and the Ettrick Shepherd, he refused all offers of a theological education and devoted himself to the profession of letters. His principal works are: *Martzoufle*, a tragedy in three acts, published in 1826; *Religious Characteristics* (1827); *The Captive of Fez*, a narrative poem (1830); *The Old Bachelor in the Scottish Village* (1845), and a collection of *Poems* (1848). The best-known of his poems is *My Mother's Grave*, lines which evince much genuine poetic feeling. Aird was never married, and lived a very simple life, very rarely quitting Dumfries for forty years. Carlyle wrote of his poetry that he found everywhere "a healthy breath as of mountain breezes, a native manliness, veracity, and geniality, which is so rare just now as to be doubly and trebly precious."

A VISION OF THE EVIL SPIRIT.

Beyond the North where Ural hills from polar tempests run,
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun.
Upon the North, at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarred;
And high a grizzly Terror hung upstarting from below,
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

'Twas not the obedient Seraph's form that burns before the Throne,
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone:
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing;
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King.
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,
As if to strike the Starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

Aloft he turned in middle air, like falcon for his prey,
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away;
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam:
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbaned train,
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign.

With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's wingèd steed,
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed;

But prouder yet he turned alone, and stood on Tabor hill,
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his will:
With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die,
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?
There in the sad days of his flesh, o'er Christ a glory came;
And light outflowed Him like a sea, and raised His shining brow,
And the voice went forth that bade all words to God's Belovèd bow.
One thought of this came o'er the Fiend, and raised his startled form,
And he drew up his swelling skirts, as if to meet the storm.

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of Night,
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered flight;
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day;
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken;
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust.
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout the sable bust.
The Idol, and the idol's Priest he hailed upon the earth.
And every Slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with night,
Till sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and white,
He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the shining hill;
For less his flight was easy Strength than proud unconquered Will:
For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the holy law
Of impulse, whence the Archangel forms their earnest being draw.

Here upon Mount Aksbeck the Fiend has a vision, or a series of visions. He is plunged into the lake of God's wrath, and lies fixed there in dull, passive lethargy for ages, as it seemed to him. At length a new vision of heavenly light bursts upon him; and a voice promises him celestial bliss if he will only bow himself in submission to the Divine Law of Love. He rejects the proffer with proud disdain, nerves himself for one mighty effort, and soars aloft into the air, resolved to "storm the very windows of Heaven and stir their calm peace, though tenfold hell be given" as his punishment:

Quick as the levin, whose blue forks lick up the life of man,
Aloft he sprang, and through his wings the piercing north wind ran;
Till like a glimmering lamp that's lit in lazar-house by night,
To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his head aright,
Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,
So gathered darkness high the Fiend, till swallowed like a star.

What judgment from the tempted Heavens shall on his
head go forth?—
Down headlong from the firmament he fell upon the
north.
The Stars are up untroubled all in the lofty fields of
air:
The Will of God's enough, without His red right arm
made bare.
'Twas He that gave the Fiend a space, to prove him
still the same;
Then bade wild Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred her
prey to claim.

—From the Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck.

AKENSIDE, MARK, an English physician and poet, born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, November 9, 1721; died in London, June 23, 1770. He studied at the Grammar School at Newcastle, and at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1744. He practised his profession first at Northampton, and afterward in London. His poem, *Pleasures of the Imagination*, appeared in 1744, and the author received a pension of £300 a year from Mr. Dyson, to be paid until "his practice should support him." Besides his *Pleasures of the Imagination* he wrote a number of odes and minor poems and some medical essays.

THE DIVINE IDEA IN THE IMAGINATION.

From heaven my strains begin; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun,
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorned the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then lived the Almighty One: then deep retired,
In his unfathomed essence, viewed the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days on them his love divine he fixed,

His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admired and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame;
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold,
And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

THE IMAGINATION IN HISTORY.

Look then abroad through nature to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conceptions as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the Father of his Country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free!

WEALTH OF THE IMAGINATION.

Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren, nor the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honor can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul!
What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,

The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys.
For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken germ
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreproved.
Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious. Wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order; to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair-inspired delight. Her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects—if to gaze
On Nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that Eternal Majesty that weighed
The world's foundation—if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler.
Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?—
Lo! she appeals to Nature; to the winds

And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons:—All declare
For what the Eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man. We feel within ourselves
His energy divine; He tells the heart
He meant, He made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves:—the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like Him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God Himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions; act upon His plan;
And form to His the relish of their souls.
—*Pleasures of the Imagination.*

Akenside wrote numerous odes, inscriptions, and occasional poems, some of which possess considerable merit; but most of them are upon mere temporary and local themes. One of the best of his odes is that

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

Not for themselves did human kind
Contrive the parts by Heaven assigned
On life's wide scene to play.
Not Scipio's force nor Cæsar's skill
Can conquer Glory's arduous hill
If Fortune close the way.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least on Fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands;
And knows what Nature's seal bestowed,
And sees, before the throne of God
The rank in which he stands.

Who trained by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, Celestial Muse,
Didst rule my natal hour.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat,
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crowned,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

Lycurgus fashioned Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page,
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sydney shall with Cato rest,
And Russell move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now;

Yet then shall Shakespeare's powerful art
O'er every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants shall bow before his laws;
And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's cause,
Their dread assertor own.

Among the best of Akenside's inscriptions are the two following:

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires: O stranger! stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant King—
Then rendered tame—did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blessed their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward

Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honored name,
Go, call their sons : instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear
To pay it by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

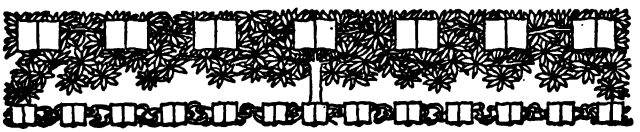
FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER.

Such was old Chaucer: Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang : of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life ; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O Stranger, thou art come,
Glowing with Churchill's trophies ; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero ; who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

ALAMANNI, LUIGI, an Italian poet, born at Florence in 1495; died at Amboise, France, in 1556. He was of a noble Florentine family, and took part in the troubled politics of his time. Having been driven into exile by the hostile party, he took refuge in France, where he was favorably received by the Kings Francis I. and Henry II., by both of whom he was entrusted with important political affairs. His works comprise almost every species of verse. Among them are two epic poems, a tragedy, a didactic poem, lyrics, satires, eclogues, epigrams, and sonnets, all of which display grace of thought and elegance of expression. Alamanni's influence upon English literature is seen in the introduction into our poetry of the sonnet by his great imitator, the poet Wyatt.

SONNET TO ITALY.

Thanks be to God! my feet are now addressed,
Proud Italy, at last to visit thee
After six weary years of destiny
Forbids me in thy dear-loved lap to rest.
With weeping eyes, with look and heart deprest,
Upon my natal soil I bend the knee,
While hope and joy my troubled spirit flee,
And anguish, rage, and terror fill my breast.
I turn me, then, the snowy Alps to tread,
And seek the Gaul, more kindly prompt to greet
The child of other lands, than thou art thine.
Here, in these shady vales, mine old retreat,
I lay in solitude mine aching head:
Since Heaven decrees, and thou dost so incline.



ALARCON, PEDRO ANTONIO DE, a Spanish journalist, poet, novelist, and politician, was born in Guadix, Granada, March 10, 1833; died at Valdemoro, near Madrid, July 20, 1891. He wished to study law, but his family, who belonged to the nobility, had lost their estates through the war of independence and were unable to educate him, and placed him in the theological school of Guadix. But his tastes were not for the Church, and he neglected his studies for literature, and while in the seminary began writing for a review published at Cadiz. Soon after this, at the age of nineteen, he ran away from the seminary and went to Madrid, but he did not at once meet with success. After taking an active part in a revolution in Vicalvaro, he returned to Madrid and began writing novels, poems, and reviews, and from this time his position in literature was assured. He served as a volunteer in the Morocco campaign of 1859, was a member of the Cortes in 1869, and was appointed a Councillor of State by Alfonso XII. in 1875. The same year he was made a member of the Spanish Academy. Among his works are: *The Strange Friend of Tito Gill*, *The Three-cornered Hat*, and *The Child of the Ball.*

UNCLE LUKE.

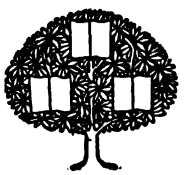
Uncle Luke was uglier than sin, and he had been so all his life; and now he was nearly forty years old. However, our Lord has seldom sent into the world a man so genial and pleasant as Uncle Luke.

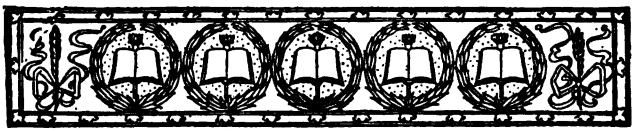
His parents were shepherds—pastors, not of souls, but of sheep; so, when the late Bishop, charmed with Luke's quick, ready wit, requested them to give up their son to him, they gladly assented.

But as soon as His Grace died, the lad left the theological seminary for the barracks, where General Caro picked him out from the rest of his army and made him his private orderly and personal attendant during the campaign. Soon after his term of service expired it was as easy for Luke to win the heart of Trasquita as it had been for him to capture the esteem of the general and of the prelate. At that time the Navarrese had seen twenty summers, and found great favor in the eyes of all the lads of Estella, some of whom were quite wealthy; however, she could not resist the witty sayings, the pleasant jests, the sheepish glances of the enamoured Murcian swain; his incessant and roguish smile, so malicious, yet so sweet; who was always so daring, so ready, so loquacious, so witty and so brave, that finally he not only succeeded in turning the head of the coveted beauty, but her father's and mother's as well.

Luke was at that time, and had always been since, rather short, at least compared with his wife; somewhat round-shouldered, very swarthy, with no beard on his face, pockmarked, and having rather a large nose and ears. On the other hand, his mouth was well formed and his teeth were splendid. One might say that only the outside of that man was coarse and ugly, and that, as soon as one began to know him well, his perfections appeared; and that these commenced with his teeth. Then came his voice, sonorous, flexible, and charming; manly and grave, deep at times; soft and caressing whenever he asked for anything, and always hard to withstand. Then came the words uttered by that voice

—everything that was opportune, witty, judicious, and winning. And, lastly, Uncle Luke possessed a soul full of loyalty, valor, honesty, common-sense, desire of acquiring knowledge, and an instinctive or empirical acquaintance with many subjects; and he always displayed a profound disdain toward fools, whatever their social standing might be, while a certain ironical, satirical, jesting spirit of ridicule made him appear in the eyes of the Academician like a Francisco de Quevedo in the rough. Such was Uncle Luke outwardly and inwardly.—*The Three-cornered Hat.*





ALBERTUS, MAGNUS, a distinguished German scholar and philosopher, born of noble lineage from the Von Bollstadt family, at Lauingen, a town in the ancient German duchy of Swabia, situated on the Danube River. The date of his birth is believed to be in 1193, but this event is disputed by some authorities, who place it in the year 1205. He received his education chiefly at Padua, and was particularly instructed in Aristotle's writings. He became a member of the Dominican Order in 1223, and studied theology according to the regulations of this order, at Bologna. He was chosen lecturer at Cologne, in which city his order had a house, and taught theology and philosophy there for a number of years; he also taught at Ratisbon, Freiburg, Strasburg, and Hildesheim. In 1245 he changed his residence to Paris, and in the same year received his doctorate. He also taught here for some little time, and met with a great deal of success. He was created provincial of his order in 1254, and took a great deal of pains in the performance of his official duties, which were arduous, and succeeded in filling his position with credit to himself. While he was provincial he publicly undertook the defence of the Dominicans against the University of Paris, commented on St. John, and replied to the errors of the Arabian philosopher, Averroes.

In 1260 the Pope created him Bishop of Ratisbon, but he resigned his bishopric at the end of three years and spent his remaining days partly in preaching throughout Bavaria and adjoining districts and partly in retirement in the several houses of his order. Almost his last work was his defence of the orthodoxy of Thomas Aquinas, one of his many pupils. He passed away at Cologne in 1280, aged eighty-seven. He was the most widely read man of his time, and was noted for his extensive learning. Physical science was the principal subject of Albertus's works, which were published in twenty-one volumes by Dominican Peter Jammay in 1651. They embraced a sort of encyclopædia of learning of his times, and are proof of his great activity, which was philosophical rather than theological; for, while employing philosophy in general, and Aristotle in particular, in theology's service, he omitted all that is specifically biblical from what belongs to the natural reason, such as miracles, the atonement, and the Trinity; though he does not refuse to observe, with Augustinian exemplifications, faint representations of the latter doctrine even in Nature. In accordance with church doctrine and to the practical exclusion of Platonic influences, he digested, interpreted, and systematized Aristotle's complete works presented in the Latin translations and notes of the Arabian commentators. His philosophical labors take up the first six and last of the twenty-one books, and are divided generally with regard to the Aristotelian plan of the sciences, and include interpretations and con-

densations of Aristotle's relative works, with supplementary controversies depending on the questions then agitating discussion, and occasionally divergences from opinions of the master. In logic, he makes an effort to unite the three rival theories of universals, holding that they exist in three ways: (1) *Ante res*, as ideas in the mind of God, from which the class is modelled, and which therefore exist before individual things. (2) *In rebus*, as the common basis in a class of individual objects. (3) *Post res*, as the mental notion of the class. He mainly repeats Aristotle in his metaphysical and physical treatises, differing with him in reference to the eternity of the world and the definition of the soul. His chief theological works are a commentary in three volumes on the *Books of the Sentences* of Peter Lombard (*Magister Sententiarum*), and the *Summa Theologiæ*, in two volumes. This last is in substance a repetition of the first in a more instructive shape. His knowledge of physical science was considerable, and for the age accurate. He evinced great industry in every department, and, though we discover in his system many openings from which no scholastic philosophy was ever free, yet the continued study of Aristotle gave him a great power of systematic thought and exposition, and the results accruing therefrom by no means warrant the ridiculous title sometimes bestowed upon him—the "Ape of Aristotle." Rather do they lead us to appreciate the motives which caused his colleagues to call him "The Great," and the no less honorable title "Doctor Universalis," while

by some he was even reputed to be a magician. The best authorities upon his life are Sighart, *Albertus Magnus, sein Leben und seine Wissenschaft*, 1857; and D'Assailly, *Albert le Grand*, 1870. The most comprehensive surveys of his philosophy are those of Stöckel, *Geschichte d. Scholastischen Philosophie*, and, in smaller compass, Erdmann, *Grundriss d. Geschichte d. Philosophie*, vol. i. Haurian, Ritter, and Prantl may also be referred to.

ANALOGY BETWEEN GOD AND MAN.

There is no excellence among the creatures which is not to be found in a much higher style, and as an archetype, in the Creator; among created beings it exists only in footmarks and images. This is true also of the Trinity. No artistic spirit can accomplish his work without first forming to himself an outline of it. In the spirit, therefore, first of all, the idea of its work is conceived, which is, as it were, the offspring of the spirit, in every feature resembling the spirit, representing it in its acting. Thus, therefore, the spirit reveals himself in the idea of the spirit. Now, from the acting spirit this idea passes into reality, and for this purpose the spirit must find a medium in outward action. This medium must be simple, and of the same substance with him who first acted, if indeed the latter is so simple that being, nature, and activity are one in him. From this results the idea in reference to God, of the formative spirit, of the planned image, and of the spirit by which the image is realized. The creation in time is a revelation of the eternal acting of God, the eternal generation of his Son. The revelation of God in time for the sanctification of nature, is an image of the eternal procession of the spirit from the Father and the Son. Our love is only a reflection of the divine love; the archetype of all love is the Holy Spirit, who, like all love, proceeds from God. The one love spread abroad through all holy souls proceeds from the Holy Spirit. Love in God neither diminishes nor increases, but we diminish or increase it in ourselves according as we receive this love into our souls, or withdraw from it.

ALCÆUS was born in Mytilene, in Lesbos, about 611 B.C. He was a distinguished poet, and is ranked by some as the first of the lyric poets of Greece. We learn from portions of his poems that he was somewhat of a politician, becoming embroiled in the political quarrels and internal bickerings of the city in which he was born. He gave his support to the nobility, taking an active part against those who, at that time, established themselves in a tyrannical manner in Mytilene. On account of his action in this struggle, he was compelled to leave the place of his nativity, and he passed the remainder of his days in exile, leading an eventful and wandering life. At what time he died is unknown. Mahaffy says of him: "He was the perfect picture of an unprincipled, violent, lawless Greek aristocrat, who sacrificed all and everything to the demands of pleasure and power."

The Æolian dialect was the standard by which his compositions were guided. There was made a collection of his poems, divided into ten volumes. Their subjects were varied; some of his poems were hymns to the gods; others were of a warlike or political sort; while still others again bespoke an ardent love of freedom and a

hateful detestation of tyrants; and, lastly, some were of an erotic character, and were particularly remarkable for the fervor of the passion they depicted.

Alcæus was regarded by Horace as his great model, and in one passage (Od. ii., 13–26 *et seq.*) the latter has rendered a fine picture of the poetical powers of the Æolian bard. One kind of metre, the Alcaic, was named for him, supposedly because of the care he took in the construction of his verses. There has not come down to us an entire composition of his, but a complete collection of all the portions of his poems extant may be found in Burgk's *Poetæ Lyrici Græci*, Lipsiæ, 1852.

WINTER.

The rain of Zeus descends, and from high heaven
A storm is driven;
And on the running water-brooks the cold
Lays icy hold!
Then up! beat down the Winter! make the fire
Blaze high and higher!
Mix wine as sweet as honey of the bee,
Abundantly!
Then drink, with comfortable wool around
Your temples bound!—
We must not yield our hearts to woe, or wear
With wasting care:
For grief will profit us no whit, my Friend!
Nor nothing mend.
This is our best medicine, with wine fraught
To cast out thought.

—*Translated by* JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

An excellent specimen of the style of Alcæus, and the longest and most spirited of the remains

of his political poems, is the following description of

THE ILLUMINATION OF HIS OWN PALACE.

From floor to floor the spacious palace halls
Glitter with war's array;
With burnished metal clad, the lofty walls
Beam with the bright noon-day.
There white-plumed helmets hang from many a nail,
Above, in threatening row;
Steel-garnished tunics, and broad coats of mail,
Spread o'er the space below.
Chalcidian blades enow, and belts are here,
Greaves and emblazoned shields;
Well-tried protectors from the hostile spear,
On other battle-fields.
With these good helps our work of war's begun,
With these our victory must be won.

—MURE'S *Translation.*

ALCAZAR, BALTAZAR DE, a Spanisn poet who lived in the sixteenth century. In his own age he ranked high in the roll of authors, and Cervantes praises him as having made the Spanish river Guadalquiver equal in glory to the Mincio, the Arno, and the Tiber. His verses on Sleep embody a pleasant conceit. Ticknor, in his *History of Spanish Literature*, speaks of him as "a witty Andalusian, who has left a moderate number of short lyrical poems of great spirit, most of them gay, and all of them in a much better taste than was common when they appeared."

SLEEP.

Sleep is no servant of the will,
    It has caprices of its own :
    When most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone ;
When courted least, it lingers still.
With its vagaries long perplexed,
    I turned and turned my restless sconce,
    Till, one bright night, I thought at once
I'd master it :—So hear my text.
When sleep will tarry, I begin
    My long and my accustomed prayer;
    And in a twinkling, sleep is there,
Through my bed-curtains peeping in :
When sleep hangs heavy on my eyes,
    I think of debts I fain would pay,
    And then, as flies night's shade from day,
Sleep from my heavy eyelids flies.

And thus controlled, the winged one bends
E'en his fantastic will to me;
And, strange but true, both I and he
Are friends—the very best of friends.
We are a happy wedded pair,
And I the lord and he the dame;
Our bed, our board, our hours the same;
And we're united everywhere.

—*Translation of* BOWRING.

ALCIPHRON, the most eminent Greek epistolographer, lived in the last part of the second century A.D. He was probably a contemporary of Lucian. His letters, numbering about one hundred and sixteen, have been published in three books, and are written in the purest Attic dialect, being regarded as models of style. Their imaginary authors are country people, fisherwomen, courtesans, and parasites, who, representing classes of the older Greek community, express their sentiments and opinions on well-known subjects in refined and elegant language, yet without any seeming inconsistency, thus delineating the private life of the Athenians at that period. These communications are of great value from the glimpses they give of social life of the period, the materials being mostly derived from the remains of the middle and new Attic comedy. The most active are those supposed to have been written by celebrated hetærre, especially those from Glycera to Menanda. The style is a careful imitation of the best Attic. The best editions of his letters are by Bergler (1715) and Wagner (1798).

EUTHYDICUS TO EPIPHANIUS.

Epistolæ III., 39.

By the Gods and Dæmons! mother, leave, I entreat you, for a short time, the rocks and fields, and come be-

fore you die and behold the charming things which are going on in the city. What have you not lost? The Haloa, the Apaturia, the Dionysia, and the present most sacred Thesmophorian festival. The first day was the ascension; to-day is appointed for the celebration of the fast; that which follows is distinguished by the sacrifice to Calligeneia. If you make haste, you may come in to-morrow before the morning star is gone, and sacrifice along with the Athenian women. Come then; delay not, I entreat you by the safety of myself and my brethren. To die without any knowledge of the city would be abominable; it is beastly and hateful. Permit me, mother, since I speak for your advantage, to address you thus freely. To be ingenuous in conversation is a virtue in every character; but it is a matter of particular duty to speak the truth to those of our own family.—*Alciphron's Epistles, Translated by* T. MONRO and W. BELOE.

ALCMAN, or ALKMAN, or ALCMARON, a distinguished lyric poet of Greece. Although Lydia in Asia Minor is accredited with being his birthplace, some believe him to have been a native of Sparta, in which place he lived from early boyhood. He was held by the Alexandrian critics as the most noted of the lyric poets of Greece, and by others as the most ancient. He flourished about the middle of the seventh century B.C. Alcman may be regarded in some particulars to be the father of lyric poetry among the Greeks, and perhaps this is the reason he was placed by the Alexandrian critics at the head of their lyric canon. In his six books, written in the vigorous broad dialect of the Dorians, are contained all sorts of melos, hymns, pæans, prosodia, parthenia, and erotic songs. His metres did not resemble the complicated systems of later lyrists, being easy and various, while on the other hand his proverbial wisdom and the form of his personal allusions sometimes remind one of Pindar. His general character was that of an easy, simple, pleasure-loving man. He claims to have imitated the song of birds. Fragments of his works are extant, the best collection of which was published by F. G. Welcker, Giesen, 1815, 4to; they are also contained in Burgk's *Poetæ Lyrici Græci*, 1852.

The following description of sleep is the best

and one of the longest of the extant fragments of Alcman. This beautiful passage, which has been imitated and paraphrased by many distinguished poets, so vividly depicts the scenery of the vale of Lacedæmon that Mure, the translator, declared it difficult to convey to the imagination of the reader the effect produced on his own by the recurrence of the lines to his mind during a walk among the ruins of Sparta, on a calm spring night, about an hour after a brilliant sunset:

SLEEP.

Over the drowsy earth still night prevails.
Calm sleep the mountain tops and shady vales,
The rugged cliffs and hollow glens;
The wild beasts slumber in their dens;
The cattle on the hill. Deep in the sea,
The countless finny race and monster brood
Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
No more with noisy hum of insect rings;
And all the feathered tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.

—*Translated by* WILLIAM MURE.

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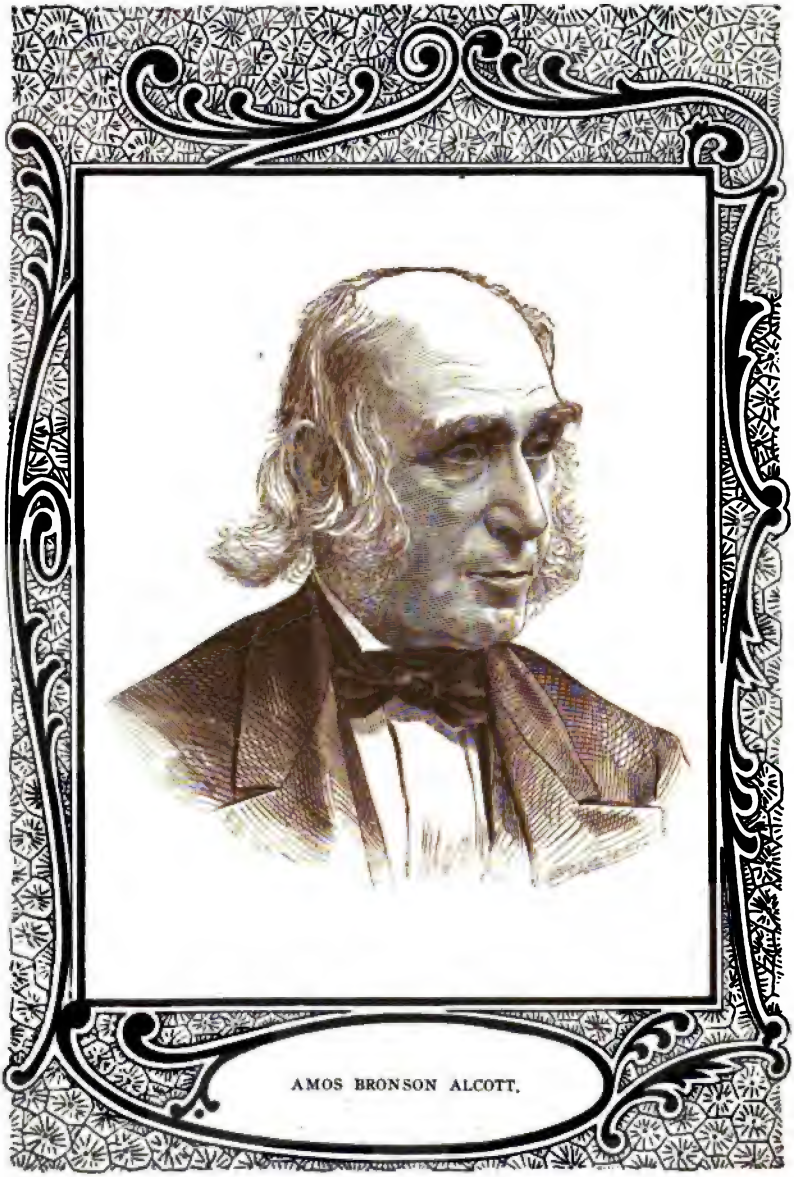


AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

ALCOTT, AMOS BRONSON, an American educator and philosopher, born at Wolcott, Conn., November 29, 1799; died at Boston, Mass., March 4, 1888. While a boy he went to the South with a trunk of merchandise, with which he travelled from plantation to plantation. The planters received him hospitably, and lent him books, which he studied diligently, and thus educated himself in the strictest sense of the term. He returned to Connecticut and opened an infant school. In 1828 he removed to Boston, where he conducted a similar school for some years, and subsequently took up his residence at Concord, Mass. After a visit to England, in 1842, he established an educational community near Harvard, Mass., which was soon afterward abandoned, when he returned to Concord and took upon himself the work of a peripatetic philosopher, lecturing and conversing, as invitations were extended to him, upon a wide range of topics, among which were divinity, ethics, dietetics, and human nature in general. In the meanwhile he contributed, under the title of *Orphic Sayings*, a series of transcendental papers to *The Dial*, a magazine edited by Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and published several books, among which are *Conversations with Children on the Gospels* (1836), *Spiritual Culture* (1840), *Tablets* (1868), *Concord Days* (1872), *Table-talk*

(1877), and *Sonnets and Canzonets* (1882). His *Table-talk*, unlike most works so designated, embody not his utterances taken down by others, mainly from memory, but are his own careful presentation and summation of the thoughts and principles which he had inculcated and set forth orally during his thirty years as a peripatetic philosopher. Within the compass of a small volume he has comprised the essential sum and substance of his long meditations and instructions upon high and noble themes pertaining to human life and culture. It finds its nearest parallel in the apothegms of Bacon.

CONCORD AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Like its suburban neighbor beside the Charles, our village, seated along the banks of its Indian stream, spreads a rural cradle for the fresher literature; and aside from these advantages it well deserves its name for its quiet scenery and plain population. Moreover, few spots in New England have won a like literary repute. The rural muse has traversed these fields, meadows, woodlands, the brook-sides, the river; caught the harmony of its changing skies, and portrayed their spirit in books that are fit to live while Letters delight, and Nature charms her lovers. Had Homer, had Virgil, fairer prospects than our landscape affords? Had Shakespeare or Goethe a more luxuriant simplicity than ours? Only the wit to say or sing these the poet needs; and of this our neighborhood has not less than many sounding cities. Plain as our landscape is, it has special attractions for the scholar who courts quiet surroundings, scenery not too exciting, yet stimulating to genial and uninterrupted studies. If the hills command no very broad horizon, the prospect is sufficiently sylvan to give an agreeable variety without confusing the mind, while the river in good part compensates for the sameness, as it winds sluggishly along the confines of the

village, flowing by the monument into the distance through the meadows. Thoreau, writing of it, jocosely says: "It is remarkable for the gentleness of its current, which is hardly perceptible, and some have ascribed to its influence the proverbial moderation of the inhabitants of Concord, as celebrated in the Revolution and on other occasions. It has been suggested that the town should adopt for its coat-of-arms a *field verdant* with the Concord River circling nine times round it."—*Table-Talk.*

EPHEMERAL READING.

Not in stirring times like ours, when the world's affairs come posted with the successive sun rising or setting, can we ignore magazines, libraries, and ephemera of the press. Newspapers intrude into every house, almost supersede the primers and text-books of the schools, proffering alike to hand and eye intelligence formerly won only by laborious studies and much expense of time and money. Cheap literature is now in vogue; the age, if not profound, has chances for attaining some superficial knowledge, at least, of the world's doings and designings; the experiments of the few being hereby popularized for the benefit of the many everywhere, the humblest even partaking largely of the common benefit.—*Table-Talk.*

IDEALISM AND IDEALISTS.

Life and literature need the inspiration which idealism quickens and promotes. The history of thought shows that a people given to sensationalism and the lower forms of materialism have run to ruin. Only that which inspires life and nobility of thought can maintain and preserve itself from speedy and ignoble decay. And we have too palpable evidences of corruption, public and private, to leave us in doubt as to the tendency of not a little of the cultivation and teachings in our times. . . . The idealists have given deeper insight into life and nature than other schools of thought. If inclined to visionariness, and seemingly sometimes on the verge of lunacy even, they have re-

vealed depths of being, a devotion to the spirit of universality, that render their works most edifying. They, more than any other, hold the balance between mind and matter, and illuminated literature, while they furthered the science, art, and religion of all times. An age deficient in idealism has ever been one of immorality and superficial attainment, since without the sense of ideas, nobility of character becomes of rare attainment, if possible.—*Table-Talk.*

PREACHING.

If the speaker cannot illuminate the parlor, shall he adorn the pulpit? Who takes most of private life into the desk comes nearest heaven and the children who have not lapsed out of it. Is it not time in the world's history to have less familiarity with sin and the woes of the pit? Commend me to him who holds me fast by every sense, persuades me—against every bias of temperament, habit, training, culture—to espouse the just and lovely, and he shall be in my eyes thereafter the Priest of the Spirit and the Sent of Heaven. It is undeniable that, with all our teaching and preaching—admirable as these often are—the current divinity falls behind our attainments in most things else; the commanding practical sense and adventurous thoughts of our time being unawakened to the concerns wherein faith and duty have their seats, and from whose fountains life and thought are spiritualized and made lovely to men. Though allegory is superseded in good part by the novel, the field for this form of writing is as rich and inviting as when Bunyan wrote. A sacred allegory, treating of the current characteristics of the religious world, would be a powerful instrumentality for awaking and stimulating the piety of our times.—*Table-Talk.*

DOGMAS.

Every dogma embodies some shade of truth to give it seeming currency. Take the theological trinity as an instance which has vexed the literal Church from its foundation, and still perplexes its learned doctors.

An intelligible psychology would interpret the mystery even to the unlearned and unprofessional. Analyse the attributes of your personality—that which you name yourself—and you will find herein the threefold attributes of instinct, intelligence, will, incarnate in your own person:—the root plainly of the trinitarian dogma.—Not till we have fathomed the full significance of what we mean when we pronounce "*I myself*," is the idea of person clearly discriminated, philosophy and religion established upon immutable foundations.—*Table-Talk.*

CONSCIENCE.

Ever present and operant is *That* which never becomes a party in one's guilt, conceives never an evil thought, consents never to an unrighteous deed, never sins; but holds itself impeccable, immutable, personally holy—the Conscience—counsellor, comforter, judge, and executor of the spirit's decrees. None can flee from the spirit's presence, nor hide from himself. The reserved powers are the mighty ones. Side by side sleep the Whispering Sisters and the Eumenides. Nor is Conscience appeased till the sentence is pronounced. There is an oracle in the breast, an unsleeping police; and ever the court sits, dealing doom or deliverance. Our sole inheritance is our deeds. While remorse stirs the sinner, there remains hope of his redemption. "Only he to whom all is one, who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy true peace and rest of spirit." None can escape the *Presence.* The *Ought* is everywhere and imperative. Alike guilt in the soul and anguish in the flesh affirm His ubiquity. Matter—in particle and planet, mind and macrocosm—is quick with spirit.—*Table-Talk.*

SPIRITUALITY.

Born daily out of a world of wonders into a world of wonders, that faith is most ennobling which, answering to one's highest aspirations, touches all things meanwhile with the hues of an invisible world. And how vastly is life's aspect, the sphere of one's present activity, widened and ennobled the moment there step

spiritual agents upon the stage, and he holds conscious communication with unseen powers! "He to whom the law which he is to follow," says Jacobi, "doth not stand forth as a God, has only a dead letter which cannot possibly quicken him." The religious life transcends the scientific understanding, its light shining through the clouds to those alone whose eyes are anointed to look behind the veils by lives of purity and devotion.—*Table-Talk.*

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

Personal Identity is the sole Identity. "That which knows and that which is known," says Aristotle, "are really the same thing." The knowing that *I am* affirms also the personality immanent in all persons; and hence of the Supreme Person, since distinct from personality neither mind nor God were thinkable. And it were impossible to have like conceptions in our minds, if we did not partake of one and the same intellect.

> Were God not *God*, I were not *I*;
> Myself in Him myself descry.

An impersonal God were an absurdity. Personality is essential to the idea of spirit, and man, as man, were unthinkable without the presupposition of personality. It is the *I* that gives subsistence to nature and reality to mind. Where the *I* is not, nothing is. Religion and science alike presuppose its presence as their postulate and ground. It is the essence of which substance is the manifestation. Qualities are inherent in substance, and substance is one and spiritual. Personal Identity is spiritual, not numerical, souls being one, bodies not one. Any number of bodies can never attain to unity, since it is the one in each that defines and denotes it. The personality is inclusive of the one in each and in all.—*Table-Talk.*

SIGNIFICANCE OF SLEEP.

Our sleep is a significant symbol of the soul's antecedence. Shall I question that I now am, because I am unconscious of being myself while I slept; or because I am conscious of being then unconscious? I am sure of being one and the same person I then was, and

thread my identity through my successive yesterdays into the memory out of which my consciousness was born; nor can I lose myself in the search of myself. At best, our mortality is but a suspended animation, the soul meanwhile awaiting its summons to awaken from its slumbers. Every act of sleep is a metamorphosis of bodies and a metempsychosis of souls. We lapse out of the senses into the pre-existent life of memory through the gate of dreams, memory and fancy opening their folding-doors into our past and future periods of existence:—the soul freed for the moment from its dormitory in space and time. The more of sleep the more of retrospect; the more of wakefulness, the more of prospect. Memory marks the nadir of our consciousness, imagination its zenith. Before the heavens thou art, and shall survive their decay. Were man personally finite, he could not conceive of infinity; were he mortal he could not conceive of immortality. Whatever had a beginning comes of necessity to its end, since it has not the principle of perpetuity inherent in itself. And there is that in man which cannot think annihilation, but thinks continuance. All life is eternal; there is no other. Despair snuffs the sun from the firmanent.

> For souls that of His own good life partake
> He loves as His own self; dear as His eye
> They are to Him. He'll never them forsake.
> When they shall die, then God Himself shall die.
> They live, they live in blest eternity.
>
> —*Table-Talk.*

In the *Conversations with Children on the Gospels*, written in 1840, a whole generation before this book of *Table-Talk* appeared in print, Mr. Alcott developed somewhat of the fundamental idea which led him in after years to become an oral teacher.

CONVERSATION AS A MEANS OF INSTRUCTION.

In conversation all the instincts and faculties of our being are touched. They find full and fair scope. It tempts forth all the powers. Man faces his fellow man.

He feels the quickening life and light; the social affections are addressed; and these bring all the faculties in train. Speech comes unbidden. Nature lends her images. Imagination sends abroad her winged words. We see thought as it springs from the soul, and in the very process of growth and utterance. Reason plays under the mellow light of fancy. The genius of soul is waked, and eloquence sits on her tuneful lip. Wisdom finds an organ worthy her serene utterance. Ideas stand in beauty and majesty before the soul. And genius has ever sought this organ of utterance. It has given full testimony in its favor. Socrates—a name that Christians can see coupled with that of their Divine Sage—descanted thus on the profound themes in which he delighted. The market-place, the workshop, the public streets, were his favorite haunts of instruction. And the divine Plato has added his testimony, also, in those enduring works, wherein he sought to embalm for posterity both the wisdom of his master and the genius which was his own. Rich text-books these for the study of philosophic genius; next in finish and beauty to the specimens of Jesus as recorded by John.—*Spiritual Culture.*

The *Orphic Sayings*—one hundred in number—appeared in *The Dial* for July, 1840, and January, 1841. They are pregnant and brief; sometimes of only a line or two; all told they fill barely a score of pages. Some of them are notable as indicative of the author's turn of thought at this period of his life.

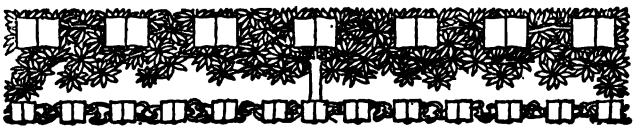
SOME ORPHIC SAYINGS.

I. *The Heart-dial.*—Thou art, my heart, a soul-flower, feeling ever and following the motions of thy sun. Opening thyself to her vivifying ray, and pleading thy affinity with the celestial orbs. Thou dost the livelong day dial on Time thine own eternity. . . . VIII. *Mysticism.*—Because the soul is herself mysterious, the saint is a mystic to the worldling. He lives to the soul; he par-

takes of her properties; he dwells in her atmosphere of light and hope. But the worldling, living to sense, is identified with the flesh; he dwells amidst the dust and vapors of his own lusts, which dim his vision, and obscure the heavens wherein the saint beholds the face of God. . . . X. *Apotheosis.*—Every soul feels at times her own possibility of becoming a God; she cannot rest in the human; she aspires to the godlike. Men shall become Gods. Every act of admiration, prayer, praise, worship, desire, hope, implies and predicts the future apotheosis of the soul. . . . XXV. *The Prophet.*—The prophet, by disciplines of meditation and valor, faithful to the spirit of the heart, his eye purified of the motes of tradition, his life of the vestiges of usage, ascends to the heights of immediate intuition. He rends the veil of sense; he bridges the distance between faith and sight, and beholds the spiritual verities without scripture or meditation. In the presence of God he communes with Him face to face. . . . XXXVIII. *Time.*—Organizations are mortal; the seal of death is fixed on them even at birth. The young future is nurtured by the past, yet aspires to a nobler life, and revises in his maturity the traditions and usages of his day, to be supplanted by the sons and daughters whom he begets and ennobles. Time, like fabled Saturn, now generates, and, ere even their sutures be closed, devours his own offspring. Only the children of the soul are immortal; the births of time are premature and perishable. . . . XLVIII. *Beauty.*—All departures from perfect beauty are degradations of the divine image. God is the one type which the soul strives to incarnate in all organizations. Varieties are historical; the one form embodies all forms; all having a common likeness at the base of difference. Human heads are images, more or less perfect, of the soul's or God's head. But the divine features do not fix in flesh, in the coarse and brittle clay. Beauty is fluent; art of the highest order represents her always in flux, giving fluency and motion to bodies solid and immovable to sense. The line of beauty symbolizes motion. . . . LXIX. *Popularity.*—The saints are alone popular in heaven, not on earth; elect of God, they are spurned by the world. They hate their

age, its awards, their own affections even, save as those unite them with justice, with valor, with God. Whoso loves father or mother, wife or child, houses or lands, pleasures or honors, or life, more than these, is an idolater, and worships the idols of sense; his life is death; his love hate; his friends foes; his fame infamy. . . . LXX. *Genius and Sanctity.*—A man's period is according to the directness and intensity of his light. Not erudition, not taste, not intellect, but character, describes his orbit, and determines the worlds he shall enlighten. Genius and sanctity cast no shadow; like the sun at broad noon, the ray of these orbs pours direct intense on the world, and they are seen in their own light. . . . LXXIII. *Barrenness.*—Opinions are Life in foliage; deeds in fruitage. Always was the fruitless tree accursed. . . . LXXXIII. *Retribution.*—The laws of the soul and of nature are forecast and pre-ordained in the spirit of God and are ever executing themselves through conscience in man, and gravity in things. Man's body and the world are organs through which the retributions of the spiritual universe are justified to reason and sense. Disease and misfortune are memoranda of violations of the divine law, written in the letter of pain and evil. . . . LXXXVII. *Tradition.*—Tradition suckles the young ages, who imbibe health or disease, insight or ignorance, valor or pusillanimity, as the stream of life flows down, from urns of sobriety or luxury, from times of wisdom or folly, honor or shame. . . . XCVII. *Immortality.*—It is because the soul is immortal that all her organs decease, and are again renewed. Growth and decay, sepulture and resurrection, tread fast on the heels of the other. Birth entombs death; death encradles birth. The incorruptible is ever putting off corruption; the immortal mortality. Nature, indeed, is but the ashes of the departed soul; and the body her urn. . . . C. *Silence.*—Silence is the initiative to wisdom. Wit is silent, and justifies her children by their reverence of the voiceless oracles of the breast. Inspiration is dumb, a listener to the oracles during her nonage; suddenly she speaks, to mock the emptiness of all speech. Silence is the dialect of heaven; the utterance of the gods.—*Orphic Sayings.*

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



ALCOTT, LOUISA MAY, an American author, daughter of Amos B. Alcott, born at Germantown, Pa., November 29, 1832; died at Boston, Mass., March 6, 1888. Her earliest work, *Fairy Tales*, was published in 1855. During the early part of the Civil War she acted as a hospital nurse, and in 1863 issued a volume of *Hospital Sketches* made up from letters which she had written to her friends at home. About this time she became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and began her distinctive career as a writer of books about young people and for young people. The principal of these are: *Moods* (1864), *Morning Glories* (1867), *Little Women* (1868), which was her first decided success; *An Old-fashioned Girl* (1869), *Little Men* (1871), *Work* (1873), *Eight Cousins* (1875), and its sequel, *Rose in Bloom* (1877), which, perhaps, rank first among her books; *Under the Lilacs* (1878), *Jack and Jill*, (1880), *Spinning-wheel Stories* (1884), *Jo's Boys* (1886), and *Comic Tragedies* (1893). Besides these she put forth at different times several volumes of short stories, among which are *Cupid and Chow-chow*, *Silver Pitchers*, and *Aunt Joe's Scrap-bag*. Speaking of the stories of Miss Alcott, Charles F. Richardson, in his *American Literature*, says: "Their fresh and staid spirit—for childhood is demure as well as frolicsome—make them acceptable to adults and chil-

dren alike. Miss Alcott's wholesome young New England girls and boys represent types, at least, which will remain, in fact and in fiction, long after her essentially ephemeral books are forgotten."

MEG, JO, BETH, AND AMY.

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

"It's so dreadful to be poor," sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

"I don't think it's fair for some girls to have plenty of pretty things, and others nothing at all," added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

"We've got father and mother," said Beth, contentedly, from her corner.

The four young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the cheerful words, but darkened again as Jo said, sadly:

"We haven't got father, and shall not have him for a long time." She didn't say "perhaps never," but each silently added it, thinking of father far away, where the fighting was.

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said, in an altered tone:

"You know the reason mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas was because it is going to be a hard winter for everyone; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army. We can't do much, but we can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I am afraid I don't;" and Meg shook her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

"But I don't think the little we should spend would do any good. We've each got a dollar, and the army wouldn't be much helped by our giving that. I agree not to expect anything from mother or you; but I do want to buy *Undine and Sintram* for myself; I've wanted it *so* long," said Jo, who was a bookworm.

"I planned to spend mine in new music," said Beth,

with a little sigh which no one heard but the hearth-brush and the kettle-holder.

"I shall get a nice box of Faber's drawing-pencils; I really need them," said Amy, decidedly.

"Mother didn't say anything about our money, and she won't wish us to give up everything. Let's each buy what we want, and have a little fun; I'm sure we work hard enough to earn it," cried Jo, examining the heels of her boots in a gentlemanly manner.

"I know *I* do—teaching those tiresome children nearly all day, when I'm longing to enjoy myself at home," began Meg, in the complaining tone again.

"You don't have half such a hard time as I do," said Jo. "How would you like to be shut up for hours with a fussy, nervous old lady, who keeps you trotting, is never satisfied, and worries you till you're ready to fly out of the window or cry?"

"It's naughty to fret; but I do think washing dishes, and keeping things tidy, is the worst work in the world. It makes me cross; and my hands get so stiff, I can't practise well at all;" and Beth looked at her rough hands, with a sigh that anyone could hear that time.

"I don't believe any of you suffer as I do," cried Amy; "for you don't have to go to school with impertinent girls, who plague you if you don't know your lessons, and laugh at your dresses, and label your father if he isn't rich, and insult you when your nose isn't nice."

"If you mean *libel*, I'd say so, and not talk about *labels*, as if papa was a pickle-bottle," advised Jo, laughing.

"I know what I mean, and you needn't be *statirical* about it. It's proper to use good words, and improve your *vocabilary*," returned Amy, with dignity.

"Don't peck at one another, children. Don't you wish we had the money papa lost when we were little, Jo? Dear me! how happy and good we'd be, if we had no worries!" said Meg, who could remember better times.

"You said, the other day, you thought we were a deal happier than the King children, for they were fighting and fretting all the time, in spite of their money."

"So I did, Beth. Well, I think we are; for though we have to work, we make fun for ourselves, and are a pretty jolly set, as Jo would say."

"Jo does use such slang words!" observed Amy, with a reproving look at the long figure stretched on the rug. Jo immediately sat up, put her hands in her pockets, and began to whistle.

"Don't, Jo; it's so boyish!"

"That's why I do it."

"I detest rude, unladylike girls!"

"I hate affected niminy-piminy chits!"

"'Birds in their little nests agree,'" sang Beth, the peace-maker, with such a funny face that both sharp voices softened to a laugh, and the "pecking" ended for that time.

"Really, girls, you are both to be blamed," said Meg, beginning to lecture in her elder-sisterly fashion. "You are old enough to leave off boyish tricks, and to behave better, Josephine. It didn't matter so much when you were a little girl; but now you are so tall, and turn up your hair, you should remember that you are a young lady."

"I'm not! and if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two tails till I'm twenty," cried Jo, pulling off her net, and shaking down a chestnut mane. "I hate to think I've got to grow up, and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as a China-Aster! It's bad enough to be a girl anyway, when I like boys' games and work and manners! I can't get over my disappointment in not being a boy, and it's worse than ever now, for I'm dying to go and fight with papa, and I can only stay at home and knit, like a pokey old woman!" And Jo shook the blue army sock till the needles rattled like castanets, and her ball bounded across the room.

"Poor Jo! It's too bad, but it can't be helped; so you must be contented with making your name boyish, and playing brother to us girls," said Beth, stroking the rough head at her knee, with a hand that all the dish-washing in the world could not make ungentle in its touch.

"As for you, Amy," continued Meg, "you are alto-

gether too particular and prim. Your airs are funny now; but you'll grow up an affected little goose, if you don't take care. I like your nice manners and refined ways of speaking, when you don't try to be elegant; but your absurd words are as bad as Jo's slang."

"If Jo is a tomboy and Amy a goose, what am I, please?" asked Beth, ready to share the lecture.

"You're a dear, and nothing else," answered Meg, warmly; and no one contradicted her, for the "Mouse" was the pet of the family.

The clock struck six; and having swept up the hearth, Beth put a pair of slippers down to warm. Somehow the sight of the old shoes had a good effect upon the girls; for mother was coming, and everyone brightened to welcome her. Meg stopped lecturing, and lighted the lamp; Amy got out of the easy-chair without being asked; and Jo forgot how tired she was, as she sat up to hold the slippers nearer to the blaze.

"They are quite worn out; Marmee must have a new pair."

"I thought I'd get her some with my dollar," said Beth.

"No, *I* shall!" cried Amy.

"I'm the oldest," began Meg; but Jo cut in with a decided

"I'm the man of the family now papa is away, and *I* shall provide the slippers, for he told me to take special care of mother while he was gone."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Beth; "let's each get her something for Christmas, and not get anything for ourselves."

"That's like you, dear! What will we get?" exclaimed Jo.

Everyone thought soberly for a minute; then Meg announced, as if the idea was suggested by the sight of her own pretty hands, "I shall give her a nice pair of gloves."

"Army shoes—the best to be had," cried Jo.

"Some handkerchiefs, all hemmed," said Beth.

"I'll get a little bottle of cologne; she likes it, and it won't cost much, so I'll have some left to buy my pencils," added Amy.

"How will we give the things?" asked Meg.

"Put them on the table, and bring her in, and see her open the bundles. Don't you remember how we used to do on our birthdays?" answered Jo.

"I used to be *so* frightened when it was my turn to sit in the big chair with the crown on, and see you all come marching round to give the presents with a kiss. I liked the things and the kisses; but it was dreadful to have you sit looking at me while I opened the bundles," said Beth, who was toasting her face and the bread for tea, at the same time.

"Let Marmee think we are getting things for ourselves, and then surprise her. We must go shopping to-morrow afternoon, Meg; there is so much to do about the play for Christmas night," said Jo, marching up and down, with her hands behind her back, and her nose in the air.

"I don't mean to act any more after this time; I'm getting too old for such things," observed Meg, who was as much a child as ever about "dressing-up" frolics.

"You won't stop, I know, as long as you can trail round in a white gown with your hair down, and wear gold-paper jewelry. You are the best actress we've got, and there'll be an end of everything if you quit the boards," said Jo. "We ought to rehearse to-night. Come here, Amy, and do the fainting scene, for you are as stiff as a poker in that."

"I can't help it; I never saw anyone faint, and I don't choose to make myself all black-and-blue, tumbling flat as you do. If I can go down easily, I'll drop; if I can't, I shall fall into a chair and be graceful; I don't care if Hugo does come at me with a pistol," returned Amy, who was not gifted with dramatic power, but was chosen because she was small enough to be borne out shrieking by the villain of the piece.

"Do it this way: clasp your hands so, and stagger across the room, crying, frantically, 'Roderigo! Save me! Save me!'" and away went Jo, with a melodramatic scream which was truly thrilling.

Amy followed, but she poked her hands out stiffly before her, and jerked herself along as if she went by machinery; and her "Ow!" was more suggestive of pins

being run into her than of fear and anguish. Jo gave a despairing groan, and Meg laughed outright, while Beth let her bread burn as she watched the fun, with interest.

"It's no use! Do the best you can when the time comes, and if the audience laugh, don't blame me. Come on, Meg."

Then things went on smoothly; for Don Pedro defied the world in a speech of two pages, without a single break; Hagar, the witch, chanted an awful incantation over her kettleful of simmering toads, with weird effect; Roderigo rent his chains asunder manfully; and Hugo died in agonies of remorse and arsenic, with a wild "Ha! ha!"

"It's the best we've had yet," said Meg, as the dead villain sat up and rubbed his elbows.

"I don't see how you can write and act such splendid things, Jo. You're a regular Shakespeare!" exclaimed Beth, who firmly believed that her sisters were gifted with wonderful genius in all things.

"Not quite," replied Jo, modestly. "I do think "The Witch's Curse, an Operatic Tragedy," is rather a nice thing; but I'd like to try "Macbeth," if we only had a trap-door for *Banquo*. I always wanted to do the killing part. 'Is that a dagger that I see before me?'" muttered Jo, rolling her eyes and clutching the air, as she had seen a famous tragedian do.

"No, it's the toasting-fork, with mother's shoe on it instead of the bread. Beth's stage-struck!" cried Meg, and the rehearsal ended in a general burst of laughter. —*Little Women.*

WHAT THE SWALLOWS DID.

A man lay on a pile of new-made hay, in a great barn, looking up at the swallows who darted and twittered above him. He envied the cheerful little creatures; for he wasn't a happy man, though he had many friends, much money, and the beautiful gift of writing songs that everybody loved to sing. He had lost his wife and little child, and would not be comforted; but lived alone, and went about with such a gloomy face that no one liked to speak to him. He took no notice of friends and neighbors; neither used his money for himself nor

others; found no beauty in the world, no happiness anywhere; and wrote such sad songs it made one's heart ache to sing them. As he lay alone on the sweet-smelling hay, with the afternoon sunshine streaming in, and the busy birds chirping overhead, he said, sadly, to himself:

"Happy swallows, I wish I was one of you; for you have no pains nor sorrows, and your cares are very light. All Summer you live gayly together; and when Winter comes, you fly away to the lovely South, unseparated still."

"Neighbors, do you hear what that lazy creature down there is saying?" cried a Swallow, peeping over the edge of her nest, and addressing several others who sat on a beam near by.

"We hear, Mrs. Skim, and quite agree with you that he knows very little about us and our affairs," answered one of the swallows, with a sprite chirp, like a scornful laugh. "We work harder than he does any day. Did he build his own house, I should like to know? Does he get his daily bread for himself? How many of his neighbors does he help? How much of the world does he see, and who is the happier for his being alive?"

"Cares, indeed!" cried another; "I wish he'd undertake to feed and teach my brood. Much he knows about the anxieties of a parent!" And the little mother bustled away to get supper for the young ones, whose bills were always gaping wide.

"Sorrows we have too," softly sighed the fourth swallow. "He would not envy *me*, if he knew how my nest fell, and all my children were killed; how my dear husband was shot, and my old mother died of fatigue on our Spring journey from the South."

"Dear Neighbor Dart, he *would* envy you, if he knew how patiently you bear your troubles; how tenderly you help us with our little ones; how cheerfully you serve your friends; how faithfully you love your lost mate; and how trustfully you wait to meet him again in a lovelier country than the South."

As Skim spoke, she leaned down from her nest to kiss her neighbor; and as the little beaks met, the other birds gave a grateful and approving murmur; for Neigh-

bor Dart was much beloved by all the inhabitants of Twittertown.

"I, for my part, don't envy *him*," said Gossip Wing, who was fond of speaking her mind. "Men and women call themselves superior beings; but upon my word, I think they are vastly inferior to us. Now look at that man, and see how he wastes his life. There never was anyone with a better chance for doing good; and yet he mopes and dawdles his time away most shamefully."

"Ah! he has had a great sorrow, and it is hard to be gay with a heavy heart, an empty home; so don't be too severe, Sister Wing," and the white tie of the little widow's cap was stirred by a long sigh, as Mrs. Dart glanced up at the nook where her nest once stood.

"No, my dear, I won't; but really I do get out of patience when I see so much real misery which that man might help, if he'd only forget himself a little. It's my opinion he'd be much happier than he now is, wandering about with a dismal face and a sour temper."

"I quite agree with you; and I dare say he'd thank anyone for telling him how he may find comfort. Poor soul! I wish he could understand me; for I sympathize with him, and would gladly help him if I could."

And, as she spoke, kind-hearted Widow Dart skimmed by him with a friendly chirp which did comfort him; for—being a poet—he *could* understand them, and lay listening, well pleased while the little gossips chattered on together.

"I am so tried at home just now, that I know nothing of what is going on, except the bits of news Skim brings me; so I enjoy your chat immensely. I'm interested in your views on this subject, and beg you'll tell me what you'd have that man do to better himself," said Mrs. Skim, settling herself on her eggs with an attentive air.

"Well, my dear, I'll tell you; for I've seen a deal of the world, and anyone is welcome to my experience," replied Mrs. Wing, in an important manner; for she was proud of her "views," and very fond of talking. "In my daily flights about the place, I see a great deal of poverty and trouble, and often wish I

could lend a hand. Now this man has plenty of money and time; and he might do more good than I can tell, if he'd only set about it. Because he is what they call a poet is no reason he should go moaning up and down, as if he had nothing to do but make songs. We sing, but we work also, and are wise enough to see the necessity of both, thank goodness!"

"Yes, indeed we do," cried all the birds in a chorus; for several more had stopped to hear what was going on.

"Now, what I say is this," continued Mrs. Wing, impressively: "If I were that man, I'd make myself useful at once. There is poor little Will getting more and more lame every day because his mother can't send him where he can be cured. A trifle of that man's money would do it, and he ought to give it. Old Father Winter is half-starved, alone there in his miserable hovel, and no one thinks of the good old man. Why don't that lazy creature take him home, and care for him, the little while he has to live? Pretty Nell is working day and night to support her father, and is too proud to ask help, though her health and courage are going fast. The man might make her's the gayest heart alive by a little help. There in a lonely garret lives a young man studying his life away, longing for books and a teacher. The man has a library full, and might keep the poor boy from despair by a little help and a friendly word. He mourns for his own lost baby; I advise him to adopt the orphan whom nobody will own, and who lies wailing all day on the poor-house floor. Yes; if he wants to forget sorrow and find peace, let him fill his empty heart and home with such as these, and life won't seem dark to him any more."

"Dear me! how well you express yourself, Mrs. Wing! it's quite a pleasure to hear you; and I heartily wish some persons could hear you; it would do 'em a deal of good," said Mrs. Skim; while her husband gave an approving nod, as he dived off the beam, and vanished through the open doors.

"I know it would comfort that man to do these things; for I have tried the same cure in my small way, and found great satisfaction in it," began little Madam

Dart, in her soft voice; but Mrs. Wing broke in, saying, with a pious expression of countenance:

"I flew into church one day, and sat on the organ, enjoying the music, for everyone was singing, and I joined in, though I didn't know the air. Opposite me were two great tablets with golden letters on them. I can read a little—thanks to my friend, the Learned Raven—and so I spelt out some of the words. One was 'Love thy Neighbor;' and, as I sat there, looking down on the people, I wondered how they could see those words week after week, and yet pay so little heed to them. Goodness knows, I don't consider myself a perfect bird; far from it; for I know I am a poor, erring fowl; but I may say I *do* love my neighbor, though I am an inferior creature." And Mrs. Wing bridled up, as if she enjoyed the phrase immensely.

"Indeed you do, Gossip," cried Dart and Skim; for Wing was an excellent bird, in spite of the good opinion she had of herself.

"Thank you. Well, then, such being the known fact, I may give advice on the subject, as one having authority; and, if it were possible, I'd give that man a bit of my mind."

"You have, Madam, you have; and I shall not forget it. Thank you, Neighbors, and Good-Night," said the man, as he left the barn, with the first smile on his face which it had worn for many days.

"Mercy on us! I do believe the creature heard every word we said," cried Mrs. Wing, nearly tumbling off her beam, in her surprise.

"He certainly did; so I'm glad I was guarded in my remarks," replied Mrs. Skim, laughing at her neighbor's dismay.

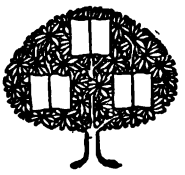
"Dear me! dear me! what did I say?" cried Mrs. Wing, in a great twitter.

"You spoke with more than your usual bluntness, and some of your expressions were rather strong, I must confess; but I don't think any harm will come of it. We are of too little consequence for our criticisms or opinions to annoy him," said Mrs. Dart, consolingly.

"I don't know that, Ma'am," returned Mrs. Wing sharply; for she was much ruffled and out of temper.

"A cat may look at a king; and a bird may teach a man, if the bird is the wisest. He may destroy my nest, and take my life; but I feel that I have done my duty, and shall meet affliction with a firmness which will be an example to that indolent, ungrateful man."

In spite of her boasted firmness, Mrs. Wing dropped her voice, and peeped over the beam, to be sure the man was gone before she called him names; and then flew away to discover what he meant to do about it.—*Morning Glories.*



ALCUIN, a distinguished clergyman and scholar, born at York, England, in 735. Here he received his education, under the supervision of Archbishop Egbert (as he has informed us), whom he intimately designated as his beloved master, and he had for his companions in the pursuit of knowledge the prelates of York. He planned his celebrated School at Tours after the seminary of which he had once been a director, having succeeded Egbert in this position. It is hardly conceivable that he could have received any instruction from Bede (whom he outlived by seventy years), as some say; and it is also a noteworthy fact that he never referred to Bede as his master, although he spoke of him in the highest terms. It is not known what positions he held in the Church prior to his leaving England, though he is claimed to have been Abbot of Canterbury. Eanbald, the successor of Ethelbert, sent him to Rome to secure the pallium, and on his return he met Charlemagne at Parma, who, having become acquainted with the unusual talent of Alcuin, to whom he had been previously introduced at the French Court, earnestly entreated Alcuin, and finally prevailed upon him, to become his preceptor in the sciences, which position he occupied in 782, making the Court his place of residence. He was the means in Charlemagne's hands of

promoting the latter's plans for ecclesiastical and educational reform, which Charlemagne was so desirous of effecting. Charlemagne and his family also received the benefit of Alcuin's knowledge of rhetoric, logic, mathematics, and divinity. In 794, at the Council of Frankfort, which body condemned adoptionism, he led the opposition; and in 799 he brought himself into particular prominence by his writings in defence of the orthodox faith against the adoptionists, Felix, Bishop of Urgel, and Elipandus, Archbishop of Toledo, forcing the Bishop to acknowledge his mistake after a six days' discussion at Aix-la-Chapelle, and treating the Archbishop in the most conciliatory manner. On a number of occasions Charlemagne entrusted him with important missions between the former and the King of Mercia, Offa. Alcuin's writings treat of numerous subjects, among which are theology, history, grammar, rhetoric, orthography, dialectics, etc., and a revision of the Vulgate in 1802, as well as his poetical works.

A prominent writer says: "France is indebted to Alcuin for all the polite learning it boasted of in that and the following ages. The Universities of Paris, Tours, Fulda, Soissons, and many others, owe to him their origin and increase, those of which he was not the superior and founder being at least enlightened by his doctrine and example, and enriched by the benefits he procured for them from Charlemagne." It is said that Alcuin refused to permit the reading of the classical poets. His final visit to England was made in 790 as am-

bassador, which place he filled until 792. With great difficulty Alcuin, in 801, managed to secure permission to take up his residence at the Abbey of St. Martin, at Tours, of which he had had charge in 796, where he taught until his death, May 19, 804. While at the Abbey he was always in communication with Charlemagne, which proves their love of knowledge and religion, and their energy and zealousness in contriving and performing plans for their promotion. Alcuin's composition was of a higher order of purity and elegance than that of most literary men of his time. Duchesne collected and published his works in 1 vol. folio, Paris, 1617; Froben issued a better edition, 2 vols. folio, Ratisbon, 1777. They consist of (1) *Tracts upon Scripture*, (2) *Tracts upon Doctrine, Discipline, and Morality*, (3) *Historical Treatises, Letters, and Poems.* It is believed that Alcuin was the writer of the noted *Caroline Books*, published under the name of Charlemagne, which held up to execration image-worship of any form as being idolatrous. Lorenz wrote a *Life of Alcuin*, which was published by Halle in 1829, and was translated into English by Slee in 1837.

DIALOGUE ON THE VIRTUES.

Charlemagne.—I wonder that we Christians should so often depart from virtue, though we have eternal glory promised as its recompense by Jesus Christ, who is Truth itself; whilst the heathen philosophers steadily pursued it merely on account of its intrinsic worth, and for the sake of fame.

Alcuin.—We must rather deplore than wonder, that most of us will not be induced to embrace virtue,

either by the fear of punishment or the hope of promised reward.

Charlemagne.—I see it, and must, alas! acknowledge that there are many such. I beg you, however, to inform me as briefly as possible, how we, as Christians, are to understand and regard these chief virtues.

Alcuin.—Does not that appear to you to be wisdom, whereby God, after the manner of human understanding, is known and feared, and his future judgment believed?

Charlemagne.—I understand you; and grant that nothing is more excellent than this wisdom. I also remember that it is written in Job, *Behold, the wisdom of man is the fear of God!* And what is the fear of God but the worship of God, which in the Greek is called Θεοσέβεια.

Alcuin.—It is so: and further, what is righteousness but the love of God, and the observance of his commandments?

Charlemagne.—I perceive this also, and that nothing is more perfect than this righteousness, or rather that there is no other than this.

Alcuin.—Do you not consider that to be valor whereby a man overcomes the "Evil One," and is enabled to bear with firmness the trials of the world?

Charlemagne.—Nothing appears to me more glorious than such a victory.

Alcuin.—And is not that temperance which checks desire, restrains avarice, and tranquillizes and governs all the passions of the soul?—SLEE'S *Translation.*

ALDEN, HENRY MILLS, an American editor and author, born at Mt. Tabor, Vt., in 1836. He graduated at Williams College in 1857, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1860. In 1863–64 he lectured before the Lowell Institute on *The Structure of Paganism.* In 1869 he became editor of *Harper's Magazine.* He is the author of a poem, *The Ancient Lady of Sorrow* (1872); of a prose work of great beauty, *God in His World* (1890), in conjunction with Alfred H. Guernsey; of *Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion* (1862–65); and *A Study of Death* (1895), of which work *The Critic* says: "It is a beautiful reflection or meditation on immortality. It is the work of a poet for whom science is a wonderful parable. Mr. Alden, it seems, is in advance of others who use the argument from analogy; his very indifference to argument and thesis gives him in our eyes this advantage; the resort to mystical interpretation instead of conscious argument is a sign. Nevertheless he does not recognize the contradiction surviving even in his attitude. He is still in the æsthetic state; but practical Christianity rather than conscious æsthetic Christianity is nearer to the demand and spirit of to-day."

THE VEDIC HYMNS.

Such ministers were they—at once prophets and poets—in whose hearts were born and on whose lips blossomed into song the ancient Vedic hymns. In these

we come nearest to the first beginnings of Aryan faith, in the face of the sunrise. These hymns for ages were not committed to writing, but were passed from lip to lip, in a living tradition, existing only as they were sung—the direct utterances of a household faith, when households themselves were not as yet established in fixed habitations, when life was nomadic, free as the winds and the streams, and immediately responded to nature. They were chants sung at sacrifices, in the open air, at sunrise and noonday and sunset, but especially at sunrise, about the family altar, when as yet there were no temples and no fixed hierarchy. They have the naïve simplicity of childhood, frankly asking for all material good—whose only delight is in the using. They are the expression of a simple faith like that of the Psalmist of Israel when he singeth, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." There are heavenly folds this Shepherd hath, corresponding to His earthly folds—but in the vision of these prophets there is but one fold, comprehending all, and one Shepherd. Man is inseparably linked with nature. We find here a divination of all that science can ever disclose, even when it shall have been spiritually informed, respecting the correlation of forces. All life is flame. The sun is God's witness, the symbol of the invisible flame, which is also the principle of life in all that lives, and has its symbol also in the sacrificial fire.

Here also do we find the primitive significance of sacrifice, which is not a propitiatory offering, but a feast, where God, the friend, the brother, the associate of man, becomes his guest. In generating the sacrificial flame by the friction of two pieces of wood (the *arani*), man is evoking, under his own hand, the divine principle; and his offering of bread and wine consumed and ascending, is received by God as a token of human cooperation with Him—of the human life blending with and uniting its strength with the divine. There are no misgivings, no expressions of fear, but only songs of exultation because of this intimate and sacred association—a communion, in which all the renewing, illuminating strength of the universe is concentrated for the expulsion of darkness and death.—*God in His World.*

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

The last word of the Christ is that we love one another; and out of this divine human fellowship must be developed the ultimate Gospel of truth. Of such a Gospel we have the brightest glimpse in the record of early Christianity. The world is awaiting a new Pentecost. But what embodiment in human economics this new spiritual revival will take, we know not, nor can we be sure that its bright light may not again suffer eclipse. We only know that so long as its impulse is wholly of divine quickening, love will take the place of self-seeking and will build up human brotherhood; and the shaping of this life will be the expression of some utterly new divine delight in the free play of emotional activities. There may be lapses; human aspiration may again suffer the mortal disease of ambition, and the eager, joyous possession of the earth may again take on the sickly hue of selfishness, the tender mastery of love become again the love of mastery; but this hardening unto death is also a part of the divine plan—the winter of the heart covering the vitalities of springtime. Every new cycle will more nearly approach the earthly realization of the heavenly harmony. . . .

The children of the kingdom are the friends of God, building with Him they know not clearly what. They have never known. Every unfolding of the divine life in them—in the shapings of their own life—is a surprise. When they would comfortably abide in the structures they have shaped under the impulse of fresh inspiration, then there always comes that other surprise, as of sad autumn, abruptly following upon summer, the deep green changing to the almost taunting brightness of decay—the surprise of corruption, so necessary to any new surprise of life. When the sun flames into a sudden glory before his setting, there is a moment of sadness, and then we seem to hear a voice, saying, He shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go. When the forms of life with which they have fondly lingered break up and disappear, the children take nature at her own bright meaning. Their regrets dissolve into the raptures of coming life—they are the children of the resurrection.—*God in His World.*

ALDEN, ISABELLA (MCDONALD) (pseudonym, "PANSY"), an American author, born in New York in 1841. Her stories are chiefly for the young, and those known as the Pansy books are widely read and very popular. They comprise a large number of volumes, among them *Helen Lester;* a prize story, *Ester Reed; One Commonplace Day; An Endless Chain; Ruth Erskine's Crosses; Links in Rebecca's Life; Four Girls at Chautauqua; Chrissy's Endeavor; Helen, the Historian,* and *Mrs. Dee Dunmore Bryant.* Mrs. Alden is the editor of a juvenile periodical called *Pansy,* and is connected with the Chautauqua Summer School.

"CHRIS, I WOULDN'T."

Looking back over this period of her life, Chrissy always singled this out as one of her hard evenings. She was not, as she pathetically phrased it herself, "acquainted with" her brother; they had no assured tastes in common for her to fall back upon. She was by no means at her best; there was a dead weight of anxiety and disappointment tugging at her heart, there were endless questions knocking at the door of her mind, clamoring to be taken up and thought about; there was, besides all this, a sort of undertone of nameless heartache, which she did not even care to define, but which added its share to the general gloom. All these must be put down with resolute hand, and her brother Harmon interested and amused if possible.

She bent her energies to the task. Whatever was to be done to-morrow, this she would accomplish to-night or learn that she could not do it.

The cards were written with many a graceful flourish, and admired. . . . Then Chrissy chattered about a dozen nothings which she thought might amuse him. She detailed with happy mimicry certain conversations she had heard that day, though never a word of that one which had sent her home with such a blanched face and throbbing heart. She described, with animation she was far from feeling, some of the costumes planned for the coming entertainment; with rigid determination to carry the thing through at all cost to herself, she gave a minute description of the tableau which she hated, and remembered for years the thrill of actual pain, mingled with unbounded surprise, when she was interrupted by his sudden, "If I were you, Chris, I wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Oh! go into that sort of thing. It is well enough for other fellows' sisters, but not for mine. That's unselfish, isn't it?" with a slight laugh. Then, in answer to her stare of astonishment and dismay: "I can't define the feeling. I suppose it is all folly anyway. There's no harm, of course; I don't mean that. It doesn't begin with the things one sits and stares at nightly, at the theatre, and admires and applauds. That's all right, no one objects to it; because, you see, it is somebody else's sister, or nobody's sister; nobody that one cares for, you know, or ever expects to. But when it comes to setting one's own sister up to be stared at, and commented on, and talked up the next night when they get to their clubs—why, it goes against the grain. You won't understand it; you are not expected to understand; fact is, you don't know how some fellows talk, and it's just as well you shouldn't. I know it is quite the style; done in the name of the church, and for the cause of benevolence and missions, and all that; and I know perfectly well, Chris, the motive, so far at least as some of you are concerned, is all right, but I have often thought if you girls could be present at some of the club-rooms afterward, and not be visible, you wouldn't like it. Of course you can say that people

talk about everybody, and so they do; but they can't make so much out of an evening party, for instance—unless you dance a good deal—as they can out of private theatricals. That is what they call them, Chris. You may name them 'entertainments,' or 'tableaux,' or any other pretty name that suits you, but what the fellows say when they get together is 'theatricals.' I didn't mean to say a word of all this. I've thought it, and I've wished young ladies, especially you, somehow, wouldn't go into such things; but it didn't seem worth while to say it—not for a fellow like me. I can't make it plain to you, you know; it is only a feeling, and I meant to keep still. I don't know how I happened to go on like this. You can forget all about it if you like, and go on with your story. It is a pretty thing, anyway, and must take oceans of work. There's one thing you may understand, Chris. Of course no fellow will say anything rude about you before me without getting knocked over for it. You see it is such a confounded mean world; nobody can do anything without wishing he hadn't." . . .

He looked at her anxiously as he spoke, wishing within himself that he had been deaf and dumb before he upset her bright pretty talk by any of his notions. Why couldn't he have held his tongue? Of course she would go on with it—why shouldn't she? The young ladies all did. Now she would go and be offended with him, and he hadn't meant to offend her.

Meantime, Chrissy, holding back with resolute will the outburst of passionate tears which longed to have their way, holding back with equal firmness the sharp sense of failure and humiliation, refusing to think of the young men who had talked about her that day, who had dared to say that she might distinguish herself if she would go on the boards, . . . bent over Harmon when the cough was at last subdued, wiping with her own fine bit of cambric the moisture from his forehead, and said gently, soothingly: "I did not know you felt like this, Harmon. I would not have done anything of which you disapproved, if I had dreamed of such a thing. I wish you had told me before. But now you must not talk any more to-night; it is that which has made you

cough. I'm going to play for you some of your favorite music while you rest." . . .

He smiled, and leaned back white and worn against the pale green of the chair cushions, and closed his eyes. While Chrissy played brilliant waltzes—his favorite style of music—he said to himself that she was a brick anyway ; most girls would have gone and sulked if they had been pitched into that way, and it was very nice of her to say that she wouldn't have done anything of which he disapproved, if she had known it.—*Chrissy's Endeavor.*

ALDEN, JOSEPH, D.D., an American educator, author, and Congregational clergyman, born at Cairo, N. Y., January 4, 1807; died at New York, August 30, 1885. He graduated at Union College in 1828; studied theology at Princeton Seminary, New Jersey; was a college tutor for two years; and in 1834 was ordained pastor of a Congregational church in Massachusetts. From 1835 to 1852 he was Professor of Rhetoric in Williams College, Massachusetts; from 1852 to 1857, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Lafayette College, Pennsylvania; from 1857 to 1867, President of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania; and in 1867 was made Principal of the State Normal School at Albany, N. Y. He contributed largely to periodicals, especially to the *New York Observer*, of which he was for a time editor. Some of his later works are: *Christian Ethics, or the Science of Duty* (1866); *Elements of Intellectual Philosophy* (1866); *The Science of Government* (1867); *Hand-Book for Sunday School Teachers* (1872); *First Steps in Political Economy* (1879), and *Thoughts on the Religious Life* (1879).

CONCEPTIONS OF THE INFINITE.

There has been a great deal written about the absolute and the infinite which conveys no meaning to such as have not the faculty of understanding the unintelligible. For example, Mansel says: "That which is conceived of as absolute and infinite must be conceived

of as combining within itself the sum not only of all actual but of all possible modes of being."—There is no such thing as a general infinite. There are infinite things or attributes, just as there are true propositions. But the infinite and the true are not independent entities. We cognize infinite objects, and can thus form an abstract idea of infinity. The idea is not definable. As we say, "Truth is that in which all true proportions agree," so we may say, that the infinite is that in which all infinite objects agree. That is infinite which has no limit. That which we cognize as limitless is to us infinite. We must distinguish between the infinite and the indefinite. God's wisdom is infinite; it transcends all our powers of expression. So of his mercy and his benevolence. Infinite existence is everlasting existence. When we speak of God as the Infinite Existence, we mean that all his attributes are infinite. The human mind can form no adequate apprehension of infinite things; and yet it is not, properly speaking, a negative apprehension which we have of it. The fact that we cannot know everything about a subject or object does not prove that we cannot know anything about it. The fact that we cannot by searching find out God to perfection, does not prove that we cannot know many things respecting him. God is infinite: that is, His existence and attributes are without limit —transcend all our power of apprehension. We know nothing that can be added to them.—*Elements of Intellectual Philosophy.*

ALDEN, WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, son of Joseph Alden, was born at Williamstown, Mass., in 1837. He was educated at Lafayette and Jefferson Colleges, studied law, and while waiting for clients became a contributor to newspapers and magazines. In 1874 he joined the editorial staff of the New York *Times*, with which he remained connected until 1885, when he was appointed Consul-General at Rome. Since the expiration of his term of office he has resided in Paris and in London, engaged in literary work. His early volumes, *Domestic Explosives* (1878) and *Shooting Stars* (1879), were collections of humorous articles previously published in the *Times*. His later books are: *The Canoe and the Flying Proa* (1880); three books for boys: *The Moral Pirates* (1881), *The Cruise of the Ghost* (1882), and *The Cruise of the Canoe Club* (1883); *Life of Columbus* (1882); *Adventures of Jimmy Brown* (1885); *Trying to Find Europe* (1886); *The New Robinson Crusoe* (1888); *The Loss of the Swansea* (1889); *A Lost Soul* (1892).

A REMEDY FOR BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

In order to be a great military commander it is generally conceded that a certain amount of indifference to human suffering is requisite. . . . A like callousness of heart is a necessary characteristic of the man who undertakes to learn to play upon a musical instrument.

The sum of human agony caused by the early efforts of players upon stringed, reed, and brass instruments

is incalculable, and it is noticeable that wherever musical amateurs abound the Universalist faith makes no progress. . . . Many learned commentators have discussed the nature of the insanity under which King Saul frequently suffered, but it is odd that no one has perceived that it was due to the youthful David's persistent practice upon the harp. We know that on one occasion, while David was playing an air, which doubtless closely resembled "Silver Threads among the Gold," Saul flung a javelin at the musician and drove him away. Doubtless, the king was hasty, but let us remember his extreme provocation. As for David, not content with having already killed the leading Philistine giant, he went and played the harp to that unhappy nation, with the view of demoralizing the people so that he could make an easy conquest of them on coming to the Israelitish throne.

While the javelin is probably a specific for all suffering due to accordions, violins, cornets, and flutes, it is not a remedy which is available at the present day. The most successful mode of treatment which has been devised is that which was recently tried, with admirable results, in the case of a young man residing in a Twenty-second Street boarding-house, who was addicted to the French horn; and it is due to the medical profession that the history of the case should be briefly given.

The young man in question occupied the second-story front hall-bedroom. He was apparently a quiet and well-meaning person, but under a smooth and spotless shirt-bosom he concealed a heart heedless of human suffering. . . . That he preferred to learn the French horn does not palliate his offence; for although the horn lacks the ear-piercing shrillness of the cornet, its tone has a wonderfully penetrating power, and is to the last degree depressing to the spirits. Unfortunately . . . he paid his room-rent in advance with cold-blooded punctuality. Hence, although he rose up early and sat up late to practise the horn, his landlady could not make up her mind either to request him to leave or to hint to him, by the discreet method of helping him exclusively to cold coffee and bare bones, that his presence in her house was undesirable.

The man who begins to play a wind instrument employs the most of his time in what may be called "sighting shots." For example, when this particular young man desired to sound B flat, it would take a long while before he could get his elevation and his wind-gauge regulated. He would hit three or four notes above B flat, and three or four notes below it a score of times before he would finally make a bull's eye. Even when, after long effort, he succeeded in hitting the desired note, the sound produced would be what is technically called a "blaat," or, in other words, an uncertain, toneless, and most unmusical sound. It is needless to speak of the effect which this sort of thing had upon his fellow-boarders. At the end of two weeks public indignation had grown to that extent that it was seriously proposed to melt the horn and to pour the metal down the throat of the player, as a warning that unless he promptly reformed he would be dealt with severely. It was then that a homœopathic physician residing in the house called a meeting of the aggrieved boarders in order to propose what he believed would prove a radical cure.

After describing with great clearness the painful symptoms which prolonged practice upon the horn develops in unfortunate and unwilling listeners, he asserted that in order to successfully combat the effects of horn-playing, the use of other instruments which produce analogous symptoms was indicated. Hence, he proposed that each boarder should provide himself with a cornet, a violin, an accordion, a flute, or a drum, and administer these remedies whenever any symptoms of the French horn were manifested.

The next evening at seven o'clock the familiar gasp of the horn was heard. Instantly it was followed by the screech of the violin, the spasmodic choking of the cornet, the drone of the accordion, the wail of the flute, and the fierce uproar of the drum. In two minutes a crowd was collected in the street under the impression that a large orchestra was rehearsing Wagner's "Meistersinger," and the young man with the French horn was lying on the floor of his room in strong convulsions.

The cure was complete. Early the next morning the French-horn player was removed to a lunatic asylum,

where he still remains. He is quiet and harmless, but he believes that he is a remnant of the wall of Jericho, which fell down under the assault of the Hebrew trumpets, and constantly insists that Congress should make an appropriation to repair him and mount him with barbette guns. . . . His horn has vanished, and the inmates of his former boarding-house are contented and happy.—*Shooting Stars.*

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, an American journalist, poet, and novelist, born at Portsmouth, N. H., November 11, 1836. He entered the counting-house of his uncle, a New York merchant, where he remained three years; began to write for various periodicals, and subsequently acted as proof-reader in a printing-office. He became connected with the Boston *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he was made editor in 1883. His poems include: *The Bells* (1855); *Baby Bell* (1856); *Cloth of Gold* (1874); *Flower and Thorn* (1876); *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book* (1881); *Mercedes and Later Lyrics;* also a household edition of his complete poems (1885); *Wyndham Towers* (1889); *The Sister's Tragedy and Other Poems* (1891), and *Unguarded Gates and Other Poems.*

PRELUDE TO CLOTH OF GOLD.*

You ask me if by rule or no
  Our many-colored songs are wrought?—
  Upon the cunning loom of thought,
We weave our fancies so and so.
The busy shuttle comes and goes
  Across the rhymes, and deftly weaves
  A tissue out of autumn leaves
With here a thistle, there a rose.

With art and patience thus is made
  The poet's perfect Cloth of Gold:
  When woven so, nor moth nor mould
Nor time can make its colors fade.

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THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

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L'ENVOIE TO CLOTH OF GOLD.*

This is my youth—its hopes and dreams.
How strange and shadowy it all seems
After so many years!
Turning the pages idly, so,
I look with smiles upon the woe,
Upon the joy with tears!

Go, little Book. The old and wise
Will greet thee with suspicious eyes,
With stare or furtive frown;
But here and there some golden maid
May like thee:—Thou'lt not be afraid
Of young eyes, blue or brown.

To such a one, perchance, thou'lt sing
As clearly as a bird of spring,
Hailing the apple-blossom;
And she will let thee make thy nest,
Perhaps, within her snowy breast.
Go; rest thou in her bosom.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

Kind was my friend who in the Eastern land
Remembered me with such a gracious hand,
And sent this Moorish crescent which has been
Worn on the haughty bosom of a queen.

No more it sinks and rises with unrest
To the soft music of her heathen breast;
No barbarous chief shall bow before it more,
No turbaned slave shall envy and adore.

I place beside this relic of the Sun
A cross of cedar, brought from Lebanon;
One borne, perchance, by some pale monk who trod
The desert to Jerusalem—and his God!

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Here do they lie, two symbols of two creeds,
Each meaning something to our human needs;
Both stained with blood, and sacred made by faith,
By tears, and prayers, and martyrdom and death.

That for the Moslem is, but this for me!
The waning crescent lacks divinity:
It gives me dreams of battles, and the woes
Of women shut in dim seraglios.

But when this cross of simple wood I see,
The Star of Bethlehem shines again for me,
And glorious visions break upon my gloom:—
The patient Christ, and Mary at the tomb.

A TURKISH LEGEND.

A certain Pasha, dead five thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven, "Only God is great."

So these four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,

And evermore, from the high barbican,
Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust;

And all is ruin—save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, "Only God is great."

LITTLE MAUD.

I.

Oh, where is our dainty, our darling, the daintiest darling of all?
Where is the voice on the stairway, where is the voice in the hall?
The little short steps in the entry, the silvery laugh in the hall?
Where is our dainty, our darling, the daintiest darling of all?
Little Maud?

II.

The peaches are ripe in the orchard; the apricots
ready to fall;
And the grapes reach up to the sunshine over the gar-
den wall.
O rosebud of women! where are you? (She never re-
plies to our call!)
Where is our dainty, our darling, the daintiest darling
of all?
Little Maud?

EGYPT.

Fantastic sleep is busy with my eyes:
I seem in some vast solitude to stand
Once ruled of Cheops: upon either hand
A dark, illimitable desert lies,
Sultry and still—a realm of mysteries;
A wide-browed Sphinx, half buried in the sand,
With orbless sockets stares across the land,
The wofullest thing beneath these brooding skies,
Where all is woful, weird-lit vacancy.
'Tis neither midnight, twilight, nor moonrise.
Lo! while I gaze beyond the vast sand-sea
The nebulous clouds are downward slowly drawn,
And one bleared star, faint-glimmering like a bee,
Is shut in the rosy outstretched hand of Dawn.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

He walked with demons, ghouls, and things
Unsightly—terrors and despairs—
And ever in the blackened airs
A dismal raven flapped its wings.

He wasted richest gifts of God;
But here's the limit of his woes:—
Sleep rest him! See above him grows
The very grass whereon he trod.

Behold! within this narrow grave
Is shut the mortal part of him.
Behold! he could not wholly dim
The gracious genius Heaven gave;—

For strains of music here and there,
Weird murmurings, vague, prophetic tones,
Are blown across the silent zones
Forever in the midnight air.

DECEMBER.

Only the sea intoning, only the wainscot-mouse,
Only the wild wind moaning over the lonely house.

Darkest of all Decembers ever my life has known,
Sitting here by the embers stunned, helpless, alone.

Dreaming of two graves lying out in the damp and chill,
One where the buzzard, flying, pauses at Malvern Hill;

The other—Alas! the pillows of that uneasy bed
Rise and fall with the billows, over our sailor's head.

Theirs the heroic story:—Died, by frigate and town!
Theirs the calm and the glory, theirs the cross and the crown.

Mine to linger and languish here by the wintry sea.
Ah, faint heart! in thy anguish, what is there left to thee?

Only the sea intoning, only the wainscot-mouse,
Only the wild wind moaning over the lonely house.

BY THE POTOMAC.

The soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves
By the Potomac! and the crisp ground-flower
Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower;
The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves
Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.
Hark, what a burst of music from yon bower!—
The Southern nightingale that, hour by hour,
In its melodious madness raves.—
Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,
With what sweet voices, nature seeks to screen
The awful crime of this distracted land;
Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her green
Mantle of velvet where the murdered lie,
As if to hide the horror from God's eye.

BEFORE THE RAIN.*

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
  A spirit on tender robes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
  Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens;
  Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers;
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
  To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
  The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind; and the lightning now
  Is tangled in tremulous clouds of rain!

AFTER THE RAIN.*

The rain has ceased, and in my room
  The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane,
  The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy leaves,
  Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
  Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
  A square of gold, a disc, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a dove
  With purple ripples on her neck.

Richardson, in *American Literature*, says: "The poetry of Thomas Bailey Aldrich may be described, with substantial fairness, in the terse words wherein Emerson characterizes Herrick: he 'is the lyric poet, ostentatiously choosing petty subjects, petty names for each piece, and disposing of his theme in a few lines, or in a

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couplet; is never dull, and is the master of miniature painting.'" Among his prose works are: *Out of His Head* (1862); *Story of a Bad Boy* (1870); *Marjorie Daw and other People* (1873); *Prudence Palfrey* (1874); *The Queen of Sheba* (1877); *The Stillwater Tragedy* (1880); *From Ponkapog to Pesth* (1883); and, in conjunction with Mrs. Oliphant, *The Second Son* (1888); also, *An Old Town by the Sea*, and *Two Bites at a Cherry*. Whether in prose or verse, Mr. Aldrich is always charming. He possesses a light and brilliant touch, which is found in all his writings, and, to quote the words of Edward Eggleston: "It is this lightness of touch which more than anything else marks the literary artist. He who makes you feel the weight of his thought without letting you feel heaviness of expression, he who floats his ideas to you upon wings, is the true artist in literature."

JOHN FLEMMING TO EDWARD DELANEY.

AUGUST 11, ——

Your letter, dear Ned, was a godsend. Fancy what a fix I am in, I, who never had a day's sickness since I was born. My left leg weighs three tons. It is embalmed in spices and smothered in layers of fine linen, like a mummy. I can't move. I haven't moved for five thousand years. I'm of the time of Pharaoh.

I lie from morning till night on a lounge, staring into the hot street. Everybody is out of town enjoying himself. The brownstone-front houses across the street resemble a row of particularly ugly coffins set up on end. A green mould is settling on the names of the deceased, carved on the silver door-plates. Sardonic spiders have sewed up the key-holes. All is silence and dust and desolation. I interrupt this a moment, to take a shy at Watkins with the second volume of Cæsar Birotteau. Missed him! I think I

could bring him down with a copy of Sainte-Beuve or the Dictionnaire Universal, if I had it. These small Balzac books somehow don't quite fit my hand; but I shall fetch him yet. I've an idea Watkins is tapping the old gentleman's Château Yquem—duplicate key of the wine-cellar. Hibernian swarries in the front basement. Young Cheops upstairs, snug in his cerements. Watkins glides into my chamber, with that colorless, hypocritical face of his drawn out long like an accordion; but I know he grins all the way downstairs, and is glad I have broken my leg. Was not my evil star in the very zenith when I ran uptown to attend that dinner at Delmonico's? I didn't come up altogether for that. It was partly to buy Frank Livingstone's roan mare, Margot. And now I shall not be able to sit in the saddle these two months. I'll send the mare down to you at the The Pines—is that the name of the place?

Old Dillon fancies that I have something on my mind. He drives me wild with lemons. Lemons for a mind disease. Nonsense. I am only as restless as the devil under this confinement, a thing I am not used to. Take a man who has never had so much as a headache or a toothache in his life, strap one of his legs in a section of waterspout, keep him in a room in the city for weeks, with the hot weather turned on, and then expect him to smile and purr and be happy! It is preposterous. I can't be cheerful or calm.

Your letter is the first consoling thing I have had since my disaster—ten days ago. It really cheered me up for half an hour. Send me a screed, Ned, as often as you can, if you love me. Anything will do. Write me more about the little girl in the hammock. That was very pretty, all that about the Dresden china shepherdess and the pond-lily; the imagery a little mixed, perhaps, but very pretty. I didn't suppose you had so much sentimental furniture in your upper story. It shows how one may be familiar for years with the reception-room of his neighbor, and never suspect what is directly under his mansard. I supposed your loft stuffed with dry legal parchments, mortgages and affidavits; you take down a package of manuscript, and

lo! there are lyrics and sonnets and canzonettas. You really have a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Delaney, and I suspect you of anonymous love-tales in the magazines.

I shall be a bear until I hear from you again. Tell me all about your pretty *inconnue* across the road. What is her name? Who is she? Who's her father? Where's her mother? Who's her lover? You cannot imagine how this will occupy me. The more trifling the better. My imprisonment has weakened me intellectually to such a degree that I find your epistolary gifts quite considerable. I am passing into my second childhood. In a week or two I shall take to india-rubber rings and prongs of coral. A silver cup, with an appropriate inscription, would be a delicate attention on your part. In the meantime, write!

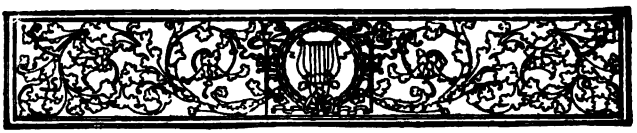
EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

AUGUST 12, ——

The sick pasha shall be amused. *Bismillah!*—he wills it so. If the story-teller becomes prolix and tedious, the bow-string and the sack, and two Nubians to drop him into the Piscataqua! But truly, Jack, I have a hard task. There is literally nothing here, except the little girl over the way. She is swinging in the hammock at this moment. It is to me compensation for many of the ills of life to see her now and then put out a small kid boot, which fits like a glove, and set herself going. Who is she, and what is her name? Her name is Daw. Only daughter of Mr. Richard W. Daw, ex-colonel and banker. Mother dead. One brother at Harvard; elder brother killed at the battle of Fair Oaks nine years ago. Old, rich family, the Daws. This is the homestead where father and daughter pass eight months of the twelve; the rest of the year in Baltimore and Washington. The New England winter too many for the old gentleman. The daughter is called Marjorie —Marjorie Daw. Sounds odd at first, doesn't it? But after you say it over to yourself half a dozen times, you like it. There's a pleasing quaintness to it, something prim and violet-like. Must be a nice sort of girl to be called Marjorie Daw.

I had mine host of The Pines in the witness-box last night, and drew the foregoing testimony from him. He has charge of Mr. Daw's vegetable-garden, and has known the family these thirty years. Of course I shall make the acquaintance of my neighbors before many days. It will be next to impossible for me not to meet Mr. Daw or Miss Daw in some of my walks. The young lady has a favorite path to the sea-beach. I shall intercept her some morning, and touch my hat to her. Then the princess will bend her fair head to me with courteous surprise not unmixed with haughtiness. Will snub me, in fact. All this for thy sake, O Pasha of the Snapped Axle-tree! . . . How oddly things fall out! Ten minutes ago I was called down to the parlor—you know the kind of parlors in farm-houses on the coast—a sort of amphibious parlor, with sea-shells on the mantel-piece and spruce-branches in the chimney-place, where I found my father and Mr. Daw doing the antique polite to each other. He had come to pay his respects to his new neighbors. Mr. Daw is a tall, slim gentleman of about fifty-five, with a florid face and snow-white mustache and side-whiskers. Looks like Mr. Dombey, or as Mr. Dombey would have looked if he had served a few years in the British Army. Mr. Daw was a colonel in the late war, commanding the regiment in which his son was a lieutenant. Plucky old boy, backbone of New Hampshire granite. Before taking his leave, the colonel delivered himself of an invitation as if he were issuing a general order. Miss Daw has a few friends coming at 4 P.M., to play croquet on the lawn (parade-ground) and have tea (cold rations) on the piazza. Will we honor them with our company (or be sent to the guard-house)? My father declines on the plea of ill-health. My father's son bows with as much suavity as he knows, and accepts.

In my next I shall have something to tell you. I shall have seen the little beauty face to face. I have a presentiment, Jack, that this Daw is a *rara avis!* Keep up your spirits, my boy, until I write you another letter, and send me along word how's your leg.—*Marjorie Daw.*



ALEARDI, ALEARDO, an Italian poet and patriot, whose original name was Gaetano Aleardi, was born near Verona, November 14, 1812; died there July 17, 1878. His father's farm lay in the beautiful valley of the Adige, and from the grandeur of the scenery near his home is traceable the love of nature which is found in all his verses. He acquired knowledge in the school of nature more easily than he did while attending school at home, where he was considered a very dull boy. He afterward attended the University of Padua to pursue a course in the law, although it is said he did this more to please his father than anything else, who advised him to leave off writing verses and devote his attention to something more serious. His compliance with his father's wishes satisfied the latter, but did not keep young Aleardi from following his natural bent, for it was while at Padua that he produced his first political poems. He engaged in the practice of law for a short time at Verona, and while there composed his first lengthy poem, *Arnaldo*, which was well thought of. Upon the breaking out of the Venetian Revolution, in 1848, he became actively engaged in the cause of the patriots, and when the new Venetian Republic, born of this insurrection, was ushered into existence, Aleardi was chosen as its representative at Paris. But the new government col-

lapsed shortly; Aleardi was recalled, and for ten years devoted his labors to the cause of Italian unity and freedom. He was imprisoned at Mantua in 1852, and again at Verona in 1859; was at one time a member of the Italian Parliament, and later Professor of Æsthetics in the School of Arts at Brescia.

Aleardi's principal impressions, like those of nearly all the other Italian poets, were caused by the exciting events of Italy's struggle to secure her independence, and his best work was done prior to the peace of Villafranca. His *Le Prime Storie* (The Primal Stories), a picturesque tale, was written in 1848. His *Una Ora della Mia Giovinezza* (An Hour of My Youth) was produced in 1858. In it he speaks of his struggles, trials, and disappointments in his country's cause. Like almost all of his work, this poem is mostly meditative; its diction is, as always, beautiful, and has the peculiar lustre which is so characteristic of him. *Monte Circello* is a song of the Italian victories, which at the same time presents some scientific truths in a novel way. Among his other works are: *Le Citta Italiane Marinore e Commercianti*, *Rafaello e la Fornarina*, *Le Tre Fiume*, *Le Tre Franciulle*, *I Sette Soldati*, and *Cauto Politico*, the latter having been produced in 1862.

CRITICISM OF HIMSELF.

My pen resembles too much a pencil; I am too much of a naturalist, and am too fond of losing myself in minute details. I am as one who, in walking, goes leisurely along, and stops every moment to observe the dash of light that breaks through the trees of the

woods, the insect that alights on his hand, the leaf that falls on his head, a cloud, a wave, a streak of smoke; in fine, the thousand accidents that make creation so rich, so various, so poetical, and beyond which we evermore catch glimpses of that grand, mysterious something, eternal, immense, benignant, and never inhuman or cruel, as some would have us believe, which is called God.—*From Howells's Modern Italian Poets.*

THE POET'S LAMENT.

Muse of an aged people, in the eve
Of fading civilization, I was born
Of kindred that have greatly expiated
And greatly wept. For me the ambrosial fingers
Of graces never wove the laurel crown,
But the fates shadowed, from my youngest days,
My brow with passion-flowers, and I have lived
Unknown to my dear land. Oh, fortunate
My sisters that in the heroic dawn
Of races sung! To them did destiny give
The virgin fire and chaste ingenuousness
Of their land's speech; and, reverenced, their hands
Ran over potent strings. To me, the hopes
Turbid with hate; to me, the senile rage;
To me, the painted fancies clothed by art
Degenerate; to me, the desperate wish,
Not in my soul to nurse ungenerous dreams,
But to contend, and with the sword of song
To fight my battles too.

—*From Howells's Modern Italian Poets.*

ALEMBERT, JEAN BAPTISTE LE ROND DE, a distinguished French mathematician, philosopher, and general writer, born at Paris, November 16, 1717; died there October 29, 1783. A portion of his name was probably given him from the fact of his having been left near the church of St. Jean le Rond, Paris, where as a foundling he was picked up by a commissary of police on the day of his birth. His surname he added himself. It afterward leaked out that he was the bastard son of the Chevalier Destouches and Madame de Tencin, a woman of doubtful reputation. On account of his frail body, or possibly some agreement with one of his parents, he was intrusted to the care of a glazier's wife, Rosseau by name, who resided hard by, instead of being assigned to the foundling asylum. His foster-mother took such care in bringing him up that she gained his life-long attachment. After he became famous he refused to recognize his natural mother as holding that connection to him, and claimed the glazier's wife as his real maternal parent. On the other hand, his father, without making his identity known, caused an annuity of 1,200 francs to be given him, which covered his educational expenses from his fourth to his tenth year.

In 1730 he attended the Mazarin College, which was controlled by the Jansenists, who, discovering

his wonderful merit, and possibly being guided by his *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*, which he wrote during the first year of his philosophical course, attempted to tend his talent in the direction of theology. A check being placed upon his love for poetry and mathematics, he still received no teaching at college, except a few primary lessons from Caron, in the science which was to elevate him to prominence. He acquired by his own unaided attempts a knowledge of the higher mathematics after leaving college, which caused him to credit himself with certain discoveries which he afterward learned had already been demonstrated. He was admitted to the bar in 1738, but did no practising. He next undertook the study of medicine, but his natural conditions overcoming him, he requested the return of his mathematical books, which he had sent a friend to retain until he had taken his degree. He was made a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1741, to which he had formerly presented several writings. He was the author of *D'Alembert's Principle*, in relation to the solution of complex dynamical problems. He published his *Reflexions sur le cause generale des Vents*, which secured for him the prize medal of the Academy of Berlin in 1746, and which added to his fame. Having dedicated his work to Frederick, King of Prussia, who had just brought a glorious campaign to a close, the latter forwarded him a polite letter and placed him among his literary friends. In 1754 Frederick prevailed upon D'Alembert to receive a pension of 1,200 francs per year. In 1763, while on a visit to

Berlin, he refused the presidency of the Academy of Berlin, which had been tendered to him several times before. In 1752 he published his treatise on the *Resistance of Fluids*, and about the same time he published, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Berlin, *Researches Concerning the Integral Calculus*, a branch of mathematical science. His principal works are: *Traité de Dynamique* (1743); *Traité de l'équilibre et du movement des fluides* (1744); *Recherches sur la précession des equinoxes et sur la nutation de l'axe de la terre* (1749); *Recherches sur différents points importants du systéme du monde* (1754); *Mélanges de philosophie et du littérature; Eléments de philosophie; Opuscules mathématiques* (1761–80), etc. He was associated with Diderot in the preparation of the far-famed *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*. In 1762 Catherine of Russia offered him a salary of 100,000 francs to become her son's instructor, but he refused, even after higher remuneration had been offered. In 1755, on Pope Benedict XIV.'s motion, he was made a member of the Institute of Bologna. David Hume held him in such esteem that he willed him £200.

ANECDOTES OF BOSSUET.

Bossuet's talents for the pulpit disclosed themselves almost from his infancy. He was announced as a phenomenon of early oratory at the hotel de Rambouillet, where merit of all kinds was summoned to appear, and was judged of, well or ill. He there, before a numerous and chosen assembly, made a sermon on a given subject, almost without preparation, and with the highest applause. The preacher was only sixteen years old, and the hour was eleven at night; which gave occasion to Voiture, who abounded in plays on words, to say that he had never heard so early or so late a sermon.

One of those persons who make a parade of their unbelief, wished to hear, or rather to brave him. Too proud to confess himself conquered, but too just to refuse the homage due to a great man, he exclaimed, on leaving the place, "This man to me is the first of preachers ; for I feel it is by him I should be converted, if I were ever to be so."

He one day presented to Louis XIV. Father Mabillon, as "the most learned Religeuse of his Kingdom." —"And the humblest too," said le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, who thereby thought to epigrammatise adroitly the modesty of the prelate. The famed Archbishop, however, humiliated as he felt himself by the elevated genius of Bossuet, was too just to suffer it to be slighted. Some young court chaplains, one of whom has since occupied high stations, talking one day in his presence, with French levity, of the works and abilities of the Bishop of Meaux, whom they ventured to ridicule ; "Be silent," said le Tellier, "respect your master and ours."—*Translated by* JOHN AIKIN.

ALEXANDER, ARCHIBALD, D.D., an American clergyman and scholar, born in Rockbridge County, Va., April 17, 1772; died at Princeton, N. J., October 22, 1851. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College; studied theology, and was licensed to preach in 1791. He was chosen President of Hampden-Sidney College in 1796; became pastor of a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia in 1807; and in 1812, upon the organization of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Princeton, was appointed Professor of Theology in that institution, retaining that position until his death. He wrote *Outlines of the Evidences of Christianity*, *Treatise on the Canon of the Old and New Testaments*, *History of the Patriarchs*, *History of the Israelites*, *Annals of the Jewish Nation*, *Advice to a Young Christian*, *Bible Dictionary*, *Counsels from the Aged to the Young*, *Thoughts on Religious Experience*, *African Colonization*, *History of the Log College*, and a work on *Moral Science*, which was published after his death. Of this last work the *Westminster Review* says:

Though not aspiring to the dignity of a treatise, it forms a most compact and convenient text-book. It is a calm, clear stream of abstract reasoning, flowing from a thoughtful, well-instructed mind, without any parade of logic, but with an intuitive simplicity and directness which gives an almost axiomatic force. From this characteristic we could almost have conjectured what is

stated in the preface, that the study of ethical philosophy was the author's favorite pursuit for at least threescore years; and that for forty years it formed a branch of academical instruction in connection with his theological course.

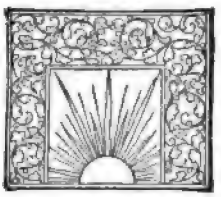
PROOFS OF THE TRUTHS OF CHRISTIANITY.

If the Christian religion is "a cunningly devised fable," there are two things relative to it which can never be satisfactorily accounted for. The one is, that falsehood should be surrounded with so many of the evidences and circumstances by which truth is characterized; the other, that an imposture, proceeding from minds exceedingly corrupt, should be marked with such purity in its moral principles, and such a benevolent and peaceful tendency in all its provisions and precepts. Whatever objections may be made to the system of Christianity, these difficulties will stand in the way of the deist; and he never can overcome them.

Let us calmly contemplate this subject. The Christian religion is founded on facts for the truth of which an appeal is made to testimony—the ground on which all other ancient facts are received. If these facts did really occur, then Christianity must be true. If they did not, why can it not be shown? Was there ever a case, in which transactions so public, and in the truth of which so many persons were interested, were so circumstanced as to baffle every effort to detect the fraud attempted to be imposed on the world? Here then is a wonderful thing. The defenders of Christianity appeal to facts attested by many competent and credible witnesses; they show that these witnesses could not themselves have been deceived in the nature of the things concerning which they give their testimony; they demonstrate from every circumstance of their condition that they could have had no motive for wishing to propagate the belief of these facts, if they had not been true; that, in giving the testimony which they did, they put to risk, and actually sacrificed, everything most dear to men; that, even if they could have been induced by some inconceivable motive to propagate what they knew

to be false, it was morally impossible that they could have persuaded any persons to believe them; because the things related by them being of recent date and public nature, and the names of persons and places specified, nothing would have been easier than to disprove false assertions so situated. Moreover, the persons who first became disciples of Christ and members of the church from the declarations of the apostles cannot be supposed to have admitted the truth of these things without examination, for every principle of self-preservation must have been awake to guard them against delusion. By attaching themselves to this new sect "everywhere spoken against," and persecuted both by Jews and Gentiles, they did, literally, forsake all that man holds most dear in this life. If there had existed no persons possessed of power and sagacity, who were deeply interested in the refutation of falsehoods which would implicate them in disgrace, the evidence would not be so overwhelming as it is; but we know that all the power and learning of the Jewish nation, and also of the Roman Government, were arrayed against the publishers of the gospel; for just in proportion as the report of these men gained credit. the conduct of those who persecuted Christ unto death would appear clothed in the darkest colors. Why did they not, at once, come forward and crush the imposture? It has also been fully established by the friends of revelation, that we are in possession of the genuine records published soon after the events occurred. There is no room for any suspicion that the gospels were the fabrication of a later age than that of the apostles; or that they have been corrupted and interpolated since they were written. And finally, the effects produced by the publication of these facts are such as almost to constrain the belief that the gospel narrative is true; for the rapid and extensive progress of the Christian religion can, upon no other principles, be rationally accounted for. It would be as great a miracle for a few unlearned fishermen and mechanics to be successful in founding a religion, which in a short time changed the whole aspect of the world, as any recorded in the New Testament. Now, supposing the facts in the question to be true,

what other, or greater, evidence of the truth could we have had than we already possess? What other facts of equal antiquity are half as well attested? Let the deist choose any portion of ancient history, and adduce his testimony in proof of the facts, and then compare the evidence in their support with that which the friends of Christianity have exhibited for all the material facts recorded in the gospel; and I shall be disappointed if he does not, upon an impartial examination, find the latter to be much more various and convincing.—*Preliminary Discourse on the Evidences of Christianity.*



ALEXANDER, JAMES WADDELL, D.D., an American Presbyterian clergyman, son of Rev. Archibald Alexander; born in Louisa County, Va., March 13, 1804; died July 31, 1859. He graduated at Princeton College in 1820; was a tutor there until 1827, when he became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Charlotte Court-House, Va., and in 1829 of one at Trenton, N. J. In 1833–34 he was Professor of Belles-Lettres and Latin in Princeton College; was pastor of the Duane Street Presbyterian Church, New York, 1844–49; Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Church Government, and Sacred Rhetoric in Princeton Theological Seminary, 1849–51. In 1851 the Duane Street church was reorganized as the Fifth Avenue church, New York, and he again became its pastor, a position which he held until his death. He was a frequent contributor to religious and literary periodicals, and wrote many books, among which are more than thirty small volumes for the American Sunday-School Union: *Memoirs of Rev. Archibald Alexander*, his father; *Consolation; Sacramental Discourses; Thoughts on Family Worship; Plain Words to a Young Communicant; Thoughts on Preaching; Discourses on Christian Faith and Practice*, and *The American Mechanic and Workingman's Companion.*

ON EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

"You have expressed," he says, addressing a young preacher, "fears as to your ever becoming an extemporaneous preacher. Many who have excelled in this way, have had fears like yours. My counsel is, that you boldly face the obstacles and begin *ex abrupto*. The longer you allow yourself to become fixed in another and exclusive habit, the greater will be your difficulty in throwing it aside. Some of the authors whom I respect recommend a beginning by gradual approaches; such as committing to memory a part, and then going on from that impulse. This is what Cicero illustrates by the fine comparison of a boat which is propelled by its original impulse, and comes up to the shore even when the oars are taken in. Others tell you to throw in passages extemporaneously amidst your written materials; as one who swims with corks, but occasionally leaves them. Doubtless many have profited by such devices; yet if called on to prescribe the very best method, I should not prescribe these. Again, therefore, I say *begin at once*. When one once inquired of the celebrated Gilbert Stuart how young persons should be taught to paint, he replied: 'Just as puppies are taught to swim—chuck them in!' No one learns to swim in the sea of preaching without going into the water.

"As I am perfectly convinced that any man can learn to preach extempore who can talk extempore—always provided that he has somewhat to say—my earnest advice to you is that you never make the attempt without being sure of your matter. Of all the defects of utterance I have ever known, the most serious is having nothing to utter. In all your experiments, therefore, secure by pre-meditation a good amount of material, and let it be digested and arranged in your head according to an exact partition and a logical concatenation. The more completely this latter provision is attended to, the less will be the danger of losing your self-possession or your chain of ideas. Common-sense must admit that the great thing is to have the matter. All

speaking which does not presuppose this is a sham. And of method it may be observed that even if divisions and subdivisions are not formally announced, they should be clearly before the mind, as affording a most important clew in the remembrance of what has been prepared. If you press me to say which is absolutely the best practice in regard to 'notes,' properly so called, I unhesitatingly say, *use none.* Carry no scrap of writing into the pulpit. Let your scheme, with all its branches, be written on your mental tablet.

"Do not *prepare your words.* If you would avail yourself of the plastic power of excitement in a great assembly to create for the gushing thought a mould of fitting diction, you will not spend a moment on the words; following Horace: 'Verbaque *provisam* rem non invita sequentur.' Nothing more effectually ruffles that composure of mind which the speaker needs, than to have a disjointed train of half-remembered words floating in the mind. For which reason few persons have ever been successful in a certain method which I have seen proposed, to wit: that a young speaker should prepare his manuscript, give it a thorough reading beforehand, and then preach with a general recollection of its contents. The result is that the mind is in a libration and pother betwixt the word in the paper and the probably better word which comes to the tip of the tongue. Generally speaking, the best possible word is the one which is born of the thought in the presence of the assembly. And the less you think about words as a separate affair, the better they will be."—*Thoughts on Preaching.*

ALEXANDER, JOSEPH ADDISON, D.D., an American biblical scholar, son of Rev. Archibald Alexander; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 24, 1809; died at Princeton, N. J., January 28, 1860. He graduated at Princeton College in 1826, and was Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature, 1830–33. He was a professor in Princeton Theological Seminary from 1851 until his death, holding successively the chairs of Oriental and Biblical Literature, of Church History and Government, and of New Testament Literature and Biblical Greek. He published two volumes of *Sermons; Essays on the Primitive Church Offices; Commentaries* on various books of the New Testament; *The Psalms Translated and Explained*, and *Isaiah Translated and Explained*, the last two being his most notable works.

THE DOWNFALL OF BABYLONIA: *Isaiah* XX.

3. *And it shall be* (or *come to pass*) *in the day of Jehovah's causing thee to rest from thy toil* (or *suffering*), *and from thy commotion* (or *disquietude*), *and from the hard service which was wrought by thee* (or *imposed upon thee*). In this verse and the following context, the prophet, in order to reduce the general promise of the foregoing verse to a more graphic and impressive form, recurs to the downfall of Babylon as the beginning of the series of deliverances which he had predicted, and describes the effect upon those most concerned, by putting into the mouth of Israel a song of triumph over their oppressor.

This is universally admitted to be one of the finest specimens of Hebrew, and indeed of ancient composition.

4. *Then shalt thou raise this song over the king of Babylon, and say, How hath the oppressor ceased, the golden* [*city*] *ceased!* The meaning of the first clause is, of course, that Israel would have occasion to express such feelings. The King here introduced is an ideal personage, whose downfall represents that of the Babylonian monarchy.

5. This verse contains the answer to the question in the one before it. *Jehovah hath broken the staff of the wicked, the rod of the rulers.* The rod and staff are common figures for dominion; and their being broken, for its destruction.

6. *Smiting nations in anger by a stroke without cessation, ruling nations in wrath by a rule without restraint* (literally, which *he* or *one* indefinitely, *did not restrain*). The participles may agree grammatically either with the *rod* or with the King who wields it. The English Version applies the last clause only to the punishment. But the great majority both of the oldest and the latest writers make the whole descriptive of the Babylonian tyranny.

7. *At rest, quiet, is the whole earth. They burst forth into singing* (or *a shout of joy*). There is no inconsistency between the clauses, as the first is not descriptive of *silence*, but of tranquillity and rest. "The land had rest" is a phrase employed in the Book of Judges to describe the condition of the country after a great national deliverance. The verb to *burst* is peculiarly descriptive of an ebullition of joy long suppressed, or suddenly succeeding grief.

8. Not only the earth and its inhabitants take part in this triumphant song or shout, but the trees of the forest. *Also* (or *even*) *the cypresses rejoice with respect to thee,* [the cedars of] *Lebanon* [saying], *Now that thou art fallen* (literally *lain down*), *the feller* (or woodman, literally *the cutter*) *shall not come up against us.* Now that we are safe from thee, we fear no other enemy. As to the meaning of the figures in this verse, there are various opinions; but the only one that seems consistent with a pure taste is that which supposes this to be merely a part of one great picture, representing

universal nature as rejoicing. Both here and elsewhere in the sacred books inanimate nature is personified, and speaks for itself, instead of being merely spoken of.

9. The bold personification is now extended from the earth and its forest to the invisible or lower world, the inhabitants of which are represented as aroused at the approach of the new victim, and as coming forth to meet him. *Hell from beneath is moved* (or *in commotion*) *for thee* (*i.e.* on account of thee) *to meet thee* [at] *thy coming; it rouses for thee the giants* (the gigantic shades or spectres), *all the chief ones* (literally *he-goats*) *of the earth; it raises from their thrones all the kings of the nations.* The word translated hell has already been explained as meaning, first, *a grave* or individual sepulchre, and then *the grave* as a general receptacle, indiscriminately occupied by all the dead without respect to character; as when we say, the rich and the poor, the evil and the good lie down together in *the grave*, not in a single tomb, which would be false, but *underground*, and in a common state of death and burial. The English word *Hell*, though now appropriated to the condition or the place of future torments, corresponds, in etymology and early usage, to the Hebrew word in question. The passage comprehends two elements, and only two: religious verities or certain facts, and poetical embellishments. It may not be easy to distinguish clearly between these; but it is only between these that we are able, or have any occasion, to distinguish. The admission of a third, in the shape of superstitious fables, is as false in rhetoric as in theology. The shades or spectres of the dead might be conceived as actually larger than the living man, since that which is shadowy or indistinct is commonly exaggerated by the fancy. Or there may be an allusion to the Canaanitish giants who were exterminated by the divine command, and might well be chosen to represent the whole class of departed sinners. Or, in this particular case, we may suppose the kings and great ones of the earth to be distinguished from the vulgar dead as giants or gigantic forms.

10. *All of them shall answer and say to thee: Thou also art made weak as we, to us art thou likened!* This is a natural expression of surprise that one so far superior

to themselves should now be a partaker of their weakness and disgrace. The interrogative form given to the last clause by all the English versions is entirely arbitrary, and much less expressive than the simple assertion or exclamation preferred by the oldest and the latest writers.

11. *Down to the grave is brought thy pride* (or *pomp*), *the music of thy harps; under thee is spread the* worm; thy covering is vermin. The word harp is evidently put for musical instruments or music in general, and this for mirth and revelry. Some suppose an allusion to the practice of embalming; but the words seem naturally only to suggest the common end of all mankind, even the greatest not excepted. The imagery of the clause is vividly exhibited in Gill's homely paraphrase: "Nothing but worms over him and worms under him; worms his bed, and worms his bed-clothes."

12. *How art thou fallen from heaven, Lucifer, son of the morning—felled to the ground, thou that didst lord it over the nations.* In the two other places where the word translated *Lucifer* occurs, it is an imperative, signifying *howl.* This sense is also put upon it here by the Peshito; but all the other ancient versions and all the leading Rabbins make the word a noun, denoting *bright one*, or more specifically *bright star;* or, according to the ancients, more specifically still, the *Morning Star* or harbinger of daylight, called in Greek *Heōsphoros*, and in Latin *Lucifer.* The same derivation and interpretation is adopted by the latest writers. Some of the Fathers—regarding Luke x. 18, as an explanation of this verse—apply it to the fall of Satan, from which has arisen the popular perversion of the beautiful name *Lucifer* to signify the Devil. In the last clause the figure of a fallen star is exchanged for that of a prostrate tree. The last clause is a description of the Babylonian tyranny.

13. His fall is aggravated by the impious extravagance of his pretensions. *And* (yet) *thou hadst said in thy heart* (or *to thyself*), *The heavens will I mount* (or *scale*), *above the stars of God will I raise my throne, and I will sit in the mount of meeting* (or *assembly*) *in the sides of the North.* He is here described as aiming at equality with God

himself. There are two distinct interpretations of the last clause; one held by the early writers, the other by the moderns. According to the first, it relates to the mountain where God agreed to meet the people, and to make himself known to them (Ex. xxv. 22; xxxix. 42, 43). According to this view of the passage, it describes the King of Babylon as insulting God by threatening to erect his throne upon those consecrated hills, or even affecting to be God, like Antichrist, of whom Paul says, with obvious allusion to this passage, that he opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or is worshipped, so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God (II. Thess. ii. 4). Whether the weight of argument preponderates in favor of the old interpretation or against it, that of authority is altogether in favor of the new one. This makes the Babylonian speak the language of a heathen, and with reference to the old and wide-spread oriental notion of a very high mountain in the extreme north, where the gods were believed to reside, as in the Greek Olympus. This is the Meru of the Hindu mythology, and the Elborz or Elborj of the old Zend books. The meaning of the clause, as thus explained, is "I will take my seat among, or above, the gods upon their holy mountain." This interpretation is supposed to be obscurely hinted in the Septuagint version. As the expression is in this case put into the mouth of a heathen, there is not the same objection to it as in the other cases, where it seems to be recognized and sanctioned by the writer. The general meaning is of course the same on either hypothesis. The expression *stars of God* does not merely describe them as his creatures, but as being near him in the upper world, or heaven.

14. *I will mount above the cloud-heights; I will make myself like the Most High.* This is commonly regarded as a simple expression of unbounded arrogance; but there may be an allusion to the oriental custom of calling their kings gods, or to the fact that the Syrian and Phœnician kings did actually so describe themselves (Ezek. xxviii. 2, 6, 9; II. Macc. ix. 21). According to some writers, the singular noun is used here to denote the cloud of the Divine presence in the tabernacle and

temple. This would agree well with the old interpretation of verse 13; but according to the other, *cloud* is a collective, meaning clouds in general.

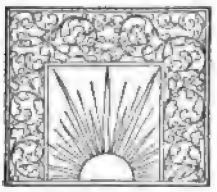
15. But instead of being exalted to heaven, *thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the depths of the pit.* Against the strict application of the last clause to the grave is the subsequent description of the royal body as unburied. But the imagery is unquestionably borrowed from the grave. Some understand by *sides* the horizontal excavations in the oriental sepulchres or catacombs. But according to its probable etymology the Hebrew word does not mean *sides* in the ordinary sense, but rather *hinder parts*, and then *remote parts* or *extremities*, as it is explained by the Targum here and in verse 13. The specific reference may be either to extreme height, extreme distance, or extreme depth, according to the context. Here the last sense is required by the mention of the *pit;* and the word is accordingly translated in the Vulgate *profundum.*

16. *Those seeing thee shall gaze* (or *stare*) *at thee, they shall look at thee attentively* [and say], *Is this the man that made the earth shake, that made the kingdoms tremble?* The scene in the other world is closed; and the Prophet, or triumphant Israel, is now describing what shall take place above ground. The gazing mentioned in the first clause is not merely the effect of curiosity, but of incredulous surprise. . . .

19. With the customary burial of kings he now contrasts the treatment of the Babylonian's body. *And thou art cast out from thy grave, like a despised branch, the raiment of the slain, pierced with the sword, going down to the stones of the pit* [even] *like a trampled carcass* [as thou art]. That the terms of the prediction were literally fulfilled in the last king of Babylon, is highly probable from the hatred with which this impious king —as Xenophon calls him—was regarded by the people. Such a supposition is not precluded by the same historian's statement that Cyrus gave a general permission to bury the dead, for his silence in relation to the king rather favors the conclusion that he was made an exception, either by the people or the conqueror. There is no need, however, of seeking historical details in this

passage, which is rather a prediction of the downfall of the empire than the fall of any individual monarch.

20. *Thou shalt not be joined with them* [the other kings of the nation] *in burial, because thy land thou hast destroyed, thy people thou hast slain. Let the seed of evil-doers be named no more forever.* The only natural interpretation of these words is that which applies them to the Babylonian tyranny as generally exercised. The charge here brought against the king implies that his power was given him for a very different purpose. The older writers read the last clause as a simple prediction. Thus, the English Version is "The seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned." But the later writers seem to make it more emphatic by giving the future the force of an imperative or optative. Some of the older writers understand the clause to mean that the names of the wicked shall not be perpetuated by transmission in the line of their descendants; others explain the verb as meaning "to be called," *i.e.*, proclaimed or celebrated. It is now pretty generally understood to mean, or to express a wish, that the posterity of such should not be spoken of at all, implying both extinction and oblivion. —*Isaiah, Translated and Explained.*



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VITTORIO ALFIERI.

ALFIERI, Count VITTORIO, an Italian dramatic poet, born at Asti, in Piedmont, January 17, 1749, and died at Florence, October 8, 1803. His father, a nobleman of considerable estate, died while the son was an infant, and he was sent to the Academy and University at Turin, where he received a very indifferent education. Of philosophy and science he acquired next to nothing; of Latin hardly enough to read the most elementary books. His own provincial dialect was so different from the Tuscan, or recognized Italian, that the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso were almost unintelligible to him; and he had subsequently to learn the language in which he was to immortalize himself, as though it were a foreign tongue. He, however, learned French, and this was the only language which he could fairly read at the age of seven-and-twenty.

At the age of seventeen he received permission to travel, and passed two years in various parts of Italy, in France, England, and Holland. In 1769, having become of age, and receiving possession of his large fortune, he set out again upon his travels, visiting Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, England, Russia, France, Spain, and Portugal, returning to Italy in 1772. His life up to this time was extremely dissolute, measured even by the loose standard of his own time and

country. In 1776, when he was in his twenty-eighth year, he formed a deep and lasting attachment for the Countess of Albany, wife of Charles Edward Stuart, best known in history as the "Young Pretender" to the English Crown. She was a little younger than Alfieri, and lived most unhappily with her husband, now verging upon threescore, whose character had become in every way disreputable since his hope of the English Crown had vanished. There is nothing to show that the intimacy was a "guilty" one, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. He himself declares that their intimacy "never exceeded the bounds of honor," although his "attentions were such as to warrant the jealousy of her husband and his brother, the Cardinal of York." Charles Edward died in 1788, and she soon afterward took up her residence with Alfieri, but there is no positive evidence that they were ever married. The last half of the life of Alfieri was marked by many eccentricities, of which there is no need of special mention.

His first serious thought of becoming an author dates at about 1772. His earliest dramatic work was *Cleopatra*, which was brought upon the stage at Turin in 1775. From that time he set himself resolutely to become a tragic poet. It is in this character alone that he is of special interest to after ages, although he wrote six or more comedies, several odes, a volume of autobiography, and other prose. His tragedies, nineteen in number, are all cast in the antique mould, or, rather, such an idea of the antique spirit as he could gather

from the French of Corneille and Racine. His tragedies are almost independent of scenery and incident. In no one of them are there more than six speaking characters, and of these rarely more than three are upon the stage at any one time. There is indeed often a crowd of "Citizens," "Soldiers," "Councillors," and "Guards," but they act only the part of the "Chorus" of the ancient drama, breaking in upon and emphasizing the declamation of the real characters. And these characters were almost entirely Alfieri himself, whether they wore the toga of Brutus, the chlamys of Agis, or the cassock of Raimondi de Pazzi. More than half the subjects are taken from ancient Greek and Roman legend. Philip II. of Spain and the mysterious Don Carlos, Mary Stuart, and Saul, King of Israel, each have a place.

If we were to assign the one governing motive running through the tragedies of Alfieri, it should be the hatred of kingly rule. "When we think of Alfieri," says Mariotti, "we must bring ourselves back to his age. The regeneration of Italian character was yet merely intellectual and individual, and Alfieri was born from that class which was the last to feel the redeeming influence. Penetrated with the utter impossibility of distinguishing himself by immediate action, he was forced to throw himself on the last resources of literature. He had exalted ideas of its duties and influence: he had exalted notions of the dignity of man:—an ardent, though a vague and exaggerated love of liberty, and of the manly virtues which it is wont to foster. He invaded the stage.

He wished to effect upon his contemporaries that revolution which his own soul had undergone. He wished to wake them from their long lethargy of servitude; to see them thinking, willing, striving, resisting."

The dedications to some of Alfieri's tragedies are quite as notable as anything in the dramas themselves. The tragedy of *Agis*, the Spartan King who was put to death by his subjects, is dedicated to Charles I. of England, or rather to his shade, for his head had fallen a century and a half before. *The First Brutus* is dedicated to George Washington, in a few months to be the first President of the United States. *The Second Brutus* is dedicated to "the Future People of Italy," such as they might be in a generation yet to come; such as, it may be hoped, they have measurably now come to be. These three Dedications are worthy to stand among the things by which Alfieri should be commemorated:

Dedication to AGIS.—*May, 1786.*

To the Most Sacred Majesty of Charles the First, King of Great Britain, etc.:

It seems to me that I may dedicate my *Agis*, without meanness or arrogance, to an unfortunate and dead King. As you received your death from the sentence of an unjust Parliament, this King of Sparta received his by a similar one of the Ephori. But just as the effects were similar, so were the causes different. Agis, by restoring equality and liberty, wished to restore to Sparta her virtue and her splendor; hence he died full of glory, leaving behind him an everlasting fame. You, by attempting to violate all limits to your authority, falsely wished to procure your own private good; hence noth-

ing remains of you; and the ineffectual compassion of others alone accompanies you to the tomb. The designs of Agis, generous and sublime, were afterward happily prosecuted, and with much glory to himself, by Cleomenes, his successor, who found the whole prepared. Your designs, common to the herd of monarchs, were and are perpetually attempted by many other princes, and also carried into effect, but uniformly without fame. In my opinion, one can in no way make a tragedy of your tragical death, the cause of it not being sublime. I should always have thought, even if I had not attempted to do it, that from the death of Agis, the true grandeur of the Spartan King being considered, a noble tragedy might have been constructed. Both the one and the other were and will be a memorable example to the people, and a terrible one to kings; but with this remarkable difference between them, that many others have been and will be like to that of Your Majesty, but never one like to that of Agis.

Dedication to THE FIRST BRUTUS.—*December, 1788.*

To the most illustrious and Free Citizen, General Washington:

The name of the Deliverer of America alone can stand in the title-page of the tragedy of the Deliverer of Rome. To you, most excellent and most rare citizen, I therefore dedicate this; without first hinting at even a part of the so many praises due to yourself, which I now deem all comprehended in the sole mention of your name. Nor can this my slight allusion appear to you contaminated by adulation; since, not knowing you by person, and living disjoined from you by the immense ocean, we have but too emphatically nothing in common between us but the love of glory. Happy are you, who have been able to build your glory on the sublime and eternal basis of love to your country, demonstrated by actions. I, though not born free, yet having abandoned in time my Lares, and for no other reason than that I might be able to write loftily of Liberty—I hope by this means at least to have proved what might have been my love for my country, if I had indeed fortunately belonged to one that deserved the name. In this single respect,

I do not think myself wholly unworthy to mingle my name with yours.

Dedication to THE SECOND BRUTUS.—*January, 1789.*

To the Future People of Italy:

I hope that I shall be pardoned the insult by you, O generous and free Italians, that I innocently offered to your grandfathers, or great-grandfathers, in presenting to them the *Two Brutuses*, tragedies in which, instead of ladies, interlocutors, and actors, the people was introduced among many most lofty personages. I also feel how enormous the offence was to attribute tongue, hand, and intellect to those who—from having entirely forgotten that they themselves had ever received these gifts from nature—thought it impossible that their successors should ever re-acquire them.—"But if my words are destined to be seeds which fructify in honor to those whom I arouse from death," I flatter myself that perhaps justice will be repaid me by you, and not dissevered from some praise. Indeed I am certain that if on this account I received blame from your ancestors, it would not, however, be exempted totally from esteem; since all could never hate and despise him whom no individual hated, and who manifestly constrained himself —as far as was within his power—to benefit all, or at least the majority.

The tragedy of *The First Brutus*, among the latest of those of Alfieri, is based upon the well-known Roman legend. The action of the drama takes place wholly in and near the Forum in Rome, and occupies not more than two days. The first act opens with Brutus and Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia, haranguing the citizens in the Forum, and inciting them to rise against the House of Tarquin. The body of Lucretia is then brought in, and the act thus concludes:

People.— Atrocious sight!
Behold the murdered lady in the Forum.

Brutus.—Yes, Romans, fix—if ye have power to do it—
Fix on that immolated form your eyes.
That mute, fair form, that horrible generous wound,
That pure and sacred blood—Ah! all exclaim,
"To-day resolve on liberty, or we
Are doom'd to death. Naught else remains!"
People.— All, all,
Yes, free we all of us will be, or dead.
Brutus.—Then listen now to Brutus.—The same dagger
Which from her dying side he lately drew,
Brutus now lifts; and to all Rome he swears
That which first on her very dying form
He swore already.—While I wear a sword,
While vital air I breathe, in Rome henceforth
No Tarquin e'er shall put his foot—I swear it;
Nor the abominable name of king,
Nor the authority, shall any man
Ever again possess.—May the just gods
Annihilate him here, if Brutus is not
Lofty and true of heart!—Further I swear,
Many as are the inhabitants of Rome,
To make them equal, free, and citizens;
Myself a citizen and nothing more.
The laws alone shall have authority,
And I will be the first to yield them homage.
People.—The laws, the laws alone! We with one voice
To thine our oaths unite. And be a fate
Worse than the fate of Collatinus ours
If we are ever perjured!
Brutus.— These, these are
True Roman accents. Tyranny and tyrants,
At your accordant hearty will alone,
All, all have vanished. Nothing now is needful
Except 'gainst them to close the city gates;
Since Fate, to us propitious, has already
Sequestered them from Rome.
People.— But you meanwhile
Will be to us at once consuls and fathers.
You to us wisdom, we our arms to you,
Our swords, our hearts, will lend.

Brutus.— In your august
And sacred presence, on each lofty cause,
We always will deliberate. There cannot
From the collective people's majesty
Be anything concealed. But it is just
That the patricians and the Senate bear
A part in everything. At the new tidings
They are not all assembled here. Enough—
Alas, too much so—the iron rod of power
Has smitten them with terror. Now yourselves
To the sublime contention of great deeds
Shall summon them. Here then we will unite,
Patricians and plebeians; and by us
Freedom a stable basis shall receive.
People.—From this day forth we shall begin to live.

In the next three acts the story is developed. Brutus and Collatinus are made consuls. Tarquin sends a message to the Romans, proposing that his guilty son shall be given up to punishment for his crime. A number of the patricians form a conspiracy to restore the Tarquins. Among these are Titus and Tiberius, the sons of Brutus, who are led to believe that thus only can the life of their father be preserved. The plot is discovered, and the conspirators are apprehended. The fifth act opens in the Forum. Collatinus and Brutus are on the rostrum. The conspirators are led in in chains, Titus and Tiberius last.

People.— Ah! how many,
How many may the traitors be?—Oh heaven!
Behold the sons of Brutus!
Collatinus.— Ah! I cannot
Longer restrain my tears.
Brutus.— A great day,
A noble day is this, and evermore
Will be a memorable one for Rome.—
Oh ye, perfidiously base, who dared

Your scarce-awakened country to betray,
Behold ye all before assembled Rome.
Let each of you, if it be possible,
Defend himself before her.—All are silent.—
Rome and the Consuls ask of you yourselves,
Whether to you, convicted criminals,
The punishment of death be due?
[*All are silent.*] To death
Then all of you are equitably sentenced.
The people's majesty, with one consent,
Pronounces the irreversible decree.
Why should we longer tarry?—Oh! my colleague
Weeps and is silent. Silent is the Senate;
Silent the citizens.
People.— Oh fatal moment!—
Yet just and necessary is their death.
Titus.—One innocent alone amongst us all,
Now dies, and this is he. [*Points to his brother.*]
People.— Oh pity! See,
He of his brother speaks.
Tiberius.— Believe him not:
Or we are both equally innocent,
Or equally transgressors. In the paper
My name is written next to his.
Brutus.— No one
Whose name is written on that fatal scroll
Can be called innocent. Some may, perchance,
Have been less culpable in their intent,
But only to the gods the intent is known.
And it would be an arbitrary judgment,
And thence unjust, the guilty to absolve,
As to condemn them from the inference
Drawn from professed intention. It would be
A spurious judgment, such as kings assume;
Not such as by a just and simple people
Is held in reverence. People who alone
To the tremendous sacred laws submit;
And who, save of the letter of those laws,
In their decrees, of naught avail themselves.
Collatinus.—Romans, 'tis true that these unhappy youths
Were with the rest of the conspirators

Involved. But that they were solicited,
Confounded, tampered with, and finally,
By the iniquitous Mamilius
In an inextricable snare entrapped,
Is also as indubitably true.
He made them think that all was in the power
Of the expelled Tarquinii; thence their names—
Would you believe it—also they subscribed
Only to save their sire from death.
People.— Oh heaven!
And is this true indeed? We then should save
These two alone.
Brutus.— Alas! what do I hear?—
Is *this* the people's voice?—Just, free, and strong,
Ye would now make yourselves, and how? would ye
Lay, as the base of such an edifice,
A partial application of your laws?—
That I, a father, might not weep, would ye
Now make so many other citizens,
Sons, brothers, fathers, weep?—To the keen axe,
Which they have merited, shall now so many,
So many others yield their passive necks,
And shall two culprits only be exempt
From this, because they seem not what they are?—
They were the Consul's sons, although in deeds
They were not so. 'Mong the conspirators
With their own hand were they enrolled.—Or all
Or none of them should die.—Absolve them all,
And at once ruin Rome. Save two alone,
And if it *seem* so, it would *be* unjust—.
Now, less a just than a compassionate judge,
Hath Collatinus these two youths defended,
Asserting that they wished to save their father.—
Perhaps this was true; but perhaps the others wished,
Their fathers some, their brothers some, and some
Their sons to save; and not on this account
Are they less guilty; since they rather chose
To sacrifice their country than their friends.—
The father in his heart may weep for this;
But in the first place should the genuine Consul
Secure the safety of his native country;
And afterward, by mighty grief o'erwhelmed,

Fall on the bodies of his lifeless sons.—
Ye will behold, ere many hours are past,
To what excess of danger, by these men,
Ye have been brought. To fortify our hearts
In strength imparted by the strength of others,
In individual strength to make us strong,
Inflexible as champions of freedom,
Cruel, though just, 'tis indispensable
That we abide this memorable test.—
Depart, oh lictors; be the culprits all
Bound to the columns; let the hatchet fall
Upon them.—I have not a heart of steel.—
Ah! Collatinus, this is the time for thee
To pity me: perform for me the rest.

[*Brutus sinks on his seat, and turns away his eyes from the spectacle. Collatinus sees the conspirators bound to the columns.*]

People.—Oh cruel sight!—The wretched father dares
Not look at them.—And yet their death is just.

Brutus.—The punishment approaches. The delinquents
Have heard the sentence of the Consuls.—Now
Think on the pangs of the distracted father.—
The cleaving hatchet o'er each neck impends.—
Oh heaven! my very heart is rent in twain!—
I with my mantle am constrained to hide
The insufferable sight!—This may at least
Be granted to the father.—
But ye, fix ye on them your eyes.—Now Rome,
Free and eternal, rises from that blood.

Collatinus.—Oh superhuman strength!

Valerius.— Of Rome is Brutus
The Father and the God.

People.— Yes, Brutus is
The Father and the God of Rome.

Brutus.— I am
The most unhappy man that ever lived.

[*The curtain falls while the lictors stand ready to strike the blow.*]

"Alfieri has united the beauties of art, unity, singleness of subject, and probability, the proper-

ties of the French drama, to the sublimity of situation and character and the important events of the Greek theatre, and to the profound thought and sentiment of the English stage."—*Sismondi.*

ALFONSO II., King of Castile, flourished during the latter half of the twelfth century, succeeding to the crown in 1163, and died in 1196. His court was famous for the troubadours, who were drawn thither by the monarch's patronage of their art. The king is remembered for one pretty song:

PARTING AND MEETING.

Many the joys my heart has seen,
From various sources flowing:
From gardens gay and meadows green,
From leaves and flowerets blowing,
And spring her freshening hours bestowing.
All these delight the bard; but here
Their power to sadden or to cheer
In this my song will not appear,
Where naught but love is glowing.

When I remember our farewell,
As from her side I parted,
Sorrow and joy alternate swell,
To think how, broken-hearted,
While from her eyelids tear-drops started,
"Oh, soon," she said, "my loved one, here,
Oh, soon, in pity re-appear!"
Then back I'll fly, for none so dear
As her from whom I parted.

—*Translation of* TAYLOR.

ALFONSO X., King of Leon and Castile, born in 1221, ascended the throne in 1252, was deposed by his son, Sancho, in 1282, and died in 1284. His acquaintance with geometry, astronomy, and the occult sciences of his time gained for him the appellation of *el Sabio*, "the Learned." The works in prose attributed to him range over a great variety of subjects, historical, scientific, and legal, although many of them were merely written or compiled by his order. He caused the Bible to be translated into Castilian, and thereby performed for the Spanish language a service very similar to that performed for the English by James I. Mariana says of him: "He was more fit for letters than for the government of his subjects; he studied the heavens and watched the stars, but forgot the earth and lost his kingdom." The following letter, written in 1282, just at the time of his troubles with his son, is said by Mr. Ticknor to be "a favorable specimen of Castilian prose at a period so early in the history of the language:"

LETTER TO DON ALONZO PEREZ DE GUZMAN.

My affliction is great, because it has fallen from such a height that it will be seen from afar; and as it has fallen on me who was the friend of all the world, so in all the world will men know this my misfortune, and its sharpness, which I suffer unjustly from my son, assisted

by my friends and my prelates, who, instead of setting peace between us have put mischief, not under secret pretences or covertly, but with bold openness. And thus I find no protection in mine own land—neither defender nor champion; and yet have I not deserved it at their hands, unless it were for the good I have done them.

And now, since in mine own land they deceive, who should have served and assisted me, needful is it that I should seek abroad those who will kindly care for me; and since they of Castile have been false to me, none can think it ill that I seek help among those of Benamarin.* For if my sons are mine enemies, it will not be wrong that I take mine enemies to be my sons; enemies according to the law, but not of free choice. And such is the good King Aben Jusaf; for I love and value him much, and he will not despise me or fail me; for we are at truce. I know also how much you are his, and how much he loves you, and with good cause; and how much he will do through your good counsel. Therefore look not at the things past, but at the things present. Consider of what lineage you are come, and that at some time hereafter I may do you good; and that if I do it not, that your own good deed shall be its own good reward.

Therefore my cousin, Alonzo Perez de Guzman, do so much for me with my lord and your friend that, on the pledge of the most precious crown that I have, and the jewels thereof, he should lend me so much as he may hold to be just. And if you can obtain his aid, let it not be hindered of coming quickly; but rather think how the good friendship that may come to me from your lord will be through your hands. And so may God's friendship be with you.

Done in Seville, my only loyal city, in the thirtieth year of my reign, and in the first of these my Troubles.

THE KING.

—*Translation of* TICKNOR.

* A race of African princes who ruled in Morocco, and subjected all Western Africa.

The noblest monument which Alfonso X. reared to himself was a code of Spanish Common Law, designated *Las Siete Partidas*, "The Seven Parts," from the number of divisions in the work. Sixty years after the death of Alfonso, this code was proclaimed as of binding authority in all the territories held by the kings of Castile and Leon, and has been the basis of Spanish jurisprudence ever since. "The *Partidas*," says Mr. Ticknor, "read very little like a collection of statutes, or even like a code, such as that of Justinian or Napoleon. . . . They are a kind of digested result of the opinions and reading of a learned monarch and his coadjutors in the thirteenth century, on the relative duties of a king and his subjects, or the entire legislation and police, ecclesiastical, civil, and moral, to which, in their judgment, Spain should be subjected; the whole interspersed with discussions concerning the customs and principles on which the work itself, or some particular part of it, is founded."

UPON TYRANTS AND THEIR WAYS.

A tyrant doth signify a cruel lord who by force or by craft or by treachery, hath obtained power over any realm or country; and such men be of such nature that, when once they have grown strong in the land, they love to work their own profit, though it be in the harm of the land, rather than the common profit of all; for they always live in an ill fear of losing it. And that they may be able to fulfil this their purpose unencumbered, the wise of old have said that they use their power against the people in three manners:

The first is, that they strive that those under their mastery be ever ignorant and timorous; because when they be such, they may not be bold to rise against

them, nor to resist their wills. The second is, that the people be not kindly and united among themselves, in such wise that they trust not one another; for, while they live in disagreement, they shall not dare to make any discourse against their lord, for fear faith and secrecy should not be kept among themselves. And the third way is, that they strive to make the people poor and to put them upon great undertakings, which they can never finish; whereby they may have so much harm, that it may never come into their hearts to devise anything against their ruler. And above all this, have tyrants ever striven to make spoil of the strong and to destroy the wise; and have forbidden fellowship and assemblies of men in their land, and striven always to know what men said or did; and to trust their counsel and the guard of their persons rather to foreigners, who will serve at their will, than to men of the land, who serve from oppression.

And, moreover, we say that, though any man may have gained mastery of a kingdom by any one of the lawful means whereof we have spoken in the laws going before this, yet, if he use his power ill, in the ways whereof we speak in this law, him may the people still call tyrant; for he turneth his mastery, which was rightful, into the wrongful, as Aristotle hath said in the book in which he treateth of the rule and government of kingdoms.—*Partida II., Tit. I., Translation of* TICKNOR.

THE EDUCATION OF PRINCESSES.

The governesses are to endeavor, as much as may be, that the king's daughters be moderate and seemly in eating and in drinking, and also in their carriage and dress, and of good manners in all things; and especially that they be not given to anger; for besides the wickedness that lieth in it, it is the thing in the world that most easily leadeth women to do ill. And they ought to teach them to be handy in performing those works that belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that becometh them much, since they obtain by it cheerfulness and a quiet spirit; and besides, it taketh away bad thoughts, which it is not convenient they should have. —*Partida II., Tit. VII., Translation of* TICKNOR.

Of the poetry of Alfonso X., says Mr. Ticknor, "We possess, besides works of very doubtful genuineness, two, about one of which there has been little question, about the other none. Of his *Cántigas*, or 'Chants' in honor of the Madonna, there are extant no less than four hundred and one; and by his last will he directed these poems be perpetually chanted in the church of St. Mary of Murcia, where he desired his body might be buried. Only a few of them have been printed. . . . *Del Tesoro*, 'The Treasury,' is a treatise on the philosopher's stone, and the greater portion of it is concealed in an unexplained cipher; the remainder, being partly in prose and partly in octave stanzas, which are the oldest extant in Castilian verse; but the whole is worthless and its genuineness doubtful:"—an opinion from which we dissent.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Fame brought this strange intelligence to me,
That in Egyptian lands there lived a sage,
Who read the secrets of the coming age,
And could anticipate futurity;
He judged the stars, and all their aspects; he
The darksome veil of hidden things withdrew,
Of unborn days the mysteries he knew,
And saw the future as the past we see. . . .

He made the magic stone, and taught me too:
We toiled together first; but soon alone
I formed the marvellous gold-creating stone,
And oft did I my lessening wealth renew.
Varied the form and fabric, and not few
This treasure's elements, the simplest, best,
And noblest, here ingenuously confessed,
I shall disclose, in this my verse to you.

And what a list of nations have pursued
  This treasure. Need I speak of the Chaldee,
  Or the untired sons of learned Araby;
All, all, in chase of this most envied good?—
Egypt and Syria, and the tribes so rude
  Of the Orient, Saracens and Medians, all
  Laboring in vain, though oft the echoes fall
Upon the West, of their song's amplitude?

If what is passing now I have foretold
  In honest truth and calm sincerity,
  So will I tell you of the events to be
Without deception; and the prize I hold
Shall be in literary lore enrolled.
  Such power, such empire never can be won
  By ignorance or listlessness; to none
But to the learned state my truths be told.

So, like the Theban Sphinx, will I propound
  My mysteries, and in riddles truth will speak.
  Deem them not idle words; for if you seek,
Through their dense darkness, light may oft be found.
Muse, meditate, and look in silence round;
  Hold no communion of vain language; learn
  And treasure up the lore—if you discern
What's here in hieroglyphic letters bound.

My soul hath spoken and foretold; I bring
  The voices of the stars to chime with mine:
  He who shall share with me this gift divine,
Shall share with me the privilege of a king.
Mine is no mean, no paltry offering:
  Cupidity itself must be content
  With such a portion as I here present;
And Midas's wealth to ours a trifling thing.

So when our work in this our sphere was done,
  Deucalion towered sublimely o'er the rest;
  And proudly dominant he stood confessed
On the tenth mountain; thence looked kindly on

The Sovereign Sire, who offered him a crown,
Or empires vast, for his reward ; or gold,
From his vast treasure, for his heirs, untold :
So bold and resolute was Deucalion.

I'll give you honest counsel, if you be
My kinsman or my countryman : If e'er
His gift be yours, its treasury all confer
On him who shall unveil the mystery ;
Offer him all and offer cheerfully,
And offer most sincerely. Weak and small
To your best offering, though you offer all.
Your recompense may be eternity.

—From Del Tesoro, Translation Anon.

ALFORD, HENRY, D.D., an English divine, biblical scholar, and poet, born in London, October 10, 1810; died January 12, 1871. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; took orders, and was made Vicar of Wymeswold, in Leicestershire. In 1853 he took up his residence in London, becoming preacher at the Quebec Street Chapel, where he acquired much celebrity as a preacher, and was for several years before and after Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London. He had already, in 1841, delivered a masterly course of the *Hulsean Lectures* at Cambridge, and in the same year published his scholarly *Chapters on the Greek Poets.* In 1857 he was made Dean of Canterbury. He began his literary career in 1831 by the publication of a little volume of *Poetical Fragments*, which was followed in 1835 by *The School of the Heart and other Poems.* From time to time he put forth many poems, notable among which were a series of *Hymns* for various seasons of the Christian year, which hold a high place in modern hymnology. About 1852 he made for an American publisher a complete collection of his poetical works, which was dedicated to Longfellow. After that he wrote little poetry, the current of his thought being turned in other directions, especially toward bib-

lical criticism. By way of prologue to his collected poems he prefixed the following:

PROLOGUE TO COLLECTED POEMS.

Not war, nor hurrying troops from plain to plain,
  Nor deeds of high resolve, nor stern command,
Sing I. The brow that carries trace of pain
  Long and enough the sons of Song have scanned:
Nor lady's love in honeysuckle bower,
  With helmet hanging high, in stolen ease:
Poets enough, I deemed, of heavenly power
  Ere now had lavished upon themes like these.—
My harp and I have sought a holier meed.
  The fragments of God's image to restore,
The earnest longings of the soul to feed,
  And balm into the spirit's wounds to pour.
One gentle voice hath bid our task God-speed
  And now we search the world to hear of more.

EPILOGUE TO "THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART."

Thus far in golden dreams of youth I sung
Of Love and Beauty—Beauty not the child
Of change, nor Love the growth of fierce desire,
But calm and blessèd both—the heritage
Of purest spirits, sprung from trust in God.
Further to pierce the veil asks riper strength,
And for men resting on conclusions fixed
By patient labor, wrought in manly years.
Here rest we then: our message thus declared,
Leave the full echoes of our harp to ebb
Back from the sated ear: teaching meanwhile
Our thoughts to meditate new melodies,
Our hands to touch the strings with safer skill.

HYMN FOR SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

Of all the honors man may wear,
  Of all his titles proudly stored,
No lowly palm his name shall bear,
  "The first to follow Christ the Lord."

Such name thou hast, who didst incline,
  Fired with the great Forerunner's joy,
Homeward to track the steps divine,
  And watch the Saviour's blest employ.

Lord, give to us, Thy servants, grace
  To hear whene'er thy preachers speak,
When Thou commandest, Seek My face,
  Thy face in earnest hope to seek.

Mr. Alford put forth several volumes of *Sermons* delivered at the Quebec Street Chapel, and in 1865 a small volume of *Meditations on the Advent*. From these we present some extracts.

A CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

The household is not an accident of nature, but an ordinance of God. Even nature's processes, could we penetrate their secrets, figure forth spiritual truths; and her brightest and noblest arrangements are but the representatives of the most glorious of those truths. The very state out of which the household springs is one—as Scripture and the Church declare to us—not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, seeing that it sets forth and represents to us the relation between Christ and His Church. The household is a representation, on a small scale as regards numbers, but not as regards the interests concerned, of the great family in heaven and earth. Its whole relations and mutual duties are but reflections of those which subsist between the Redeemer and the people for whom He hath given Himself.

The household, then, is not an institution whose duties spring from beneath—from the necessities of circumstances merely; but is an appointment of God, whose laws are His laws, and whose members owe direct account to Him. The father of a household stands most immediately in God's place. His is the post of greatest responsibility, of greatest influence for good or evil. His it is—in the last resort—to fix and

determine the character which his household shall bear. According as he is good or bad, godly or ungodly, selfish or self-denying, so will, for the most part, the complexion of the household be also. As he values that which is good—not in his professions, for which no one cares, but in his practice which all men observe—so will it most likely be valued also by his family as they grow up and are planted out in the world.

Of all the influences which can be brought to bear on man, paternal influence may be made the strongest and most salutary; and whether so made or not, is ever of immense weight in one way or the other. For, remember, that paternal influence is not that which the father *tries* to exert merely, but that which, in matter of fact, he *does* exert. That superior life, ever moving in advance of the young and observing and imitative life of all of us—that source from which all our first ideas came—that voice which sounded deeper into our hearts than all other voices, day by day, year by year, through all our plastic childhood—will all through life, almost in spite of ourselves, still keep in advance of us, still continue to sound. No other example will ever take so firm hold, no other superiority be ever so vividly and constantly felt.

And again remember, this example goes for what it is really worth. Words do not set it; religious phrases do not give it its life and power. It is not a thing of display and effort, but of inner realities, and recurring acts and habits. It is not the raving of the wind around the precipice—not the sunrise and sunset, clothing it with golden glory—which moulded it, and gave it its worn and rounded form; but the unmarked dropping of the silent waters, the melting of the yearly snows, the gushing of the inner springs. And so it will be, not what the outward eye sees in him, not that which men repute him, not public praise nor public blame, that will enhance or undo a father's influence in his household; but that which he really is in the hearts of his family; that which they know of him in private; the worth to which they can testify, but which the outer world never saw; the affections which flow in secret, of which they know the depth, but others only the surface.

And so it will be with a father's religion. None so keen to see into a man's religion as his own household. He may deceive others; he may deceive himself; he can hardly long succeed in deceiving them. If religion with him be a mere thing put on—an elaborate series of outward duties, attended to for expediency's sake—something befitting his children, but not equally fitting him: oh, none will so soon and so thoroughly learn to appreciate this, as those children themselves. There is not any fact which, when discovered, will have so baneful an effect on their young lives as such an appreciation. No amount of external devotion will ever counterbalance it, no use of religious phraseology, nor converse with religious people without. But if, on the other hand, his religion is really a thing in his heart—if he moves about day by day as seeing One invisible—if the love of Christ is really warming the springs of his inner life—then, however inadequately this is shown in matter or in manner, it will be sure to be known and thoroughly appreciated by those who are ever living their lives around him.—*Sermons at Quebec Chapel.*

ON PROVIDENCE.

And here again, passing from the mere general consideration of belief in an overruling God to our belief in a God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall find our grounds of comfort immensely strengthened, and our vision exceedingly cleared. During this present time, our ascended and glorified Saviour is waiting till all things are put under His feet. The whole moral world is by degrees being subdued to Him. By various dispensations of God's providence the good is prevailing, the evil is being defeated and put out. Now, if ever, is it true that the good man is God's especial care, and that all scope is given for all the best and highest graces of humanity to expand and flourish. The perfect pattern of the Redeemer is before us; the witnessing Spirit is within us; the many mansions are being prepared for us by Him who will return to take us thither. He that will love life and see good days, is not dependent on promises of earthly prosperity.

His life is hid with Christ in God; his good day asre to come in that place whither his Saviour Christ has gone before him.

What a comfort it is for us to feel, in the midst of dark and perplexing circumstances, that the mighty and all-wise Being who is overruling all things for His glory, and bringing good out of man's evil, is our own God; that His covenanted mercies are ours; that in Christ Jesus all His promises are forever ratified to each one, even the least and most helpless among us. What a powerful motive does it furnish to all good, what a discouragement to all evil, to remember that we have now no more general assurance that God is on the side of good, but a positive promise that all power in heaven and earth is given to him who laid down His life for the truth; and that one day all who have followed Him in the paths of truth and holiness shall be like Him—partakers in His victory—changed into His spotless purity—inheritors of the new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; which he hath purchased for them, and wherein they shall reign with Him, when truth shall finally have been established, and all evil shall forever have been put down.—*Meditations on the Advent.*

Dean Alford, as he was generally designated during the later years of his life, was a frequent contributor to current literature. One of his latest productions was a very clever *Plea for the Queen's English.* But apart from his work as a preacher the most important work of his life was his critical edition of the *Greek Testament*, of which the first volume appeared in 1844, the second in 1852, the third and fourth in 1855–57. This edition is in many respects—especially for its almost exhaustive collection of the various readings found in the extant manuscripts — perhaps the most valuable edition ever put forth.

ALFRED THE GREAT, King of England, born at Wantage, 849; died October 28, 901. He succeeded to the crown, upon the death of his father, Ethelwulf, in 872, but was for a time driven from the throne by the Danes, who overran the kingdom of the West Saxons. But after many adventures and some severe reverses, he completely routed the invaders in 879, and firmly established his sway. In 891 there was another furious invasion of the Northmen, who gave much trouble during most of the remaining years of his reign. Alfred was, says the Saxon chronicler Ethelwerd, "the immovable pillar of the Western Saxons; full of justice, bold in arms, learned in speech, and above all things imbued with the divine instructions; for he translated into his own language, out of Latin, unnumbered volumes, of so varied a nature and so excellently, that the sorrowful book of Boëthius seemed not only to the learned but even to those who heard it read, as if it were brought to life again."

In 1849 a great public meeting was held at the town of Wantage, in Berkshire, the place of his birth, to celebrate the one thousandth year since the birth of Alfred; it was then resolved that "a Jubilee Edition of the works of King Alfred the Great should be immediately undertaken, to be edited by the most competent Anglo-Saxon schol-

ars who might be willing to combine for the purpose." The work was completed not long after, in two large volumes, and was dedicated to Queen Victoria, who traces her descent to Alfred. In the preface the editor, the Rev. J. A. Giles, says: "These works extend to almost every kind of learning then known, or, rather, they reach even beyond the utmost excellence of all contemporary learning. They comprise Poetry, History, Geography, Moral Philosophy, and Legislation; and they form, in fact, the most valuable portion of Anglo-Saxon Literature. It is no disparagement to these writings that they are mostly paraphrases of ancient Latin authors. This was the necessary result of the ignorance in which the whole English nation were then sunk."

Alfred the Great is one out of not more than half a dozen kings who deserve a place among authors. Indeed it would be hard to name more than these three or four: David (and perhaps Solomon) of Israel, Alfred of England, and Frederick the Great of Prussia. King Alfred set forth the principles which guided him in the work which he undertook and performed in this direction. He of course writes in Anglo-Saxon:

ALFRED'S PLANS.

Covetousness and the possession of this earthly power I did not well like, nor strongly desired at all this earthly kingdom; but I desired materials for the work that I was commanded to do. This was that I might unfractiously and becomingly steer and rule the power committed to me. For no man may show any craft or rule, nor steer any power without tools or ma-

terials. . . . These are the materials of a King's work, and his tools to govern with: That he may have his land fully peopled; that he should have his prayer-men, and army-men, and work-men. Without these tools no king may show his skill. . . .

It often occurs to my mind to consider what manner of wise men there formerly were in the English nation, both spiritual and temporal; and how the kings who then had the government of the people obeyed God and his written will; how well they behaved both in war and peace, and in their domestic government; and how they prospered in knowledge and religion.

I considered also how earnest God's ministers then were, as well about preaching as about learning; and how men came from foreign countries to seek wisdom and doctrine in this land; and how we who live in these times are now obliged to go abroad to get them. To so low a depth has learning fallen among the English nation, that there have been very few on this side of the Humber who were able to understand the English of their service, or to turn an epistle out of Latin into English; and I know there were not many beyond the Humber who could do it. There were so few that I cannot think of one on the south side of the Thames when I first began to reign. . . .

I called to mind that the law was first written in the Hebrew tongue; and that when the Greeks learned it, they translated it into their own language, besides many other books. And after them the Latins, when they learned it, translated it, by means of wise interpreters, into their own language, as all other Christian people, too, have turned some part of it also into their own tongue. For which reason I think it best that we also should turn into the language which we all of us know, some such books as are deemed most useful for all men to understand; and that we do our best to effect, as easily as we may, with God's help, if we have quietness, that all the youth of free-born Englishmen, such as have wealth enough to maintain them, be brought up to learn, that, when at an age when they can do nothing else, they may learn to read the English language then; and that afterward the Latin tongue shall

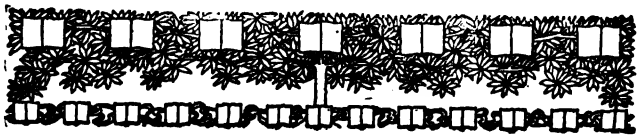
be taught to those whom they have it in their power to teach and promote to a higher condition.

Alfred's period of literary activity most probably was confined mainly to the ten or twelve years of peace after the defeat of the Danes in 878. The translation of Boëthius appears to have been begun in 884, and the last of his works was probably written in 893; for after that the whole of his time was most likely taken up by the critical position of his kingdom, menaced as it was by foreign foes. The translation, or rather paraphrase, of the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* of Boëthius must have been a labor of love with Alfred. Boëthius, who flourished about A.D. 500, was perhaps the last of the Roman writers who were versed in Greek literature, and whose productions deserve to rank by the side of those of the Augustan age. The forty-seven *Metres* into which Alfred rendered the work of Boëthius are among the best specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry. Metre VI., *On Change*, is one of the shortest of these. It is here given in the original, with a literal line-for-line translation, which will serve to show the marked affinity between the Anglo-Saxon and our present English:

ON CHANGE.

Tha se Wisdom eft	Then wisdom afterward
Word-hord onleac,	Word-hoard unlocked,
Sang soth-ewidas,	Sang various maxims,
And thus selfa ewæth:	And thus himself expressed:
Thonne sio sunne	When the Sun
Sweotolost scineth	Clearest shineth
Hadrost of hefone,	Serenest in the heaven,
Hiæthe bioth athistrod	Quickly are obscured
Ealle ofer eorthan	All over the earth

Othre steorran;	Other stars;
Forthæm hiora birhtu	Because their brightness
Ne bith auht	Is not aught
So gesettanne	When set beside
With thære sunnan leoht.	With that Sun's light.
Thonne smolte blæwth	When mildly bloweth
Southan and westan	Southern and western
Wind under wolcnum,	Wind under clouds,
Thonne weaxath hrathe	Then wax rathly
Feldes blostman,	The field's blossoms,
Fægan thæt hi moton.	Joyful that they may.
Ac se stearea storm	But the stark storm,
Thonne he strong cymth	When he strong cometh
Northan and eastan,	Northern and eastern,
He genimeth hrathe	He taketh away rathly
Thære rosen white	The rose's beauty.
And eac tha ruman sæ,	And eke the roomy sea,
Northerne yst	By northern storm
Nede gebæded	Of necessity bidden.
Thæt hio strange geondstyred	That it be strongly stirred up,
On stathu beateth	On the shore beateth
Ea la! thæt on eorthan	Alas that upon earth
Auht fæslices	Aught fast-fixed
Weorces on worulde	Work in the world
Ne wunath æfr!	Ne'er abideth forever!



ALGER, HORATIO, JR., an American author and clergyman, born in Revere, Mass., January 13th, 1834, and died in Natic, Mass., July 18th, 1899. He graduated at Harvard in 1852, and, after spending three years in teaching and journalism, took a course in the Cambridge Theological School. He then spent nearly a year in European travel, at the same time acting as a newspaper correspondent. In 1864 he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian church in Brewster, Mass. In 1866 he removed to New York, and soon became interested in the condition of the street-boys of the city, which fact subsequently influenced the character of his writings. Besides his contributions to periodical literature, he has published a volume of poems and several series of books for boys, including lives of Webster, Lincoln, and Garfield. Among his favorite stories for boys are: *Ragged Dick*, *Luck and Pluck*, and *Tattered Tom.* His later publications include *Struggling Upward* (1890); *Dean Dunham* (1891); *Digging for Gold* (1892); *Facing the World* (1893); *Only an Irish Boy* and *Victor Vane* (1894), and *Adrift in the City* (1895).

JOHN OAKLEY'S TRIALS.

John Oakley had triumphed in his encounter with Ben Brayton, and rode off like a victor. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling a little doubtful and anxious about the future. There was no doubt that Ben would

complain to his mother, and as it was by her express permission that he had taken the horse, John felt apprehensive that there would be trouble between himself and his stepmother. I have already said, that, though a manly boy, he was not quarrelsome. He preferred to live on good terms with all, not excepting Ben and his mother, although he had no reason to like either of them. But he did not mean to be imposed upon, or to have his just rights encroached upon if he could help it.

What should he do if Ben persevered in his claim, and his mother supported him in it? He could not decide. He felt that he must be guided by circumstances. He could not help remembering how four years before Mrs. Brayton (for that was her name then) answered his father's advertisement for a housekeeper; how, when he hesitated in his choice, she pleaded her poverty, and her urgent need of immediate employment; and how, influenced principally by this consideration, he took her in place of another to whom he had been more favorably inclined. How she should have obtained sufficient influence over his father's mind to induce him to make her his wife after the lapse of a year, John could not understand. He felt instinctively that she was artful and designing, but his own frank, open nature could hardly be expected to fathom hers. He remembered again, how, immediately after the marriage, Ben was sent for, and was at once advanced to a position in the household equal to his own. Ben was at first disposed to be polite, and even subservient to himself, but gradually, emboldened by his mother's encouragement, became more independent, and even at times defiant. It was not, however, until now that he had actually begun to encroach upon John's rights and assume airs of superiority. He had been feeling his way, and waited until it would be safe to show out his real nature. . . .

Plunged in thought, he had suffered Prince to subside into a walk, when, all at once, he heard his name called.

"Hallo, John!"

Looking up, he saw Sam Selwin, son of Lawyer Selwin, and a classmate of his at the academy.

"Is that you, Sam?" he said, halting his horse.

"That is my impression," said Sam, "but I began to think it wasn't just now, when my best friend seemed to have forgotten me."

"I was thinking," said John, "and didn't notice."

"Where are you bound?"

"Nowhere in particular. I only came out for a ride."

"You're a lucky fellow, John."

"You forget, Sam, the loss I have just met with;" and John pointed to his black clothes.

"Excuse me, John. You know I sympathize with you in that. But I'm very fond of riding, and never get any chance. You have a horse of your own."

"Just at present."

"Just at present! You're not going to lose him, are you?"

"Sam, I am expecting a little difficulty, and I shall feel better if I advise with some friend about it. You are my best friend in school, and I don't know but in the world, and I've a great mind to tell you."

"I'll give you the best advice in my power, John, and won't charge anything for it either, which is more than my father would. You know he's a lawyer, and has to be mercenary. Not that I ought to blame him, for that's the way he finds us all in bread and butter."

"I'll turn Prince up that lane and tie him, and then we'll lie down under a tree, and have a good talk."

John did as proposed. Prince began to browse, apparently well contented with the arrangement, and the two boys stretched themselves out lazily beneath a wide-spreading chestnut tree, which screened them from the sun.

"Now fire away," said Sam, "and I'll concentrate all my intellect upon your case, gratis."

"I told you that Prince was mine for the present," commenced John. "I don't know as I can say even that. This afternoon when I got home I found Ben Brayton just about to mount him."

"I hope you gave him a piece of your mind."

"I ordered him off," said John, quietly, "when he informed me that the horse was his now—that his mother had given it to him."

"What did you say?"

"That it was not hers to give. I seized the horse by the bridle till he became alarmed and slid off. He then came at me with his riding-whip, and struck me."

"I didn't think he had pluck enough for that. I hope you gave him as good as he sent."

"I pulled the whip away from him, and gave him two blows in return. Then watching my opportunity I sprang upon the horse, and here I am."

"And that is the whole story?"

"Yes."

"And you want my advice?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll give it. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, stick to that horse, and defy Ben Brayton to do his worst."

"It seems to me I've heard part of that speech before," said John, smiling. "As to the advice, I'll follow it if I can. I'm not afraid of anything Ben Brayton can do; but suppose his mother takes his part?"—*Luck and Pluck.*

ALGER, WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE, an American Unitarian clergyman and author, born at Freetown, Mass., December 30, 1822. He graduated at Harvard College, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1847; became pastor of a Unitarian congregation at Roxbury, Mass., and in 1855 succeeded Theodore Parker as minister of the Society of "Liberal Christians," in Boston. In 1876 he became minister of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, in New York, of which Orville Dewey and Samuel Osgood—who afterward became an Episcopalian—had been pastors. Mr. Alger held this position for three years, and was succeeded by Robert Collyer. All these successive ministers of the Church of the Messiah have won a place in the literature of their day. After vacating his pastoral charge in New York, Mr. Alger preached for three years at various places in the West, and about 1882 returned to New England, to devote himself to general literature, which had indeed been his main vocation almost from the first.

His principal works are: *A Symbolic History of the Cross of Christ* (1851); *The Poetry of the Orient* (1856); *A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, to which Ezra Abbot appended a notable appendix, elsewhere noticed (1861); *The Genius of Solitude* (1866); *Friendships of Women*

(1867); *Prayers offered in the Massachusetts House of Representatives* (1868); *The End of the World and the Day of Judgment* (1870); *The Sword, the Pen, and the Pulpit* (1870); *Life of Edwin Forrest* (1877); *The School of Life* (1881); *The Sources of Consolation in Human Life* (1892). The most notable of his works is the *Critical History of a Future Life.*

THE PROBLEM OF A FUTURE LIFE.

Pausing, in a thoughtful hour, on the mount of observation, whence the whole prospect of life is visible, what a solemn vision greets us. We see the vast procession of existence flitting across the landscape, from the shrouded ocean of birth, over the illuminated continent of experience, to the shrouded ocean of death. Who can linger there and listen unmoved to the sublime lament of things that die! Although the great exhibition below endures, yet it is made up of changes, and the spectators shift as often. Each rank of the past, as it advances from the mists of its commencing career, wears a smile caught from the morning light of hope; but as it draws near to the fatal bourne it takes on a mournful cast from the shadows of an unknown realm. The places we occupy were not vacant before we came, and will not be deserted when we go; but are forever filling and emptying afresh. We *appear:* there is a short flutter of joys and pains—a bright glimmer of smiles and tears—and we are gone.

But whence did we come? and whither do we go? Can human thought divine the answer? It adds no little solemnity and pathos to these reflections to remember that every considerate person in the unnumbered successions that have preceded us has, in his turn, confronted the same facts, engaged in the same inquiry, and been swept from his attempts at a theoretic solution of the problem into the solemn solution itself; while the constant refrain in the song of existence soundeth behind him: "One generation passeth away,

and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever." Widely regarding the history of human life from the beginning, what a visionary spectacle it is! How miraculously permanent in the whole; how sorrowfully evanescent in the parts! What pathetic sentiments it awakens! Amidst what awful mysteries it hangs.

Mr. Alger goes on through several hundreds of pages to set forth the manifold and multiform views which have been held of the human soul; of its origin and future condition and destiny, as conceived by men of all ages and countries; and then gives his own conclusions as to the whole matter of the future life — premising that, "If the boon of a future immortality be not ours, therefore to scorn the gift of the present life is to act not like a wise man, who with grateful piety makes the best of what is given; but like a spoiled child, who, because he cannot have both his oranges and his gingerbread at once, pettishly flings his gingerbread in the mud."

THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

The future life—outside of the realm of faith—to an earnest and independent inquirer, and considered as a scientific question, lies in a painted mist of uncertainty. There is room for hope, and there is room for doubt. The wavering evidences in some moods preponderate on that side, in other moods on this side. Meanwhile it is clear that, while he lives here, the best thing he can do is to cherish a devout spirit, cultivate a noble character, lead a pure and useful life in the service of wisdom, humanity, and God; and, finally, when the appointed time arrives, meet the issue with reverential and affectionate conformity, without dictating terms. Let the vanishing man say—like Rückert's dying flower—"Thanks to-day for all the favors I have

received from sun and stream, and earth and sky; for all the ornaments, from men and God, which have made my little life an ornament and a bliss. Farewell all! Content to have had my turn, I now fall asleep without a murmur or a sigh." . . . When we die, may the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter of Christ, be our confessor; the last inhaled breath our cup of absolution; the tears of some dear friend our extreme unction. No complaint for past trials, but a grateful acknowledgment for all blessings our parting word. And then, resigning ourselves to the Universal Father, assured that whatever ought to be, and is best for us to be, will be. Either absolute oblivion shall be welcome; or we will go forward to new destinies, whether with preserved identity, or with transformed consciousness and powers, being indifferent to us, since the will of God is done.—*Critical History of a Future Life.*

ALISON, REV. ARCHIBALD, a Scottish divine and author, born at Edinburgh, November 13, 1757; died there May 17, 1839. He was educated at the University of Glasgow and at Balliol College, Oxford; took orders in the Church of England, and received several valuable preferments, finally returning to Edinburgh in 1800, and becoming senior minister in St. Paul's Chapel, where his eloquent discourses attracted much attention. His *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, first published in 1790, is established as an English classic. In 1811 he published two volumes of sermons. Those upon the *Four Seasons* are especially admirable.

EFFECT OF SOUNDS AS MODIFIED BY ASSOCIATION.

The howl of the wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its strength; but there is no comparison between their sublimity. There are few, if any, sounds so loud as the most common of all sounds, the lowing of a cow; yet this is the very reverse of sublimity. Imagine this sound, on the contrary, expressive of fierceness or strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become sublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is strikingly sublime; the same sound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being so. The scream of the eagle is simply disagreeable when the bird is either tame or confined; it is sublime only when it is heard amid rocks and deserts, and when it is expressive to us of liberty and independence, and savage majesty. The neighing of a war-horse on the field of battle, or of a

young untamed horse when at large among mountains, is powerfully sublime; the same sound in a cart-horse, or a horse in a stable, is simply indifferent, if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of swine; the same sound in the wild boar—an animal remarkable for fierceness and strength—is sublime.

The low and feeble sounds of animals which are considered the reverse of sublime, are rendered so by association. The hissing of a goose, and the rattle of a child's plaything, are both contemptible sounds; but when the hissing comes from the mouth of a dangerous serpent, and the noise of the rattle is that of the rattlesnake, although they do not differ from the others in intensity, they are both of them highly sublime. There is certainly no resemblance between the noise of thunder and the hissing of a serpent; between the growling of a tiger and the explosion of gunpowder; between the scream of the eagle and the shouting of a multitude: yet all of these are sublime. In the same manner there is as little resemblance between the tinkling of the sheep-fold bell and the murmuring of the breeze; between the hum of the beetle and the song of the lark; between the twittering of the swallow and the sound of the curfew: yet all these are beautiful.—*Essays on Taste.*

ASSOCIATIONS OF THE PAST.

Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monuments of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers, and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination turns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes the emotion of sublime delight which every man of common sensibility feels upon his first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amidst the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of Superstition over

the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honors of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, of Cicero, and Virgil which he sees before him. It is the Mistress of the World which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from the tomb to give laws to the universe. All that the labors of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age, have acquired with regard to the history of this great people open at once on his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations—conceal from him that it is Rome which he sees—and how different would be his emotion.—*Essays on Taste.*

THE LESSONS OF AUTUMN.

There is an eventide in the day; an hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearance of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only, in their imagination, with images of gloom. It is the hour, on the other hand, which in every age the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendors of the day. Its first effect is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eyes the descending sun; we listen to the decaying sounds of labor and of toil; and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second, which naturally follows it: In the day we are living with men; in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves *alone.* It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardor of every impure desire; and while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections

which the heat of the day may have dissolved. In the moment when earth is overshadowed, Heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being: our hearts follow the successive splendors of the scene, and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these."

There is, in the second place, an eventide in the year: a season when the sun withdraws his propitious light; when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be "the season of melancholy;" and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy. Yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass; the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds, which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions; we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all; we anticipate the graves of those we hate as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the family which surround us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.—*Sermons on the Seasons.*

ALISON, SIR ARCHIBALD, a Scottish historian, son of the Rev. Archibald Alison; born at Kenley, Shropshire, England, where his father was then vicar, December 29, 1792; died near Glasgow, Scotland, May 23, 1867. His father returned to his native Scotland in 1800, and with his family took up his residence in Edinburgh. The son was educated at the University of Edinburgh, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1814. He then travelled on the Continent, and published an account of his travels in France. He rose to eminence in his profession, was made Deputy Advocate-General in 1822, member of the Crown Council in 1828, and Sheriff of Lanarkshire in 1834, having in the meanwhile published several valuable legal works. He was successively Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and of Glasgow University, and was created a baronet in 1852. His works are very numerous, including many essays, political, historical, and miscellaneous, originally contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in 1850 published separately in three volumes: *Principles of Population* (2 vols., 1840), combating the theory of Malthus; *England in 1815 and 1845*, discussing the currency question; and the *Life of the Duke of Marlborough* (1847; third and very much enlarged edition, 1855). His principal works, however, are the *History of Europe*,

from the commencement of the French Revolution to the restoration of the Bourbons (1839–42), and a continuation, bringing the narrative down to the accession of Louis Napoleon (1852–59). This continuation is acknowledged to be of very slight value. "The author has not exercised much care in its composition. It is hastily and inaccurately written, and is disfigured by blunders, omissions, and inconsistencies. The diffuse style of the narrative, which was felt as a drawback on the earlier History, is still more conspicuous in this continuation." The first history achieved a great temporary success, and was translated not only into all European languages, but also into Arabic and Hindustani. Upon the whole, even this work is regarded as of no very high authority, although it has not a few distinguishing merits. Perhaps the descriptions of military operations are the best features of the work. The prejudices of the author stood in the way of his being an impartial and reliable historian of the causes of events, and his moral reflections, in which he is extremely diffuse, "are quite unworthy of the author of the narrative portions of the history." His hatred of the French Revolution itself led him to adopt the most exaggerated statements of the atrocities committed during the "Reign of Terror." He adopts without qualification the statement of Prudhomme that "18,063 persons were guillotined by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal," whereas the number fell somewhat short of 2,500. He sums up—still following Prudhomme—the number of the victims of the

Revolution at more than a million, among whom were "900,000 men, 15,000 women, and 22,000 children, slain in La Vendée;" and this, he says, does not include the whole number of victims. In setting forth the immediate causes which brought about the Revolution, he enumerates fairly the enormous wrongs and oppressions under which the people labored; but adds, strangely enough, that "the immediate source of the convulsion was the spirit of innovation which overspread France." The value of Alison's *History of Europe* rests upon the vigor of isolated passages rather than upon its merits as a whole. In writing the *Life of the Duke of Marlborough*, he was not swayed by his prejudices, and the work is of high value.

EPOCHS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY, 1815–52.

The *First Period*, commencing with the entry of the Allies into Paris, after the fall of Napoleon, terminates with the passing of the Currency Act of 1819 in England, and the great creation of Peers in the democratic interest during the same year in France. The effects of the measures pursued during this period were not perceived at the time; but they are very apparent now. The seeds which produced such decisive results in after times were all sown during its continuance.

The *Second Period* begins with the entire establishment of a Liberal Government and system of administration in France in 1819, and ends with the revolution which overthrew Charles X. in 1830. Foreign transactions begin, during this era, to become of importance; for it embraces the revolutions of Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont in 1820; the rise of Greece as an independent State in the same year; and the important wars of Russia with Turkey and Persia in 1828

and 1829; and the vast conquests of England in India over the Goorkhas and Burmese Empire. The topics it embraces are more varied and exciting than those in the first; but they are not more important. They are the growth which followed the seeds previously sown. England and France were still the leaders in the movement; the convulsions of the world were but the consequences of the throes in them.

The *Third Period* commences with the great debate on the Reform Bill—of two years' continuance—in England in 1831, and ends with the overthrow of the Whig Ministry, by the election of October, 1841. The great and lasting effects in the change in the Constitution of Great Britain, by the passing of the Reform Act, partially developed themselves during this period, and the return of Sir Robert Peel to power was the first great reaction against them. During the same time, the natural effects of the revolution in France appeared in the government—unavoidable in the circumstances—of mingled force and corruption of Louis Philippe, and the growth of discontent in the inferior classes of society, from the disappointment of their expectations as to the result of the previous convulsion. Foreign episodes of surpassing interest signalize this period: for it contains the heroic effort of the Poles to restore their national independence in 1831; the revolt of Ibraham Pasha, the bombardment of Acre, and the narrow escape of Turkey from ruin; our invasion of Afghanistan, and subsequent disaster there.

The *Fourth Period*, commencing with the noble constancy in adversity displayed by Sir Robert Peel and the English Government in 1842, terminates with the overthrow of Louis Philippe, and consequent European Revolutions in February, 1848. If these years were fraught with internal and social changes of the very highest moment to the future destinies of Great Britain, and of the whole civilized world, they were not less distinguished by the brilliancy of her external triumphs. They witnessed the second expedition into Afghanistan, and capture of Cabul; the conclusion of a glorious peace with China under the walls of Nankin; the conquest of Scinde and desperate passage of arms on the

Sutlej. Never did appear in such striking colors the immense superiority which the arms of Civilization had acquired over those of Barbarism, as in this brief and animating period.

The *Fifth Period* commences with the overthrow of Louis Philippe in February, 1848, and terminates with the seizure of supreme power by Louis Napoleon in 1852. It is, beyond all example, rich in external and internal events of the very highest moment, and attended by lasting consequences in every part of the world. It witnessed the spread of revolution over Germany and Italy, and the desperate military strife to which it gave rise; the brief but memorable campaign in Italy and Hungary; and the bloodless suppression of revolution in Great Britain and Ireland by the patriotism of her People and the firmness of her Government. Interesting, however, as these events were, they yield in ultimate importance to those which, at the same period, were in progress in the distant parts of the earth. The rich territories of the Punjaub were, during this period, added to the British dominions in India, which was now bounded only by the Indus and the Himalaya snows.

At the same time the spirit of republican aggrandizement—not less powerful in the New than in the Old World—impelled the Anglo-Saxons over their feeble neighbors in Mexico: Texas was overrun, California conquered, and the discovery of gold mines, of vast extent and surpassing richness, hitherto unknown to man, changed the fortunes of the world. The simultaneous discovery of mines of the same precious metal in Australia acted as a magnet, which attracted the stream of migration and civilization, for the first time in the history of mankind, to the Eastern world. And now, while half a million Europeans annually land in America, and double the already marvellous increase of Transatlantic increase, a hundred thousand Anglo-Saxons yearly migrate to Australia, and lay the foundations of a second England and another Europe, in the vast seats provided there for their reception.

Events so wonderful, and succeeding one another with such rapidity, must impress upon the most inconsiderate observer the belief of a great change going for-

ward in human affairs, of which we are the unconscious instruments. That change is *The Second Dispersion of Mankind:* the spread of Civilization, the extension of Christianity, over the hitherto desert and unpeopled parts of the earth. It is hard to say whether the passions of civilization, the discoveries of science, or the treasures of the wilderness have acted most powerfully in working out this great change.—*Preface to History of Europe, 1815–52.*

SCOTT, BYRON, WORDSWORTH, AND COLERIDGE.

Sir Walter Scott is universally considered as the greatest writer of imagination of this century. Like most other great men the direction of his genius was in a great degree determined by the circumstances in which he arose; but its character was exclusively his own. Close observation of nature, whether animate or inanimate, was his great characteristic; the brilliancy of fancy, the force of imagination, were directed to clothing with sparkling colors her varied creations. It is hard to say whether his genius was most conspicuous in describing the beauties of nature, or delineating the passions of the heart. He was at once pictorial and dramatic. He was at first known as a poet; but charming as his poetic conceptions were, they were erelong eclipsed by the wide-spread fame of his prose romances. The novels of "the Author of Waverley" caused the poems of Walter Scott to be for a time forgotten; but time has re-established them in their celebrity. . . . With his great and varied powers Scott might have been a most dangerous writer, if, like Voltaire, he had directed them to sapping the foundations of religion, or to the delineation of the degrading or the licentious in character. But the elevated strain of his mind preserved him from such contamination. It was on the noble—whether in high or low life—that his affections were fixed. Alike in delineating the manners of feudal times, or the feelings of the cottage, the dignity of man was ever uppermost in his mind. No man ever threw a more charming radiance over the traditions of ancient times; but none ever delineated in a

nobler spirit the virtues of the present; and his discriminating eye discovered them equally under the thatch of the cottage as in the halls of the castle. Perhaps he is the only author of numerous works of fiction of whom it may with truth be said that he never wrote a line which on his death-bed he could wish recalled. . . . *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Old Mortality*, are the perfection of romantic pictures of later times; *The Abbot*, *Quentin Durward*, and *Ivanhoe*, of the days of chivalry. But these rich veins were at length exhausted, and the prolific fancy of the author diverged into other scenes and periods in which he had not such authentic materials to work with, and where his graphic hand was no longer to the same degree perceptible. Some of his later romances are so inferior to the first that it is difficult to believe they have been composed by the same master spirit. It is on the earlier novels, which delineate the manners, feelings, and scenes of Scotland, and a few, such as *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *The Talisman*, and *Quentin Durward*, that his fame as a writer of romance will permanently rest.

Byron is the author who, next to Sir Walter Scott, has obtained the most wide-spread reputation in the world. And yet his character and the style of his writings differ so widely from those of "the Wizard of the North," it is difficult to understand how, at the same time, they attained almost equal celebrity. . . . It is on *Childe Harold*, more than on his metrical romances, that his reputation will ultimately rest. The reputation of the latter was at first prodigious. They were so much admired not because they were founded on nature, but because they differed from it. Addressed to the exclusive circles of London society, they fell upon the high-born votaries of fashion with the charm of novelty; they breathed the language of vehement passion, which was as new to them as the voice of nature, speaking through the dreamy soul of Rousseau, had been to the corrupted circles of Parisian society half a century before. As such, they excited an immense sensation, and even more than the thoughtful and yet pictured pages of *Childe Harold*, raised the author to the very pinnacle of

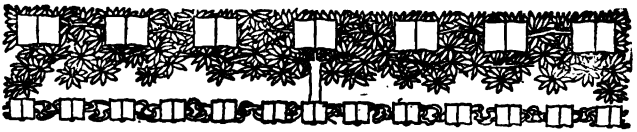
celebrity. . . . In one class of readers the dramas of Byron have won for him a very high reputation; in another *Don Juan* is his passport to popularity. But though characterized by ardent genius, and abounding with noble lines, his dramatic pieces want the elements of durable fame. They are too wild for ordinary life, too extravagant for theatrical representation. . . . *Don Juan* is different; there is much in it which unhappily too powerfully rouses every human breast. But although works of fiction in which genius is mingled with licentiousness, often at first acquire a very great celebrity, at least with one sex, they labor under an insuperable objection. They cannot be the subject of conversation with the other. Works of fiction are chiefly interesting to both sexes, because they portray the feelings by which they are attracted to each other. When they are of such a description that neither can communicate those feelings to the other, the great object of composition is lost, and a lasting celebrity to the author is impossible.

Wordsworth presented in most respects a most decided contrast to Southey, his neighbor in the mountains of Cumberland. He had not Southey's information; was not distracted by any prose compositions; and made no attempt to traverse the numerous and varied fields of thought or industry which Southey has tilled with so much zeal. But on that very account he was more successful, and has left a far greater reputation. He was less discursive than his brilliant rival, but more profound. Little attended to—as works of that stamp generally are in the outset—they gradually but unceasingly rose in public estimation; they took a lasting hold of the highly educated youth of the next generation; and he now numbers among his devout worshippers many of the ablest men, profound thinkers, and most accomplished and discriminating women of the age. Indeed, great numbers of persons, whose mental powers, cultivated taste, and extensive acquirements entitle their opinions to the very highest consideration, yield him an admiration approaching to idolatry, and assign him a place second only to Milton in English poetry. He is regarded by them in much the

same light that Goethe is by the admiring and impassioned multitudes of the Fatherland. It may be doubted, however, whether with all his depth of thought, simplicity of mind, and philosophic wisdom, Wordsworth will ever get that general hold of the English mind which Goethe has done of the German mind. The reason is, that he is not equally imaginative. He is a great philosophic poet; and to minds of a reflective turn, no writer possesses more durable or enchaining charms. But how many are the thoughtful and reflecting to the great body of mankind. . . . As the active bears so great a proportion to the speculative part of mankind, Goethe, who depicts the feelings of the former, will always be a more general favorite than Wordsworth, who delineates the speculations of the latter. But that very circumstance only enhances the admiration felt for the English poet by that small but gifted portion of the human species who, mingling with the active part of the world, yet judge them with the powers of the speculative.

Coleridge in some respects bore a close resemblance to Wordsworth; but in others he was widely different. He was deep and reflecting, learned in philosophic lore, and fond of critical disquisition. He was less abstract than Wordsworth, but more dramatic; less philosophic, but more pictorial. Deeply penetrated with the genius of Schiller, he has transferred the marvels of two of the great German's immortal dramas on Wallenstein to the English tongue with the exactness of a scholar and kindred inspiration of a poet. His *Ode to Mount Blanc* is one of the sublimest productions in that lofty style in the English language. But he is far from having attained the world-wide fame of Gray, Burns, and Campbell in that branch of poetry. The reason is, that his ideas and images are too abstract, and too little drawn from the occurrences or objects of common life. He was deeply learned, and his turn of mind strongly metaphysical. But it is neither by learning or metaphysics that lasting celebrity, either in oratory or poetry, is to be attained. Eloquence, to be popular, must be in advance of the age, and but a little in advance. Poetry, to move the general mind, must be founded on ideas

common to all mankind, and feelings with which everyone is familiar; but yet educe from them novel and pleasing conceptions. It reaches its highest flight when, from these common ideas and objects, it draws forth uncommon and elevating thoughts; conceptions which meet with a responsive echo in every breast, but had never occurred, at least with equal felicity, to anyone before.—*History of Europe, 1815–52, Chap. V.*

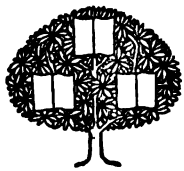


ALLEN, CHARLES GRANT BLAIRFINDIE, commonly known as Grant Allen—who has also written under the *nom de plume* both of Cecil Power and J. Arbuthnot Wilson—a British scientific writer and novelist, was born February 24, 1848, on Wolf Island, opposite Kingston, Canada, where his father was the incumbent of the Anglican Church, and died October 25, 1899. He graduated at Oxford in 1871. In 1873 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Philosophy at Queen's College, Spanish Town, Jamaica, and from 1874 until 1877 was its principal. He then returned to England, where he has since lived. Among his scientific writings are: *Physiological Ethics* (1877); *The Color Sense* (1879); *The Evolutionist at Large* (1881); *Colin Clout's Calendar* (1882), and *Force and Energy* (1888). Among his most popular novels are: *In All Shades* (1886) and *This Mortal Coil* (1888). His most recent publications are: *What's Bred in the Bone* (Boston, 1891), a prize story, for which he received £1,000; *Dumaresq's Daughter* (1891); *The Duchess of Powysland* (1891); *Blood Royal* (1893); *Dr. Palliser's Patient; The Attes of Catullus; Science in Arcady; The Story of the Plants; The Woman Who Did; British Barbarians* (1895), and *A Hill-top Novel* (1896). He has also contributed a series of papers, *Post-prandial Philosophy*, to the *Westminster Gazette*. In 1885 he published a life of Charles Darwin, in Andrew Lang's series of *English Worthies*.

FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

I suppose even that apocryphal person, the general reader, would be insulted at being told at this hour of the day that all bright-colored flowers are fertilized by the visits of insects, whose attentions they are specially designed to solicit. Everybody has heard over and over again that roses, orchids, and columbines have acquired their honey to allure the friendly bee, their gaudy petals to advertise the honey, and their divers shapes to ensure the proper fertilization by the correct type of insect. But everybody does not know how specifically certain blossoms have laid themselves out for a particular species of fly, beetle, or tiny moth. Here on the higher downs, for instance, most flowers are exceptionally large and brilliant; while all Alpine climbers must have noticed that the most gorgeous masses of bloom in Switzerland occur just below the snow-line. The reason is, that such blossoms must be fertilized by butterflies alone. Bees, their great rivals in honey-sucking, frequent only the lower meadows and slopes, where flowers are many and small; they seldom venture far from the hive or the nest among the high peaks and chilly nooks where we find those great patches of blue gentian or purple anemone, which hang like monstrous breadths of tapestry upon the mountain sides. This heather here, now fully opening in the warmer sun of the southern counties—it is still but in the bud among the Scotch hills, I doubt not—specially lays itself out for the humble bee, and its masses form about his highest pasture-grounds; but the butterflies—insect vagrants that they are—have no fixed home, and they therefore stray far above the level at which bee-blossoms altogether cease to grow. Now, the butterfly differs greatly from the bee in his mode of honey-hunting; he does not bustle about in a business-like manner from one buttercup or dead-nettle to its nearest fellow; but he flits joyously, like a sauntering straggler that he is, from a great patch of color here to another great patch at a distance, whose gleam happens to strike his roving eye by its size and brilliancy. Hence, as that indefatigable

observer, Dr. Herman Müller, has noticed, all Alpine or hill-top flowers have very large and conspicuous blossoms, generally grouped together in big clusters so as to catch a passing glance of the butterfly's eye. As soon as the insect spies such a cluster, the color seems to act as a stimulant to his broad wings, just as the candle-light does to those of his cousin, the moth. Off he sails at once, as if by automatic action, toward the distant patch, and there both robs the plant of its honey and at the same time carries to it on his legs and head fertilizing pollen from the last of its congeners which he favored with a call. For of course both bees and butterflies stick on the whole to a single species at a time; or else the flowers would only get uselessly hybridised instead of being impregnated with pollen from other plants of their own kind. For this purpose it is that most plants lay themselves out to secure the attention of only two or three varieties among their insect allies, while they make their nectaries either too deep or too shallow for the convenience of all other kinds.—*The Evolutionist at Large.*



ALLEN, MRS. ELIZABETH (CHASE) (pseudonym, "Florence Percy"), an American poet, also known as Mrs. Akers Allen (from Paul Akers, the sculptor, her first husband), was born in Strong, Me., October 9, 1832. She began writing at a very early age, and published her first volume, *Forest Buds*, in 1855. Soon after this she became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals. Her second volume of poems appeared in 1866, in which is her well-known poem *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother*. Later appeared *The Silver Bridge and Other Poems* (1886); *Gold Nails to Hang Memories On* (1890), and *The High-Top Sweeting* (1891). From 1873 to 1879 Mrs. Allen was the literary editor of the Portland, Me., *Advertiser*. Many of her poems have been set to music.

IN A GARRET.

This realm is sacred to the silent past;
  Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare
Of dust and dreams; the years are long since last
  A stranger's footfall pressed the creaking stair.

This room no housewife's tidy hand disturbs;
  And here, like some strange presence, ever clings
A homesick smell of dry forgotten herbs—
  A musty odor as of mouldering things.

Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose,
  For fancied virtues prized, in days of yore,

Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap by those
  Whose earthly ills are healed for evermore.

Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread,
  And weaves her silken tapestry unseen,
Veiling the rough-hewn timbers overhead,
  And looping gossamer festoons between.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof,
  Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,
Like tall fantastic ghosts, which stand aloof,
  Holding grim converse with the long ago.

Here lie remembrances of childish joys—
  Old fairy-volumes, conned and conned again,
A cradle, and a heap of battered toys,
  Once loved by babes who now are bearded men.

Here, in the summer, at a broken pane,
  The yellow wasps come in, and buzz and build
Among the rafters; wind and snow and rain
  All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

This mildewed chest behind the chimney, holds
  Old letters, stained and nibbled, faintly show
The faded phrases on the tattered folds
  Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who may know?

I turn a page like one who plans a crime,
  And lo! love's prophecies and sweet regrets,
A tress of chestnut hair, a love-lorn rhyme,
  And fragrant dust that once was violets.

I wonder if the small sleek mouse, that shaped
  His winter nest between these time-stained beams,
Was happier that his bed was lined and draped
  With the bright warp and woof of youthful dreams?

Here where the gray incessant spiders spin,
  Shrouding from view the sunny world outside,
A golden bumblebee has blundered in
  And lost the way to liberty, and died.

So the lost present drops into the past;
  So the warm living heart, that loves the light,
Faints in the unresponsive darkness vast
  Which hides time's buried mysteries from sight.

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?
  Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once more;
Leave the dead years to silence and to dust,
  And close again the long unopened door.

—*The High-Top Sweeting.*

ALLEN, JAMES LANE, an American novelist and poet, born in Fayette County, Ky., December 21, 1849. His early education was received in a private school on his father's plantation, and in this school he was also fitted for college. He entered Kentucky University at Lexington, and in 1872 graduated as bachelor of arts, later earning the degree of master of arts. He engaged as instructor in the University and as principal of the Preparatory Academy connected with it and, afterward, as a professor at his alma mater and at Bethany College, W. Va. In 1898 Kentucky University conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. Mr. Allen did not make his debut as a writer until about thirty-five years of age. His first published work was in verse, and appeared in various magazines. He won a recognized place at once because of the remarkable excellence of his style. Short stories followed the verses. His published works are: *Flute and Violin* (1891); *The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky* (1892); *John Gray, A Kentucky Tale of the Olden Time* (1893); *A Kentucky Cardinal* (1894); *Aftermath* (1895); *Summer in Arcady* (1897), and *The Choir Invisible.* Many of the sketches included in these volumes were first published in *Harper's* and *The Century.* In speaking of Mr. Allen's works in general, a prominent critic says: "In telling a story of vital interest, Mr. Allen gives us a record of value to every student of history or of the historic aspect of society, a study of the civilization of a century ago, not merely of

Kentucky, but of the young Republic. He reproduces with the utmost faithfulness the landscape, manners, customs, and characters of the time, with some of those problems which belong to no time, but are always as old as the race and as new as the individual."

REV. JAMES MOORE.

On one of the dim walls of Christ Church, in Lexington, Ky., there hangs, framed in thin black wood, an old rectangular slab of marble. A legend sets forth that the tablet is in memory of the Reverend James Moore, first minister of Christ Church and President of Transylvania University, who departed this life in the year 1814, at the age of forty-nine. Just beneath runs the record that he was learned, liberal, amiable, and pious.

Save this concise but not unsatisfactory summary, little is now known touching the reverend gentleman. A search through other sources of information does, indeed, result in reclaiming certain facts. Thus, it appears that he was a Virginian, and that he came to Lexington in the year 1792, when Kentucky ceased to be a county of Virginia, and became a State. At first he was a candidate for the ministry of the Presbyterian church; but the Transylvania Presbytery having reproved him for the liberality of his sermons, James kicked against such rigor in his brethren, and turned for refuge to the bosom of the Episcopal communion. But this body did not offer much of a bosom to take refuge in.

Virginia Episcopalians there were in and around the little wooden town; but so rampant was the spirit of the French Revolution and the influence of French infidelity that a celebrated local historian, who knew thoroughly the society of the place, though writing of it long afterward, declared that about the last thing it would have been thought possible to establish there was an Episcopal church.

Not so thought James. He beat the cane-brakes and scoured the buffalo trails for his Virginia Episcopalians,

huddled them into a dilapidated little frame-house on the site of the present building, and there fired so deadly a volley of sermons at the sinners free of charge, that they all became living Christians. Indeed, he fired so long and so well that several years later—under favor of Heaven and through the success of a lottery with a one-thousand-dollar prize, and nine hundred and seventy-four blanks—there was built and furnished a small brick church, over which he was regularly called to officiate twice a month at a salary of two hundred dollars a year.

Here authentic history ends, except for the additional fact that in the university he sat in the chair of logic, metaphysics, moral philosophy, and belles-lettres—a large chair to sit in, with ill-matched legs and most uncertain bottom. Another authority is careful to state that he had a singularly sweet breath and beautiful manners. Thus, it has been well with the parson, as respects his posthumous fame; for how many of our fellow-creatures are learned without being amiable, amiable without being pious, and pious without having beautiful manners!

And yet the best that may be related of him is not told in the books; and it is only when we have allowed the dust to settle once more upon the histories, and have peered deep into the mists of oral tradition, that the parson is discovered standing there in spirit and the flesh, but muffled and ghost-like, as a figure seen through a dense fog.

A tall, thinnish man, with silky, pale-brown hair, worn long and put back behind his ears, the high tops of which bent forward a little under the weight, and thus took on the most remarkable air of paying incessant attention to everybody and everything; set far out in front of these ears, as though it did not wish to be disturbed by what was heard, a white, wind-splitting face, calm, beardless, and seeming never to have been cold, or to have dropped the kindly dew of perspiration; gray eyes, patient and dreamy, being habitually turned inward upon a mind toiling with hard abstractions; having within him a conscience burning always like a planet; a bachelor—being a logician; therefore sweet-

tempered, never having sipped the sour cup of experience; gazing covertly at womankind from behind the delicate veil of unfamiliarity that lends enchantment; being a bachelor and a bookworm, therefore, already old at forty, and a little run-down in his toilets, a little frayed out at the elbows and the knees, a little seamy along the back, a little deficient at the heels; in pocket poor always, and always the poorer because of a spendthrift habit in the matter of secret charities; kneeling down by his small, hard bed every morning and praying that during the day his logical faculty might discharge its function morally, and that his moral faculty might discharge its function logically, and that over all the operations of all his other faculties he might find heavenly grace to exercise both a logical and a moral control; at night kneeling down again to ask forgiveness that, despite his prayer of the morning, one or more of these same faculties—he knew and called them all familiarly by name, being a metaphysician—had gone wrong in a manner the most abnormal, shameless, and unforeseen; thus, on the whole, a man shy and dry, gentle, lovable, timid, resolute, forgetful, remorseful, eccentric, impulsive, thinking too well of every human creature but himself, an illogical logician, an erring moralist, a wool-gathering philosopher, but, humanly speaking, almost a perfect man.

But the magic flute? Ah, yes! The magic flute!

Well, the parson had a flute—a little one—and the older he grew, and the more patient and dreamy his gray eyes, always the more devotedly he blew his little friend. How the fond soul must have loved it! They say that during his last days, as he lay propped high on white pillows, once, in a moment of wandering consciousness, he stretched forth his hand, and in fancy lifting it from the white counterpane, carried it gently to his lips. Then, as his long delicate fingers traced out the spirit ditties of no tone, and his mouth pursed itself in the fashion of one who is softly blowing, his whole face was overspread with a halo of ecstatic peace.

And yet, for all the love he bore it, the parson was never known to blow his flute between the hours of sunrise and sunset—that is, never but once. Alas, that

memorable day! But when the night fell and he came home—home to the two-story log-house of the widow Spurlock; when the widow had given him his supper of coffee, sweetened with brown sugar; hot johnny-cake, with perhaps a cold joint of venison and cabbage pickle; when he had taken from the supper-table, by her permission, the solitary tallow-dip in its little brass candlestick and climbed the rude, steep stairs to his room above; when he had pulled the leathern string that lifted the latch, entered, shut the door behind him on the world, placed the candle on a little deal table covered with text-books and sermons, and seated himself beside it in a rush-bottomed chair, then—he began to play? No; then there was a dead silence.

For about half an hour this silence continued. The widow Spurlock used to say that the parson was giving his supper time to settle; but alas! it must have settled almost immediately, so heavy was the johnny-cake. Howbeit, at the close of such an interval, anyone standing at the foot of the steps below, or listening beneath at the window on the street outside, would have heard the silence broken.

At first the parson blew low, peculiar notes, such as a kind and faithful shepherd might blow at nightfall as an invitation for his scattered, wandering sheep to gather home about him. Perhaps it was a way he had of calling in the disordered flock of his faculties—some weary, some wounded, some torn by thorns, some with their fleeces—which had been washed white in the morning prayer—now bearing many a stain. But when they had all answered, as it were, to this musical roll-call, and had taken their due places within the fold of his brain, obedient, attentive, however weary, however suffering—then the flute was laid aside, and once more there fell upon the room intense stillness; the poor student had entered upon his long, nightly labors.—*Flute and Violin.*

ALLERTON, ELLEN (PALMER), an American poetess, born at Centreville, N. Y., in 1835; died at Padonia, Kan., September, 1893. In 1862 she was married to Mr. Alpheus Allerton, with whom she took up her home in Wisconsin, where they resided until 1879, when they removed to Hamlin, Kan. Mrs. Allerton early manifested a fondness for literature, but wrote little for publication until after her marriage, when she began to contribute largely, especially in verse, to the newspapers in the far west. A volume of these poems was collected in 1885, under the title of *Annabel, and other Poems. Poems of the Prairies* appeared in 1889. The title-poem of this volume had never before been published, and indeed hardly equals the spirit and freshness of the earlier and shorter pieces, which are imbued with the fresh, vigorous spirit of civilized life on the broad, fertile prairies. One of these poems, which stands as a sort of motto for the whole, is:

MY AMBITION.

I have my own ambition. It is not
  To mount on eagle wings and soar away
Beyond the palings of our common lot,
  Scorning the griefs and joys of every day;
I would be human—toiling like the rest,
With tender human heart-beats in my breast. . . .

And so beside my door I sit and sing
  My simple strains—now sad, now light and gay,
Happy if this or that but wake one string,
  Whose low, sweet echoes give me back the lay.
And happier still, if girded by my song,
Some strained and tempted soul stands firm and strong. . . .

I send my thought its kindred thought to greet,
  Out to the far frontier, through crowded town.
Friendship is precious, sympathy is sweet;
  So these be mine, I ask no laurel crown.
Such my ambition, which I here unfold;
So it be granted, mine is wealth untold.

One of the freshest and most characteristic of these prairie poems is the following:

WALLS OF CORN.

Smiling and beautiful, heaven's dome
Bends softly over our prairie home.

But the wide, wide lands that stretched away
Before my eyes in the days of May—

The rolling prairie's billowy swell
Breezy upland and the timbered dell,

Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.

All the wide world is narrowed down
To walls of corn, now sere and brown.

What do they hold, those walls of corn
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn?

He who questions may soon be told,
A great State's wealth these walls enfold.

No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warder's horn;

Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming gold,
Left all unbarred though thieves are bold:—

Clothes and food for the toiling poor,
Wealth to heap at the rich man's door;

Meat for the healthy, and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in chambers dim;

Shoes for the barefooted, pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;

Things of use for the lowly cot,
Where (bless the corn) want cometh not;

Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Gifts of a rich and fertile land.

All these things, and so many more
It would fill a book to name them o'er,

Are hid and held in walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn.

Where do they stand, these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn?—

Open the atlas, conned by rule
In the olden days of the district school;

Point to the rich and bounteous land
That yields such fruits to the toiler's hand.

"Treeless desert," they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsook by men.

Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairies rolled.

Who would have dared, with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?

And how would the wise ones have laughed in scorn,
Had the prophet foretold these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn!

ALLIBONE, SAMUEL AUSTIN, LL.D., an American bibliographer, born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1816; died in Switzerland, September 2, 1889. Although actively engaged in mercantile business, he was an earnest student in English literature, edited for several years the publications of the American Sunday-School Union, and contributed largely to the *North American Review* and other periodicals. In 1882 he became librarian of the newly established Lenox Library, in New York. His works, which are mainly bibliographical compilations, include a *Critical Dictionary of English Literature* (3 vols., 1858–71); *Poetical Quotations, from Chaucer to Tennyson* (1873); *Prose Quotations, from Socrates to Macaulay* (1875), and *Great Authors of All Ages* (1879). His greatest work is the *Critical Dictionary of English Literature*, from the earliest period down to the latter half of the nineteenth century, "containing over forty-six thousand authors, with forty indexes of subjects." It is safe to say that there is scarcely a writer in the language who has during the long period in question produced any book worthy of remembrance who is not described with more or less detail in these volumes. The articles relating to the great writers in our language are full as to the works themselves, and embody also the critical estimates of them as enunciated by the

best authorities. In the preface and introduction to this work Mr. Allibone sets forth with some minuteness the object which he had in view in its compilation. We group together a few of his most characteristic sentences:

PURPOSE OF THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

It has been computed that of the 650,000 volumes in the English language, about 50,000 would repay a perusal. Suppose a person to read 100 pages a day, or 100 volumes a year, it would require 500 years to exhaust such a library. How important is it, then, to know what to read; and how shall this knowledge be obtained? If there be an advantage in full definition, in alphabetical arrangement, and consequent facility of reference in a Dictionary of Words, why should we not have a Dictionary of Books and Authors, as well as of Words? It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the obvious advantages of such a work, there was none such in print before the present publication. There were, indeed, meagre "Compendiums" of English Literature, and "Comprehensive Cyclopædias," the largest of which (with the exception of a book of titles of Works) contains about 850 out of more than 30,000 authors. Much of such knowledge, too, is found scattered here and there in expensive biographical compilations, which can never become popular, because very costly, and are, indeed, insufficient authorities in literary history. Deeply lamenting this serious deficiency in the English Republic of Letters, the compiler determined to undertake the preparation of the long-desired work, and he has now the pleasure of presenting to the public the result of his labors extending over a long period, and pursued with unwearied zeal. The principal features of the work are the following:

1. It is arranged in alphabetical order, to insure facility of reference.—2. While professing to chronicle only British and American authors, we have sometimes overlooked the question of nativity, and enrolled a

writer whose insignia of literary nobility could properly be quartered on an English field; such as Anselm, Lanfranc, Benoit De Sainte Maur, Peter of Blois, and Joseph Blanco White.—3. As a general rule, a succinct biography is given of each author of note. The length of such notice, of course, depends upon his prominence as an individual, and his rank as an author. Those of the first class, numbering several thousands, are treated at considerable length; less space is devoted to those less distinguished.—4. Compilers of manuals of literature have almost universally fallen into the great error of giving their own opinions almost exclusively upon the merits of the authors under consideration. Now these opinions may be valuable or not. This capital error is avoided in the present work. The compiler occasionally ventures an opinion of his own; but this will be merely supplemental to opinions better known and more highly appreciated by the reading public. As a carefully prepared record of the opinions of great men upon great men, this book will prove an invaluable guide to the student of literary history.—5. The laudable curiosity of the bibliomaniac, or lover of rare works, is not forgotten in these volumes.—6. The second division of the work consists of a copious Index of Subjects, so that the inquirer can find at a glance all the authors of any note in the language, arranged under the subject or subjects upon which they have written. The compiler thus presents to the public, in a single work, a Comprehensive Manual of English Literature—Authors and Subjects—a Manual which is to the Literature of the language what an ordinary Dictionary is to the Words of the language. . . .

In conclusion, we would impress upon our readers the duty of the zealous pursuit of those paths of learning and science which lead to usefulness, happiness, and honor. Be not dismayed by the apparently unattractive character of much of the scenery through which you must pass. Persevere; and distaste will soon yield to pleasure, and repugnance give place to enjoyment. An ever-present and influential sense of the importance of the goal will do wonders in overcoming the difficulties of the way. To those Israel-

ites whose hearts fainted for a sight of their beloved Temple, the sands of the desert and the perils of the road presented no obstacles which their energy and their faith could not surmount. The arid "Valley of Baca" to them became a well; for, in the beautiful language of the Psalmist, "the rain also filleth the pools."—*Preface to Dictionary of English Literature.*

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM, an Irish poet, born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1828; died 1889. He began to contribute to literary periodicals at an early age, and, removing to England, he was appointed to a position in the customs. For several years he was editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, in which many of his poems first appeared. Among these is *Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland*, which contains nearly five thousand lines, and sketches the characteristic features of contemporary Irish life. His first volume of poems was published in 1850. This was followed by *Day and Night Songs* (1854); *Fifty Modern Poems* (1865); and *Songs, Poems, and Ballads* (1877), consisting of revised versions of many pieces before published, with the addition of many new ones. His *Lawrence Bloomfield* was also republished in a separate volume, in 1869. In 1874 he was married to Helen Paterson (born in 1848), an artist of very decided merit in water-colors, and a draughtsman upon wood. Although Mr. Allingham is of English descent, and has resided during most of his manhood in or near London, most of the themes of his poetry are derived from his native Ireland. His birthplace, Ballyshannon, is fondly referred to as

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where everyone is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own.

Mr. Allingham's poems, though not rising to the highest grade of art, are yet genuine in their way, evincing a fine feeling for nature, graceful fancy, and poetic diction, free from all obscurity and mysticism.

TO THE NIGHTINGALES.

You sweet fastidious nightingales!
The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,
By Avondhu and rich Lough Lene,
Through many a grove and bowerlet green,
Fair-mirrored round the loitering skiff.
The purple peak, the tinted cliff,
The glen where mountain-torrents rave,
And foliage blinds their leaping wave,
Broad emerald meadows filled with flowers,
Embosomed ocean-bays are ours
With all their isles; and mystic towers
Lonely and gray, deserted long,
Less sad if they might hear that perfect song:

What scared ye? (ours, I think, of old)
The sombre fowl hatched in the cold?
King Henry's Normans, mailed and stern,
Smiters of galloglas and kern?
Or, most and worst, fraternal feud,
Which sad Ierne long hath rued?
Forsook ye, when the Geraldine,
Great chieftain of a glorious line,
Was haunted on his hills and slain,
And, one to France and one to Spain,
The remnant of the race withdrew?
Was it from anarchy ye flew,
And fierce oppression's bigot crew,
Wild complaint, and menace hoarse,
Misled, misleading voices, loud and coarse?

Come back, O birds, or come at last!
For Ireland's furious days are past;
And, purged of enmity and wrong,
Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong.

Why should we miss that pure delight?
Brief is the journey, swift the flight;
And Hesper finds no fairer maids
In Spanish bowers or English glades,
No loves more true on any shore,
No lovers loving music more.
Melodious Erin, warm of heart,
Entreats you; stay not then apart,
But bid the merles and throstles know
(And ere another May-time go)
Their place is in the second row.
Come to the west, dear nightingales!
The rose and myrtle bloom in Irish vales.

ALLSTON, WASHINGTON, an American painter and author, born at Waccamaw, S. C., November 5, 1779; died at Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1843. He entered Harvard College in 1796, and afterward began the study of medicine, which he soon abandoned for art. He went to London, where he became intimate with his countryman, Benjamin West, then President of the Royal Academy. In 1804 he proceeded to Rome, where he remained several years, finally returning to America in 1809. Two years after he again visited Europe, and gained the prize of two hundred guineas offered by the British Institution. In 1819, after having been chosen an Associate of the Royal Academy, he took up his permanent residence at Cambridge, Mass., devoting himself to art and letters. He is best known as a painter, the subjects of most of his pictures being drawn from the Old Testament. He was for many years engaged upon a great work, *Belshazzar's Feast*, which was painted over and over, and was finally left unfinished. He was twice married; his first wife, who died in 1813, being the sister of William Ellery Channing; the second, to whom he was married in 1830, was a sister of Richard H. Dana. He had the capacity for taking a high rank among the authors, as well as the painters of his generation, but his published writings are few. They

might all be comprised in two moderate volumes. In prose there is *Monaldi*, an Italian romance, published in 1841, but written at least twenty years before; *The Hypochondriac*, a short magazine story, and four *Lectures on Art*. He had intended to write two more lectures; but, although the first was written about 1830, the series was never completed, and the four were not published until after his death, when they were given to the press by Richard H. Dana, Jr., with a brief memoir of the author. This volume also contains the poetical works of Allston. These consist of *The Sylphs of the Seasons*, published in 1813, and some other poems written at intervals during many years. Among these are *America to Great Britain*, in 1810, which was, seven years later, inserted by Coleridge in his *Sibylline Leaves*, with the following note: "This poem, written by an American gentleman, a valued and dear friend, I communicate to the reader for its moral no less than its poetic spirit."

AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While Tritons of the deep

With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine;—
O'er the main our naval line
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in fame.

Though ages long have past
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;—
While this with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul
Still cling around our hearts—
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one."

Several of Allston's sonnets are of high merit. Among them are:

ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The earth has had her visitation. Like to this
She hath not known, save when the mounting waters
Made of her orb one universal ocean.
For now the tree that grew in Paradise,

That deadly tree that first gave Evil motion,
And sent its poison through earth's sons and daughters,
Had struck again its root in every land,
And now its fruit was ripe—about to fall—
And now a mighty kingdom raised the hand,
To pluck and eat. Then from his throne stepped forth
The King of Hell, and stood upon the earth:
But not, as once, upon the earth to crawl.
A nation's congregated form he took
Till, drunk with sin and blood, earth to her centre shook.

ON ART.

O Art, high gift of Heaven! how oft defamed
When seeming praised! To most a craft that fits,
By dead prescriptive rule, the scattered bits
Of gathered knowledge; even so misnamed
By some who would invoke thee; but not so
By him—the noble Tuscan—who gave birth
To forms unseen of man, unknown to earth,
Now living habitants. He felt the glow
Of thy revealing touch, that brought to view
The invisible idea; and he knew,
E'en by his inward sense, its form was true:
'Twas life to life, responding—the highest truth
So through Elisha's faith, the Hebrew youth
Beheld the thin blue air to fiery chariots grow.

ON THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE.

And art thou gone, most loved, most honored friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth its pure ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed deep,
The human soul; as when, pushed off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seemed
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below; yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us streamed.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living truths are left.

ON IMMORTALITY.

To think for aye; to breathe immortal breath;
And know nor hope, nor fear, of ending death;
To see the myriad worlds that round us roll
Wax old and perish, while the steadfast soul
Stands fresh and moveless in her sphere of thought:
O God, omnipotent! who in me wrought
This conscious world, whose ever-growing orb—
When the dead past shall all in time absorb—
Will be but as begun: Oh, of thine own,
Give of the holy light that veils thy throne,
That darkness be not mine, to take my place
Beyond the reach of light, a blot in space!
So may this wondrous life from sin made free
Reflect thy Love for aye, and to thy glory be.

ALMQVIST, KARL JONAS LUDWIG, a Swedish novelist and writer, born at Stockholm, November 28, 1793; died at Bremen, September 26, 1866. He commenced life under promising circumstances, but being of a restless disposition, he severed his connection with the university, resigning his place in the capital, and, with a number of boon companions, settled in the wilds of Wermland; but his visions of the enjoyments of Scandinavian life were soon dissipated, and he discovered that the wielding of the pen was more preferable and to his taste than guiding a plough, and the year 1829 found him once more a resident of Stockholm, at which time his literary career began. Soon after he set out upon this new kind of work, and after writing some educational books, he published his great novel, *The Book of the Thorn-Rose*, which brought him at once into prominence. From this time onward his progress was remarkable. Almqvist was equalled by few writers in the quantity and versatility of his works. Among his more noted additions to the modern literature of Sweden are his writings on religious edification, studies in lexicography and history, in mathematics and philology; his treatises on philosophy, æsthetics, morals, politics, and education; lectures, romances, and lyrical, epic, and dramatic poems. Among his books are *Gabriele*, *Mimanso*,

Amalie Hillner, *Araminta May*, *Kolumbine*, *Marjam*. His diction is so fine that the first place in the list of Swedish writers has been accorded him. His roving nature led him to resign one profitable position after another, and he was at last dependent altogether upon what his literary and journalistic labors brought him. His brilliant novels and pamphlets grew more vehement with his expanding socialistic notions, which caused his friends to desert him and his enemies to rejoice in their victory over him; but the criticism of former friend and foe alike ceased in 1851, when they learned of the astounding news that Almqvist had escaped from Sweden in order to avoid the punishment due him upon his being convicted of forgery, and the crime of murder being laid at his door; and he was lost to view for a considerable period. It is now known, however, that he took up his abode in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. While on a journey to Texas, bandits relieved him of all his manuscripts, including several unprinted novels. He made a personal appeal to President Lincoln, to whom he was for a time private secretary, but the stolen, and to him valuable, property was never recovered. He ended his strange career one year after his return to Europe in 1865.

THE BATTLE OF THE LORD.

God draws His awful weapon,
To smite the world he loves;
But, lo! the world is worthy,
For she his image proves:—

His battle-lightning striketh,
And lays her heart's core bare;
But, lo! that heart him liketh:
It grows divinely fair!
Hail! war of God, that shakest earth!
Hail! peace of God, thus brought to birth!
—*Translated for* THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.

THE DESERTED CHURCH.

Azouras remained within the church; and, placing himself beside the stairs leading to the organ-loft of this once famous cloister of St. Clara, she watched the people as they departed one by one, until, herself unobserved, she heard the sexton and the church-keeper go out; and as the last door closed, she emerged from her place of concealment. Here, then, was our Azouras shut in from the world and from all mankind, alone in this great building, into which the lavish sun was pouring its golden light. Ignorant of ecclesiastical customs, she yet remembered indistinctly the religious services to which she had accompanied her mother long ago. Walking up the aisle, a strange, sad feeling of loneliness, and an apprehension of impending danger, possessed her beating heart; and she longed for the old freedom of the forest. At the railing of the altar she was about to kneel, remembering that she had once seen many people there upon their knees; but then it struck her that the decorated cushions were not for her. On the bare stones of the floor outside, however, she knelt with folded hands. But now, now what to do, or where to turn; or what use was it all anyway? She looked everywhere, for something, something to lean upon; but where, where, where was it? She prayed to the long, straight pipes of the organ; she looked beseechingly to the empty pulpit; then to the pews; but help came not. She remembered that she had once seen a couple of clericals in gowns moving around inside the railing and handing out something to the kneelers; and now she was kneeling on the stones, and nobody was here to offer her anything, whether it might have been for good or for nothing at all. Azouras wept.

Still kneeling, she looked through the great windows at the noonday sky that was all ablaze with light. But it was light only; no stars; not even the sun, that was hidden behind the window post. Only light; nothing to rest her weary eyes upon. She looked down; a tombstone was beneath her knees; and on it Swedish names, and all well known to her. "But, oh! I have no name! My many names have all been borrowed. No one has written me down in a book; and none says, Poor Azouras!" And Azouras wept again. And then an invisible something within felt sorry for the poor visible something without, and echoed: "Poor Azouras Tintomara!" And then Azouras wept bitterly. "God is dead; but I must live; for I am a woman." And Azouras wept more bitterly still. And as the day fled, and the vespers struck, the bells of the tower rang out their solemn peal. Then the keys of the door, rattling in the lock, warned the heathen girl to hide herself in her corner. Ere the congregation had assembled, Azouras, like an evanescent cloud, had vanished from before the altar. And as she stole away from the great building, and came out into the churchyard, and left by the northern gate, there mingled with the receding tones of the organ a harmony of soul that sang of happiness; and in the fragrant air she stood a radiant being of joy and hope. Whether because that Azouras had wept, or that the unseen Helper had scattered the fears of the heart of Azouras, who shall say?—*From the Törnrosens Bok, Translated for* THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.

AMADIS OF GAUL is the mythical hero of one of the most famous of the mediæval romances of chivalry. The romance was written by the Portuguese Vasco de Lobeira, who died in 1403. The original Portuguese story has perished, and a Spanish version made by Montalvo, nearly a century later, is practically the original of the romance as we have it, which was a great favorite in its day, was translated into many languages, expanded into many times its original length, and was perhaps the best, certainly the most popular, of the romances of chivalry. Amadis, in the romance, is the son of a king of Gaul, who is represented to have lived somewhere about the beginning of the Christian era. He goes through many adventures in all the known and unknown world, and marries Oriana, daughter of Lisuarte, King of North Britain. One of the most characteristic and most pleasing passages in this romance is that which describes the early loves of Amadis and Oriana:

AMADIS AND ORIANA.

Now Lisuarte brought with him to Scotland Brisena, his wife, and a daughter that he had by her when he dwelt in Denmark, named Oriana, about ten years old, and the fairest creature that ever was seen; so fair that she was called "Without Peer," since in her time there was none equal to her. And because she suffered much

from the sea, he consented to leave her there, asking the King Laguines, and his Queen, that they would take care of her. And they were very glad therewith ; and the Queen said, " Trust me that I will have such a care of her as a mother would."

And Lisuarte, entering into his ships, made haste back into Great Britain, and found there some who had made disturbances, such as are wont to be in such cases. And for this cause, he remembered not him of his daughter, for some space of time. But at last, with much toil that he took, he obtained his kingdom ; and he was the best king that ever was before his time ; nor did any afterward better maintain knighthood in its rights, till King Arthur reigned, who surpassed all the kings before him in goodness ; though the number that reigned between these two was great.

And now Lisuarte reigned in peace and quietness in Great Britain. The Child of the Sea, Amadis, was twelve years old, but in size and limbs seemed to be fifteen. He served before the Queen, and was much loved of her, as he was of all the ladies and damsels. But as soon as Oriana, the daughter of King Lisuarte, came there, she gave to her the Child of the Sea, that he should serve her, saying, " This is a child who shall serve you." And she answered that it pleased her. And the child kept this word in his heart, in such wise that it never afterward left it ; and, as this history truly says, he was never, in all the days of his life, wearied with serving her. And this their love lasted as long as they lasted. But the Child of the Sea, who knew not at all how she loved him, held himself to be very bold, in that he had placed his thoughts on her ; considering both her greatness and her beauty, and never so much as dared to speak any word to her concerning it. And she, though she loved him in her heart, took heed that she should not speak with him more than with another. But her eyes took great solace in showing to her heart what thing in the world she most loved.

Thus they lived silently together, neither saying aught to the other of this estate. Then came, at last, the time when the Child of the Sea understood within

himself that he might take arms, if any there were that would make him a knight. And this he desired, because he considered that he should thus become such a man and should do such things as that either he should perish in them, or, if he lived, that then his lady should deal gently with him.

And with this desire he went to the King, who was in his garden, and kneeling before him, said: "Sire, if it please you, it is now time that I should be made a knight," and the King said, "How, Child of the Sea, do you already adventure to maintain knighthood? Know that it is a light matter to come by it, but a weighty thing to maintain it. And whoso seeks to get this name of knighthood and maintain it in its honor, he hath to do so many and such grievous things that often his heart is wearied out; and if he should be such a knight that, from faint-heartedness or cowardice, he should fail to do what is beseeming, then it would be better for him to die than to live in shame. Therefore I hold it good that you wait yet a little." But the Child of the Sea said to him: "Neither for all this will I fail to be a knight; for, if I had not thought to fulfil this that you have said, my heart would not so have striven to be a knight."—*Translation of* TICKNOR.

AMBROSE, or AMBROSIUS, SAINT, a father of the Latin Church, born at Treves, Prussia, about A.D. 340; died at Milan, Italy, in April, 394. He studied at Rome, and about 369 he was sent as Consular Prefect to Upper Italy. Five years later he was elected Bishop of Milan, notwithstanding he was an unbaptized civilian. He ably espoused the cause of the Catholics against the Arians and the pagan writers, and excommunicated the Emperor Theodosius for the part he had taken in the massacre at Thessalonica. Hodgkin, in his *Italy and Her Invaders*, says of Saint Ambrose: "He was elected, while still an unbaptized catechumen and governor of the province, to the post of Bishop of Milan, having entered the church with his troops to quell the fury of the partisans of the two rival candidates. While he soothed the people with his wise words, a little child, so the story runs, suddenly called out 'Ambrose is Bishop;' the words were caught up and carried round the church by the rapturous acclamation of the whole multitude." Concerning the great power of Ambrosius with the people, it has been said: "Many circumstances in his history are strongly characteristic of the general spirit of the times. The chief causes of his victory over his opponents were his great popularity and the superstitious reverence paid to the episcopal

character at that period. But it must also be noted that he used several indirect means to obtain and support his authority with the people. He was liberal to the poor; it was his custom to comment severely in his preaching on the public characters of the times; and he introduced popular reforms in the order and manner of public worship." Speaking of a number of stories of miracles wrought in behalf of Ambrosius, Dr. Cave says: "I make no doubt but God suffered them to be wrought at this time on purpose to confront the Arian impieties." Ambrosius was a voluminous writer in defence of the Catholic faith. His *Hexaëmeron* is a homiletical treatise on the history of the creation. His *Hymns*, which have exercised a powerful influence among Christians of all later ages, are largely devoted to the Trinity and to the divinity of Christ. Another of his works, which has been much read by theological scholars, is *De Officiis Ministrorum;* and the "Ambrosian Ritual" has been traditionally ascribed to him.

ON THE SIN UNTO DEATH.

How could John say that we should not pray for the sin unto death, who himself in the Apocalypse wrote the message to the angel of the church of Pergamos? "Thou hast there those that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to put a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornification. So hast thou also them that hold the doctrines of the Nicolaitans. Repent likewise, or else I will come to thee quickly."* Do you see that the same God who requires repentance

* Rev. ii. 14, 15, 16.

promises forgiveness? And then He says: "He that hath ears let him hear what the spirit saith to the churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna."*

Did not John himself know that Stephen prayed for his persecutors, who had not been able even to listen to the Name of Christ, when he said of those very men by whom he was being stoned: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge?"† And we see the result of this prayer in the case of the Apostle, for Paul, who kept the garments of those who were stoning Stephen, not long after became an apostle by the Grace of God, having before been a persecutor.—*Translated by* DE ROMESTIN.

THE STUDY OF THE CREATION.

It is not by the nature of the elements, but by the nature of Christ, who hath done all things according to His will, abounding in the fulness of His Godhead, that we are to order our thoughts of what was made, and our inquiries into that which nature could bring about. Even as in the Gospel, when He was curing the leprous, and pouring light anew on the eyes of the blind, the people present and beholding His works acknowledged not any course of medical cure, but in admiration of the Lord's power, gave, as it is written, glory to God. Nor was it on calculation of the number of the Egyptians, the combinations of the heavenly bodies, the proportions of the elements, that Moses stretched forth his hand to the division of the Red Sea, but in simple obedience to the commandment of God's power. Whence also he saith himself, "Thy right hand, O Lord, hath waxed glorious in power: Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." That way, therefore, that way do ye lift up your minds, O ye who form this holy congregation; and turn your whole spirit in that direction. God seeth not as man seeth: God looketh on the heart, man on the outward appearance. By the same rule, neither doth man see as God doth. Thou hearest that God saw and approved: far be it then to judge by thine

* Rev. ii. 17. † Acts vii. 60.

eyes of the things which He made, or by thine own thoughts to argue concerning them; rather, what God saw, and approved, see that thou account not those things matter of free discussion.—*Translation by* KEBLE.

Saint Ambrose introduced the method of singing or chanting known as the "Ambrosian Chant."

PRAYER OF SAINT AMBROSE.

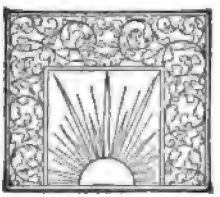
Before the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with Thy wonted favor, Thou
Wouldst be our guard and keeper now.
From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.
Our Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.
—NEALE'S *Translation.*

AMBROSIAN PASCHAL HYMN.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd side;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.
Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

—*Translated by* THOMAS CAMPBELL.



AMES, FISHER, an American orator, statesman, and writer, born at Dedham, Mass., April 9, 1758; died there, July 4, 1808. He graduated at Harvard College in 1774; was a teacher for a short time; studied law; wrote occasionally on political topics in the newspapers; was chosen as representative to the State Legislature in 1788; and in the following year was elected as Representative in the first Congress convened under the new Constitution. He retained his seat throughout the two terms of the administration of Washington, whose policy received his earnest support. His most notable speech in Congress was delivered April 28, 1796, in support of a motion "that it is expedient to pass the laws necessary to carry into effect the treaty lately concluded between the United States and the King of Great Britain." His health had by this time become greatly impaired; and in the opening of this speech he said: "I entertain the hope—perhaps a rash one—that my strength will hold me out to speak a few minutes." After leaving Congress he retired to his farm at Dedham, still however writing largely upon public affairs. In February, 1800, at the request of the Legislature of Massachusetts, he delivered a *Eulogy on Washington*, and in 1804 wrote an appreciative *Sketch of the Character of Alexander Hamilton*, who had recently been killed in a duel with Aaron

Burr. A collection of the *Works of Fisher Ames* was issued in 1854 by his son. It comprises a brief memoir, a large number of letters, his most important speeches, and a score or two of political, literary, and miscellaneous essays. The essay on *American Literature*, written early in the present century, does not present a very flattering picture of its condition and prospects at that period.

EARLY AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Few speculative subjects have exercised the passions more, or the judgment less, than the inquiry what rank our country is to maintain in the world for genius and literary attainments. It might indeed occur to our discretion that, as the only admissible proof of literary excellence is the measure of its effects, our national claims ought to be abandoned as worthless the moment they are found to need asserting. Nevertheless, by a proper spirit and constancy in praising ourselves, it seems to be supposed, the doubtful title of our vanity may be quieted in the same manner as it was once supposed the currency of the Continental paper could, by a universal agreement, be established at par with specie. Yet such was the unpatriotic perverseness of our citizens, they preferred the gold and silver, for no better reason than because the paper bills were not so good. And now it may happen that, from spite or envy, from want of attention or the want of our sort of information, foreigners will dispute the claims of our pre-eminence in genius and literature, notwithstanding the great convenience and satisfaction we should find in their acquiescence. As the world will judge of the matter with none of our partiality, it may be discreet to anticipate that judgment, and to explore the grounds upon which it is probable the aforesaid world will frame it. And, after all, we should suffer more pain than loss, if we should in the event be stripped of all that does not belong to us; and especially if, by a better

knowledge of ourselves, we should gain that modesty which is the first evidence, and perhaps the last, of a real improvement. For no man is less likely to increase his knowledge than the coxcomb, who fancies he has already learned it out. An excessive national vanity—as it is the sign of mediocrity, if not of barbarism—is one of the greatest impediments to knowledge.

It will be useless and impertinent to say, a greater proportion of our citizens have had instruction in schools than can be found in any European state. It may be true that neither France nor England can boast of so large a portion of their population who can read and write, and who are versed in the profitable mystery of the Rule-of-Three. This is not the footing upon which the inquiry is to proceed. The question is not, what proportion are stone-blind, or how many can see, when the sun shines; but what geniuses have arisen among us, like the sun and stars, to shed life and splendor on our hemisphere.

The case is no sooner made, than all the fire-fly tribe of our authors perceive their little lamps to go out of themselves, like the flame of a candle, when lowered into the mephitic vapor of a well. Excepting the writers of two able works on our politics, we have no authors. To enter the lists in single combat against Hector, the Greeks did not offer the lots to the nameless rabble of their soldiery. All eyes were turned upon Agamemnon and Ajax, upon Diomed and Ulysses. Shall we match Joel Barlow against Homer or Hesiod? Can Thomas Paine contend against Plato? Or could Findley's history of his own insurrection vie with Sallust's narrative of Catiline's?

There is no scarcity of spelling-book makers, and authors of twelve-cent pamphlets; and we have a distinguished few—a sort of literary nobility—whose works have grown to the dignity and size of an octavo volume. We have many writers who have read, and who have the sense to understand what others have written. But a right perception of the genius of others is not genius. Nobody will pretend that the Americans are a stupid race; nobody will deny that we justly boast of many able men, and exceedingly useful publi-

cations. But has our country produced one great original work of genius? If we tread the sides of Parnassus, we do not climb its heights; we even creep in our path, by the light that European genius has thrown upon it. Is there one luminary in our firmament that shines with unborrowed rays?

Mr. Ames proceeds in this essay to point out what he regarded as the probable course which American literature would run. His political bias here crops out most notably. He was a Federalist, and the Federal party had suffered defeat. The Republicans were dominant, and Jefferson was the exponent of what was then styled "Republicanism," what we now style "Democracy," and what in Fisher Ames's view was "Demagoguery;" something which, in his judgment, was utterly opposed to anything which deserved the name of literature. He says:

Surely we are not to look for genius among demagogues; the man who can descend so low has seldom very far to descend. As experience evinces that popularity—in other words, consideration and power—is to be procured by the meanest of mankind—the meanest in spirit and understanding—and in the worst of ways, it is obvious that at present the excitement to genius is next to nothing. If we had a Pindar, he would be ashamed to celebrate our chief, and would be disgraced if he did. But if he did not, his genius would not obtain his election for a selectman in a Democratic town. It is party that bestows emolument, power, and consideration, and it is not excellence in the sciences that obtains the suffrages of party.

It must be borne in mind that at the time when this was written—about 1805—Thomas Jefferson,

then President of the United States, and the unquestioned chief of his party, was the best-cultured man in America, and there were few for whom, in this respect, superiority could be claimed in Europe. But in the view of Fisher Ames he was only a coarse, vulgar demagogue. Mr. Ames goes on to put forth his prognostications as to the future of literature in America. He says:

> But the condition of the United States is changing. Luxury is sure to introduce want, and the great inequalities between the very rich and the very poor will be more conspicuous, and comprehend a more formidable host of the latter. Every step (and we have taken many) toward a more complete, unmixed Democracy is an advance toward destruction. Liberty has never yet lasted long in a Democracy; nor has it ever ended in anything better than Despotism. With the change in our Government, our manners and sentiments will change. As soon as our Emperor has destroyed his rivals, and established order in his army, he will desire to see splendor in his court, and to occupy his subjects with the cultivation of the sciences. If this catastrophe of our public liberty should be miraculously delayed or prevented, still we shall change. With the augmentation of wealth there will be an increase of the number who may choose a literary leisure. Literary curiosity will become one of the new appetites of the nation; and, as luxury advances, no new appetite will be denied. After some ages we shall have many poor, and a few rich; many grossly ignorant, a considerable number learned, and a few eminently learned. Nature, never prodigal of her gifts, will produce some men of genius, who will be admired and imitated.

The *Eulogy on Washington* is undoubtedly the most elaborately prepared of all the writings of Fisher Ames. A few sentences must here

suffice to represent some of its prominent characteristics:

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

It is natural that the gratitude of mankind should be drawn to their benefactors. A number of these have successively arisen, who were no less distinguished for the elevation of their virtues than the lustre of their talents. But for their country and the whole human race, how few alas, are recorded in the long annals of ages, and how wide the intervals of time and space that divide them! In all this dreary length of way, they appear like five or six light-houses on as many thousand miles of coast. They gleam upon the surrounding darkness with an unextinguishable splendor, like stars seen through a mist; but they are seen like stars, to cheer, to guide, and to save. Washington is now added to that small number. By commemorating his death we are called this day to yield the homage that is due to virtue; to confess the common debt of mankind as well as our own; and to pronounce for posterity, now dumb, that eulogium which they will delight to echo ten ages hence, when we are dumb. . . .

A lavish and undistinguishing eulogium is not praise. I know that some would prefer a picture drawn to the imagination. They would have our Washington represented of a giant's size, and in the character of a hero of romance. Others — I hope but few — who think meanly of human nature, will deem it incredible that even Washington should think with as much dignity and elevation as he acted; and they will grovel in the search for mean and selfish motives that could incite and sustain him to devote his life to his country. . . .

Our nation, like its great leader, had only to take counsel from its courage. When Washington heard the voice of his country in distress, his obedience was prompt, and though his sacrifices were great, they cost him no effort. When overmatched by numbers, a fugitive, with a little band of faithful soldiers—the States as much exhausted as dismayed, he explored his own undaunted heart, and there found resources to retrieve our affairs. We have seen him display as much

valor as gives fame to heroes, and as consummate prudence as insures success to valor; fearless of dangers that were personal to him, hesitating and cautious when they affected his country; preferring fame before safety or repose, and duty before fame. Rome did not owe more to Fabius than America to Washington. Our nation shares with him the singular glory of having conducted a civil war with mildness, and a revolution with order. . . .

However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that his example will instruct them. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as "The Age of Washington." Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the Milky-Way it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate into groups and distinct virtues. —*Eulogy on Washington.*

In the brief sketch of Alexander Hamilton, the character of that great political leader is thus summed up:

THE CHARACTER OF HAMILTON.

His early life we pass over; though his heroic spirit in the army has furnished a theme that is dear to patriotism and will be sacred to glory.—In all the different stations in which a life of active usefulness has placed him, we find him not more remarkably distinguished by the extent than by the variety and versatility of his talents. In every place he made it apparent that no other man could have filled it so well; and in times of critical importance, in which alone he desired employment, his services were justly deemed absolutely indispensable. As Secretary of the Treasury, his was the most powerful spirit that presided over the chaos. Indeed, in organizing the Federal Government in 1789, every man of either sense or candor will allow, the difficulty seemed greater than the first-rate abilities

could surmount. He surmounted them ; and Washington's administration was the most wise and beneficent, the most prosperous, and ought to be the most popular, that ever was intrusted with the affairs of a nation. Great as was Washington's merit, much of it in plan, much in execution, will of course devolve upon his Minister.

As a lawyer, Hamilton's comprehensive genius reached the principles of his profession. He compassed its extent, he fathomed its profound, perhaps even more familiarly and easily than the ordinary rules of its practice. With most men law is a trade ; with him it was a science.

As a statesman he was not more distinguished by the great extent of his views, than by the caution with which he provided against impediments, and the watchfulness of his care over right and the liberty of the subject. In none of the many revenue bills which he framed—though Committees reported them—is there to be found a single clause that savors of despotic power ; not one that the sagest champions of law and liberty would, on that ground, hesitate to approve and adopt.

It is rare that a man who owes so much to nature descends to seek more from industry, but Hamilton seemed to depend on industry, as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of investigation were very remarkable ; his mind seemed to cling to a subject till he had exhausted it. Hence the uncommon superiority of his reasoning powers—a superiority that seemed to be augmented from every source, and to be fortified by every auxiliary—learning, wit, imagination, and eloquence. . . .

Some have plausibly, though erroneously, inferred, from the great extent of his abilities, that his ambition was inordinate. This is a mistake. Such men as have a painful consciousness that their stations happen to be far more exalted than their talents, are generally the most ambitious. Hamilton, on the contrary, though he had many competitors, had no rivals ; for he did not thirst for power, nor would he, as was well known, descend to office. He was perfectly content and at ease in private life. Of what was he ambitious? Not of

wealth; no man held it cheaper. Was it of popularity? That weed of the dunghill, he knew, when rankest, was nearest to withering. A vulgar ambition could as little comprehend as satisfy his views. He thirsted only for that fame which Virtue would not blush to confer, nor Time to convey to the end of his course.

The only ordinary distinction to which, we confess, he did aspire, was military; and for that, in the event of a foreign war, he would have been solicitous. He undoubtedly discovered the predominance of a soldier's feelings; and all that is honor in the character of a soldier was at home in his heart. His early education was in the camp; there the first fervors of his genius were poured forth, and his earliest and most cordial friendships formed. Those who knew him best, and especially in the army, will believe, that if occasions had called him forth, he was qualified, beyond any man of his age, to display the talents of a great general. It may be very long before our country will want such military talents; it will probably be much longer before it will again possess them.—*Sketch of the Character of Alexander Hamilton.*

The political writings of Fisher Ames, either in the form of private letters or of newspaper articles, constitute the bulk of his *Works* as put forth by his son. The following is an extract from one of these newspaper articles, published in the summer of 1804. The burden of this and many others of about the same date is that the "Jacobin" administration of Jefferson was like to result in something like the imperial despotism of Napoleon.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK IN 1804.

Let any man who has any understanding, exercise it to see that the American Jacobin Party, by rousing the popular passions, inevitably augments the powers of

Government, and contracts within narrower bounds, and on a less sound foundation, the privileges of the people. Facts—yes, facts, that speak in terror to the soul—confirm this speculative reasoning. What limits are there to the prerogatives of the present Administration? and whose business is it, and in whose power does it lie, to keep them within those limits? Surely not in the Senate: the small States are now in vassalage, and they obey the nod of Virginia. Not in the Judiciary: that fortress which the Constitution had made too strong for an assault, can now be reduced by famine. The Constitution: alas! that sleeps with Washington, having no mourners but the virtuous, and no monument but history. Louisiana—in open and avowed defiance of the Constitution—is by treaty to be added to the Union; the bread of the children of the Union is to be taken and given to the dogs. Judge then, good men and true—judge by the effects—whether the tendency of the intrigues of the party was to extend or contract the measure of popular liberty. Judge whether the little finger of Jefferson is not thicker than the loins of Washington's administration; and after you have judged, and felt the terror that will be inspired by the result, then reflect how little your efforts can avail to prevent the continuance, nay, the perpetuity of power. Reflect, and be calm. Patience is the virtue of slaves, and almost the only one that will pass for merit with their masters.—*Political Essays.*

"As a speaker and as a writer, Fisher Ames had the power to enlighten and persuade, to move, to please, to charm, to astonish. He united these decorations that belong to fine talents to that penetration and judgment that designate an acute and solid mind. It was easy and delightful for him to illustrate by a picture, but painful and laborious to prove by a diagram."—*Alonzo Potter.*

AMIEL, HENRI FRÉDÉRIC, a Swiss poet and philosopher, born at Geneva, Switzerland, September 27, 1821; died there May 11, 1881. He was descended from one of the emigrant families that left Languedoc, France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At twelve years of age he was left an orphan and passed into the care of a relative. He was educated at the College or Public School of Geneva and at the Academy (University). After leaving the Academy he studied for several years at Heidelberg and Berlin, spending his vacations during this time in travel in Italy, Sicily, Scandinavia, Holland, and Germany.

In 1849, after a public competition, he was appointed Professor of Æsthetics and French Literature in the Academy of Geneva. This position he held for four years and then exchanged it for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy. During his lifetime he published only a few essays and several small volumes of poems, which was a disappointment to his friends. But after his death it was found that he had left a large work, a private journal, upon which he had been engaged for many years, noting his observations and meditations, and it is upon this *Journal Intime* that his reputation as a writer rests. A portion of it was published in 1882, and was immediately recognized as a great work, and the author as a man of broad

culture, originality, and a profound thinker. A second volume was published in 1884 which in nowise lessened, but added to the fame of the author. His works are: *Grains de Mil* (1854); *Il Penseroso* (1858); *La Part du Rêve* (1863); *Jour à Jour* (1880), and *Journal Intime* (1882–84).

December 30th, 1850.—Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.

To repel one's cross is to make it heavier.

November 18th, 1851.—Kindness is the principle of tact, and respect for others the first condition of *savoir-vivre*.

He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off gives up: the stationary condition is the beginning of the end—it is the terrible symptom which precedes death. To live is to achieve a perpetual triumph: it is to assert one's self against destruction, against sickness, against the annulling and dispersion of one's physical and moral being. It is to will without ceasing, or rather to refresh one's will day by day.

November 10th, 1852.—How much have we not to learn from the Greeks—those immortal ancestors of ours! And how much better they solved their problem than we have solved ours! Their ideal man is not ours, but they understood infinitely better than we, how to reverence, cultivate, and ennoble the man whom they knew. In a thousand respects we are still barbarians beside them—as Beranger said to me with a sigh in 1843—barbarians in education, in eloquence, in public life, in poetry, in matters of art, etc. We must have millions of men, in order to produce a few elect spirits; a thousand was enough in Greece. If the measure of a civilization is to be the number of perfected men that it produces, we are still far from this model people. The slaves are no longer below us, but they are among us. We carry within us much greater things than they, but we ourselves are smaller. It is a strange result. Ob-

jective civilization produced great men, while making no conscious effort toward such a result; subjective civilization produces a miserable and imperfect race, contrary to its mission and its earnest desire. The world grows more majestic, but man diminishes. Why is this?

We have too much barbarian blood in our veins, and we lack measure, harmony, and grace. Christianity, in breaking man up into outer and inner, the world into earth and heaven, hell and paradise, has discomposed the human unity, in order, it is true, to reconstruct it more profoundly and more truly. But Christianity has not yet digested this powerful leaven. She has not yet conquered the true humanity, she is still living under the antinomy of sin and grace, or here below and there above. She has not penetrated into the whole heart of Jesus. She is still in the *narthex* of penitence, she is not reconciled, and even the churches still wear the livery of service, and have none of the joy of the daughters of God, baptized of the Holy Spirit.

Then, again, there is our excessive division of labor; our bad and foolish education, which does not develop the whole man; and the problem of poverty. We have abolished slavery, but without having solved the question of labor. In law there are no more slaves—in fact, there are many. And while the majority of men are not free, the free man, in the true sense of the term, can neither be conceived, nor realized. Here are enough causes for our inferiority.

October 27th, 1856.—To judge is to see clearly, to care for what is just, and therefore, to be impartial—more exactly, to be disinterested—more exactly still, to be impersonal.

To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent. To do what is impossible for talent is the mark of genius.

Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires, but according to our powers.

The man who insists upon seeing with perfect clearness before he decides, never decides. Accept life, and you cannot accept regret.—*Journal Intime. Translation of* MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

AMORY, THOMAS, a British novelist and humorist, born, probably in Ireland, in 1692; died in London, November 25, 1789. He was educated as a physician, but did not practise as such, having inherited a considerable estate from his father, who was Secretary of the Commission for Confiscated Estates in Ireland. He wrote several works of fiction, the principal of which are: *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain*, and *The Life and Opinions of John Buncle, Esq.* He appears to have portrayed his own character in the delineation of the hero of this last work. "John Buncle," says Hazlitt, "is the English Rabelais. The soul of Francis Rabelais passed into Thomas Amory. Both were physicians, and enemies of too much gravity. Their great business was to enjoy life. Rabelais indulges his spirit of sensuality in wine, in dried meats, tongues, in Bologna sausages, in Botorgas. John Buncle shows the same symptoms of inordinate satisfaction in bread-and-butter. While Rabelais roared with Friar John and the monks, John Buncle gossiped with the ladies, etc."

John Buncle had seven successive wives. The description of the wives is ample enough, while

not a word is said of their numerous progeny. He thus explains his theory upon this matter:

BUNCLE'S WIVES AND CHILDREN.

I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman. . . . As I mention nothing of my children by so many wives, some readers may perhaps wonder at this; and, therefore—to give a general answer once for all—I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many to carry on the *succession;* but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I ever heard of—only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat—it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make anyone pay for their history.

And so, instead of telling about his children, John Buncle gives profound dissertations upon the origin of earthquakes, on muscular motion, upon phlogiston and fluxions, upon the Athanasian Creed, and a score or two alike related topics. Bulwer-Lytton's "Caxton" novels are in many points near kindred with Amory's *Life and Opinions of John Buncle.* Among the quiet passages of this work is John Buncle's account of his first meeting with Marinda Bruce—the first of his seven duly lamented wives:

BUNCLE AND MARINDA.

In the year 1739 I travelled many hundred miles to visit ancient monuments and discover curious things; and as I wandered, to this purpose among the vast hills of Northumberland, fortune conducted me one evening, in the month of June, when I knew not where to rest,

to the sweetest retirement my eyes have ever beheld. This is Hali-farm. It is a beautiful vale surrounded with rocks, forest, and water. I found at the upper end of it the prettiest thatched house in the world, and a garden of the most artful confusion I had ever seen. The little mansion was covered on every side with the finest flowery greens. The streams all round were murmuring and falling a thousand ways. All the kind of singing-birds were here collected, and in high harmony on the sprays. The ruins of an abbey enhance the beauties of this place; they appear at the distance of four hundred yards from the house; and as some great trees are now grown up among the remains, and a river winds between the broken walls, the view is solemn, the picture fine.

When I came up to the house, the first figure I saw was the lady whose story I am going to relate. She had the charms of an angel, but her dress was quite plain and clean as a country-maid. Her person appeared faultless, and of the middle size, between the disagreeable extremes; her face, a sweet oval, and her complexion the brunette of the bright rich kind; her mouth, like a rosebud that is just beginning to blow; and a fugitive dimple, by fits, would lighten and disappear. The finest passions were always passing in her face; and in her long, even, chestnut eyes, there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half-a-dozen pair.

She had a volume of Shakespeare in her hand as I came softly toward her, having left my horse at a distance with my servant; and her attention was so much engaged with the extremely poetical and fine lines which Titania speaks in the third act of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, that she did not see me till I was quite near her. She seemed then in great amazement. She could not be much more surprised if I had dropped from the clouds. But this was soon over, upon my asking her if she was not the daughter of Mr. John Bruce, as I supposed from a similitude of faces, and informing her that her father, if I was right, was my near friend, and would be glad to see his chum in that part of the world. Marinda replied: "You are not wrong," and immediately asked me in. She conducted me to a par-

lor that was quite beautiful in the rural way, and welcomed me to Hali-farm, as her father would have done, she said, had I arrived before his removal to a better world. She then left me for a while, and I had time to look over the room I was in. The floor was covered with rushes wrought into the prettiest mat, and the walls decorated all round with the finest flowers and shells. Robins and nightingales, the finch and the linnet, were in the neatest reed cages of her own making, and at the upper end of the chamber, in a charming little open grotto, was the finest *strix capite aurito, corpore rufo*, that I have seen, that is the great eagle owl. This beautiful bird, in a niche like a ruin, looked vastly fine. As to the flowers which adorned this room, I thought they were all natural at my first coming in; but on inspection, it appeared that several baskets of the finest kinds were inimitably painted on the walls by Marinda's hand.

These things afforded me a pleasing entertainment for about half an hour, and then Miss Bruce returned. One of the maids brought in a supper—such fare, she said, as her little cottage afforded; and the table was covered with green peas and pigeons, cream-cheese, new bread and butter. Everything was excellent in its kind. The cider and ale were admirable. Discretion and dignity appeared in Marinda's behavior; she talked with judgment; and under the decencies of ignorance was concealed a valuable knowledge.—*Life and Opinions of John Buncle.*

ANACREON, a Greek lyric poet, born in the Ionian town of Teos in Asia Minor about 563 B.C.; died in the neighboring town of Abdera about 478 B.C. Of the events of his life very little is positively known, though legends of questionable authority relate many incidents; such as that he was invited to the island of Samos to instruct Polycrates, the son of the ruler of the island, in music; that he rose high in the favor of his pupil when he became ruler of the island; that after the overthrow of Polycrates, Anacreon was invited to Athens by Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, after whose assassination he repaired to Larissa, in Thessaly, which was then ruled by Echecratidas, sprung from an Ionian family; and that in his old age he returned to his native country, where he died in his eighty-fifth year, having been choked by attempting to swallow a cherry-pit or, according to others, a dried grape. His writings, consisting of odes, epigrams, elegies, iambics, and hymns, were numerous. At the time of Suidas (eleventh century A.D.), it is said that five books of these poems were still extant. Since then all of these have perished except about sixty short odes and a few fragments, and even the genuineness of these odes has been warmly disputed by recent German critics, who maintain that their versification shows that they belong to a period some centuries later than the time of

Anacreon. The citizens of Teos certainly held the memory of Anacreon in high esteem. They placed his effigy upon their coins, some of which are now extant. These indeed represent a very different man from what one would expect the writer of the existing Anacreontics to have been. The face is coarse and brutal—almost Silenus-like. In Athens also a statue was erected in his honor, representing him as a drunken singer. The *Anacreontic Odes* which are now extant, whether written by the Teian bard or not, are among the most graceful remains of Greek poetry. They are, indeed, for the most part amatory or convivial, but they are wonderfully free from all taint of grossness or sensuality. The love-poems might be recited in the most modest household, and the drinking-songs sung at the most decorous banquet. The merit of these poems, indeed, lies in the manner rather than in the matter. There are few poems which can be less adequately represented by translation into any modern language. The best translations into English are those of George Bourne and Thomas Moore. Bourne, though amplifying somewhat, keeps pretty close to the text, while Moore's version, though the tone is fairly preserved, is rather a paraphrase than a translation. We give specimens of both of these translators:

ON HIS LYRE.

While I sweep the sounding string,
While the Atridæ's praise I sing—
Victors on the Trojan plain—
Or to Cadmus raise the strain,

Hark, in soft and whispered sighs,
Love's sweet notes the shell replies.
Late I strung my harp anew,
Changed the strings—the subject too.
Loud I sung Alcides' toils;
Still the lyre my labor foils;
Still with love's sweet silver sounds
Every martial theme confounds.
Farewell, heroes, chiefs, and kings!
Naught but love will suit my strings.
—*Translation of* BOURNE.

THE WEAPON OF BEAUTY.

Pointed horns—the dread of foes—
Nature on the bull bestows;
Horny hoofs the horse defend;
Swift-winged feet the hare befriend;
Lions' gaping jaws disclose
Dreadful teeth in grinning rows;
Wings to birds her care supplied;
Finny fishes swim the tide;
Nobler gifts to man assigned,
Courage firm, and strength of mind.
From her then exhausted store
Naught for woman has she more?
How does nature prove her care?—
Beauty's charm is woman's share.
Stronger far than warrior's dress
Is her helpless loveliness.
Safety smiles in beauty's eyes;
She the hostile flame defies;
Fiercest swords submissive fall:—
Lovely woman conquers all.
—*Translation of* BOURNE.

CUPID AS A GUEST.

'Twas at the solemn midnight hour,
When silence reigns with awful power,
Just when the bright and glittering bear
Is yielding to her keeper's care,

When spent with toil, with care opprest,
Man's busy race has sunk to rest,
Sly Cupid, sent by cruel Fate,
Stood loudly knocking at my gate.
"Who's there?" I cried, "at this late hour?
Who is it batters at my door?
Begone! you break my blissful dreams!"—
But he, on mischief bent, it seems,
With feeble voice and piteous cries,
In childish accents thus replies:
"Be not alarmed, kind Sir; 'tis I,
A little, wretched, wandering boy,
Pray ope the door, I've lost my way
This moonless night, alone I stray;
I'm stiff with cold; I'm drenched all o'er;
For pity's sake, pray, ope the door!"
Touched with this simple tale of woe,
And little dreaming of a foe,
I rose, lit up my lamp, and straight
Undid the fastenings of the gate;
And there, indeed, a boy I spied,
With bow and quiver by his side.
Wings too he wore—a strange attire!
My guest I seated near the fire,
And while the blazing fagots shine,
I chafed his little hands in mine;
His damp and dripping locks I wrung,
That down his shoulders loosely hung.
Soon as his cheeks began to glow,
"Come now;" he cries, "let's try this bow
For much I fear this rainy night,
The wet and damp have spoiled it quite."—
That instant twanged the sounding string,
Loud as the whizzing gad-fly's wing.—
Too truly aimed, the fatal dart
My bosom pierced with painful smart.—
Up sprang the boy with laughing eyes,
And, "Wish me joy, mine host!" he cries;
"My bow is sound in every part;
Thou'lt find the arrow in thy heart!"

—*Translation of* BOURNE.

The poet—be he the Teian Anacreon or some singer otherwise unknown and unnamed—gives to "the best of life-painters" some hints as to the picture which should be made of the lady of his heart. It is a pretty bit of word-painting—far prettier in the original than in the best translations. Moore comes nearest to reproducing it in our language:

THE IDEAL PORTRAIT.

Thou whose soft and rosy hues,
Mimic form and soul infuse;
Best of painters, come portray
The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my soul, thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.—
  Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the balmy spice distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
  Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnished as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
  But hast thou any sparkles warm
The lightning of her eyes to form?—
Let them effuse the azure ray
With which Minerva's glances play;
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.
  O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellowed red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses;
Sweet petitioner for kisses;
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing love's invasion!
Then, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within,
Mould her neck, with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating lucid veil
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal.
A charm may peep, a hue may beam;
And leave the rest to fancy's dream.—
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

—*Translation of* MOORE.

The Anacreontic convivial songs would have been regarded as very tame in later days of hard drinking. There is only one of them in which there is anything which inculcates more than an altogether moderate indulgence in the wine-cup:

IN PRAISE OF WINE.

When the nectar'd bowl I drain,
Gloomy cares forego their reign;
Richer than the Lydian king
Hymns of love and joy I sing;
Ivy wreaths my temples twine
And while careless I recline,
While bright scenes my vision greet
Tread the world beneath my feet.
Fill the cup, my trusty page;
Anacreon, the blithe and sage,
As his maxim ever said,
"Those slain by wine are nobly dead."

—*Translation of* BOURNE.

PLEA FOR DRINKING.

The earth drinks up the genial rains,
Which deluge all her thirsty plains;
The lofty trees that pierce the sky
Drink up the earth and leave her dry;
The insatiate sea imbibes each hour
The welcome breeze that brings the shower;
The sun, whose fires so fiercely burn,
Absorbs the waves, and in her turn
The modest moon enjoys each night
Large draughts of his celestial light.
Then, sapient sirs, pray tell me why,
If all things drink, why may not I?

—*Translation of* BOURNE.

MODERATION IN WINE.

Haste! haste thee, boy, and bring the bowl,
To quench the fever of the soul.
The copious stream with skill combine;
Add ten parts water, five of wine.
The copious draught will thirst assuage,
Nor in the breast too fiercely rage.
O cease, my friends, for shame give o'er
These clamorous shouts, that deafening roar.
This Scythian scene all peace destroys;
Turns joy to madness, mirth to noise;
Let cheerful temperance rule the soul—
The best ingredient in the bowl.

—*Translation of* BOURNE.

Some of the most pleasing of these odes are inspired by the various aspects of nature, animate and inanimate.

UPON SPRING.

See the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave,
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kindred sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultured field and winding stream
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see,
Nursing into luxury.

—*Translation of* MOORE.

TO THE CICADA.

O thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee
That happiest kings may envy thee!
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor art thou yet the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear,
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when Summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes, and thee revere.
The muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee for his own;

'Twas he who gave that voice to thee;
'Tis he that tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay
That withers vulgar frames away,
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is passed by thee,
Thou seem'st a little deity.

—*Translation of* MOORE.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When nature wears her Summer vest,
Thou comest to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling Winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumèd loves
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never, change their nest!
Still, every year, and all the year
A flight of loves engenders here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregned with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin desires, they wing together,
And still, as they have learned to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.

—*Translation of* MOORE.

Anacreon—if we may assume these odes to be the production of the Teian poet—seems to have passed into a genial old age, at times making light of the inroads of age, but at other times looking back regretfully upon his vanished youth and forebodingly toward the unknown future.

APPROACHING AGE.

"Anacreon," the women say,
"Old fellow, you have had your day;
Consult your mirror, mark with care
How scanty now your silver hair;
Old wintry Time has shed his snows,
And bald and bare your forehead shows!"—
But, faith, I know not where they've gone,
Or if I've any left, or none;
But this I know, that every day,
Shall see me sportive, blithe, and gay;
For 'tis our wisdom so to do,
The nearer Death appears in view.

—*Translation of* BOURNE.

LIVE WHILE WE LIVE.

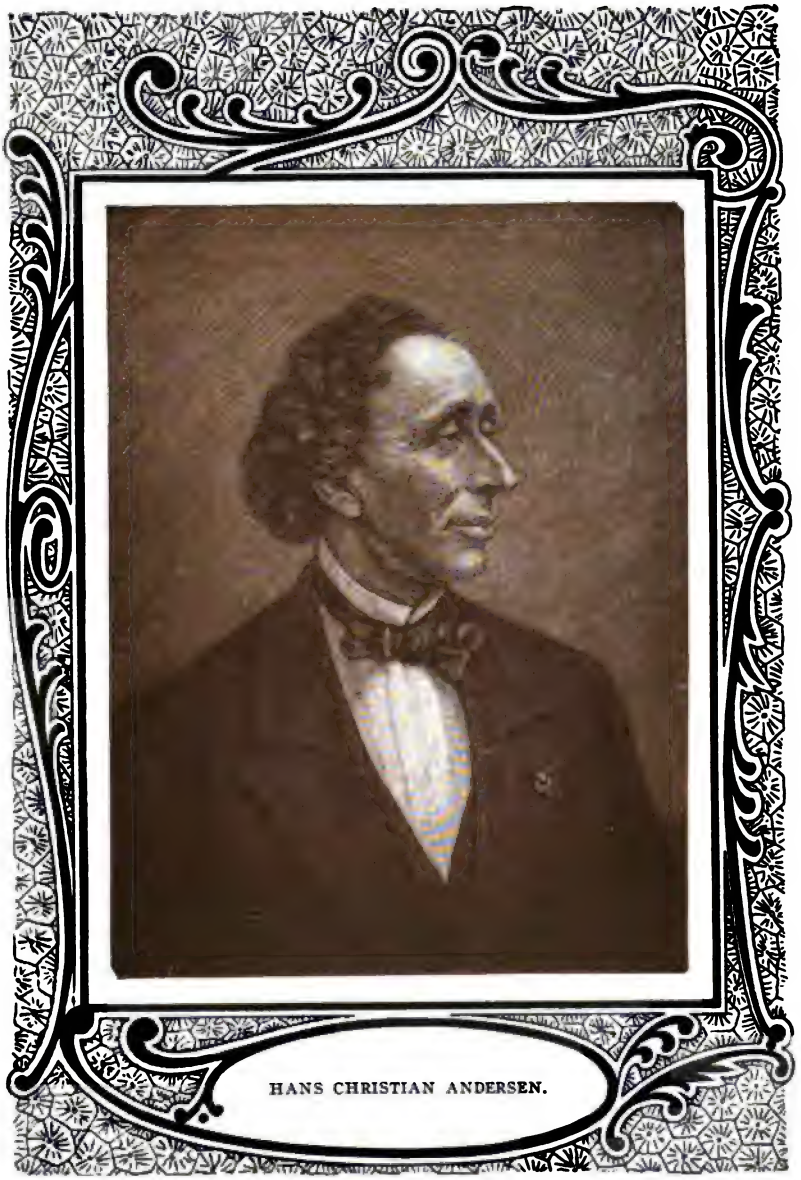
Could glittering heaps of golden ore
Life preserve or health restore,
Then, with ceaseless, anxious pain,
Riches would I strive to gain,
That, should Death unwished for come,
Pointing to the dreary tomb,
I might cry, in sprightly tone,
"Here's my ransom, Death, begone!"
But alas, since well I know
Life cannot be purchased so,
Why indulge the useless sigh?
Fate decrees that all shall die.
Vainly to our wealth we trust,
Poor or wealthy—die we must.—
Present joys then let me share,
Rosy wine to banish care;

Cheerful friends that faithful prove,
Beauty's smile, and blissful love.
—*Translation of* BOURNE.

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

Alas! my youth, my joys have fled,
The snows of age have bleached my head;
Tedious, toothless, trembling age,
Must now alone my thoughts engage.
Adieu, ye joys which once I knew,
To life, to love, to all, adieu!—
Henceforth, unhappy! doomed to know
Tormenting fears of future woe!
Oh, how my soul with terror shrinks,
Whene'er my startled fancy thinks
Of Pluto's dark and gloomy cave,
The chill, the cheerless, gaping grave!
When Death's cold hand hath closed these eyes!
And stifled life's last struggling sighs,
In darkness and in dust must I,
Alas! forever—ever lie!
—*Translation of* BOURNE.

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN, a Danish dramatist, poet, and story-writer, born at Odense, island of Fünen, April 2, 1805; died at Copenhagen August 4, 1875. His father, a poor shoemaker, died while the son was a child. In 1819 he was sent by his mother to Copenhagen to study music. Here he underwent many hardships, but in the end found patrons by whom he was warmly befriended; and by their aid he was enabled to pursue his studies at the Gymnasium. He entered the University in 1828; but before that time he had gained considerable reputation by his poems, especially by one entitled *The Dying Child.* This was followed, in 1829, by a satirical narrative of *A Journey on Foot from the Holm-canal to the Eastern Point of Amak.* He now fairly commenced his literary career, publishing a volume of poems in 1830, and another entitled *Fantasies and Sketches*, in 1831. All of his numerous works have been translated into German, and many of them into English, French, and other languages. These translations have given him a far more extended reputation than could have been attained by their issue in their original language, which is understood by comparatively few readers. The German edition of his *Complete Works* comprises about fifty small volumes. Many of these books were the result of travels in



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

various parts of Europe. In 1844 he received a pension from the Danish Government; and in 1875, upon the 70th anniversary of his birthday, he was invested with the grand cross of the Order of Dannebrog. Some of his dramatic pieces met with a very favorable reception; but he is best known by his tales and his sketches of travel. Prominent among his works are: *The Improvisatore*, which describes in a glowing style his impressions of Italy; *O.T.*, a novel depicting life in Northern Europe; *Only a Fiddler*, a half-autobiographic story of homely life; *A Poet's Bazaar*, a collection of miscellanies; and several series of *Tales for Children*. He also wrote *The Story of my Life*, bringing the somewhat imaginative narrative down to 1847. This work was continued by another hand down to the time of Andersen's death

THE DYING CHILD.

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping.
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me thou wilt leave off weeping;
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright:
I see the angel-children smiling gladly
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given by our Lord!
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me:
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:—
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh thus: it marreth my rejoicing;
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee.—
Oh, I am tired; my weary eyes are closing:—
Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

—*Translation of* MARY HOWITT.

JENNY LIND IN COPENHAGEN.

One day, in 1840, in the hotel in which I lived in Copenhagen, I saw the name of Jenny Lind among those of the strangers from Sweden. I was aware at that time that she was the first singer in Stockholm. I had been that same year in the neighboring country, and had there met with honor and kindness. I thought, therefore, that it would not be unbecoming in me to pay a visit to the young artist. She was at this time entirely unknown out of Sweden, so that I was convinced that, even in Copenhagen, her name was known only by few. She received me very courteously, but yet distantly, almost coldly. She was, as she said, on a journey with her father to South Sweden, and was come over to Copenhagen for a few days in order that she might see this city. We parted distantly, and I had the impression of a very ordinary character, which soon passed away from my mind.

In the Autumn of 1843 Jenny Lind came again to Copenhagen. My friend Bournonville, who had married a Swedish lady, a friend of Jenny Lind, informed me of her arrival here, and told me that she remembered me very kindly, and that now she had read my writings. He entreated me to go with him to her, and to employ all my persuasive art to induce her to take a few parts at the Theatre Royal; I should, he said, be then quite enchanted with what I should hear. I was not now received as a stranger; she cordially extended her hand, and spoke of my writings and of Fredrika Bremer, who was her intimate friend.

"I have never made my appearance," said she, "out of Sweden: everybody in my native land is so affec-

tionate and kind to me, and if I made my appearance in Copenhagen and should be hissed!—I dare not venture on it!"

I said that I, it was true, could not pass judgment on her singing, because I had never heard it; neither did I know how she acted; but nevertheless I was convinced that such was the disposition at this moment in Copenhagen that only a moderate voice and some knowledge of acting would be successful; I believed that she might safely venture.

Bournonville's persuasion obtained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment which they ever had. Jenny Lind made her first appearance among them as *Alice* in "Robert le Diable." It was like a new revelation in the realms of art; the youthfully fresh voice forced itself into every heart; here reigned truth and nature; everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert Jenny Lind sang her Swedish songs; there was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching, people thought nothing about the concert-room; the popular melodies uttered by a being so purely feminine, and bearing the universal stamp of genius, exercised their omnipotent sway; the whole of Copenhagen was in raptures. Jenny Lind was the first singer to whom the Danish students gave a serenade: torches blazed around the hospitable villa where the serenade was given. She expressed her thanks by again singing some Swedish songs; and I then saw her hasten into the deepest corner, and weep for emotion.

"Yes, yes," said she, "I will exert myself! I will endeavor; I will be better qualified than I am, when I again come to Copenhagen."

On the stage she was the great artiste who rose above all those around her; at home, in her own chamber, a sensitive young girl, with all the humility and piety of a child. Her appearance in Copenhagen made an epoch in the history of our opera. It showed me art in its sanctity—I had beheld one of its vestals. "There will not in a whole century," said Mendelssohn, speaking to me of Jenny Lind, "be born another being so gifted as she;" and his words expressed my full conviction. One feels, as she makes her appearance on

the stage, that she is a pure vessel from which a holy draught will be presented to us.

There is not anything which can lessen the impression which Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage makes, except her own personal character at home. An intelligent and child-like disposition exercises here its astonishing power; she is happy, belonging, as it were, no longer to the world; a peaceful, quiet home is the object of her thoughts; and yet she loves art with her whole soul, and feels her vocation in it.

A noble, pious disposition like hers cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent, and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents by whom they were misused, and compelled either to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support; nevertheless the means for this excellent purpose were small.

"But have I not still a disengaged evening?" said she; "let me give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!"

Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance brightened, and the tears filled her eyes. "It is, however, beautiful," she said, "that I can sing so!"

Through Jenny Lind I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art: through her I learned that one must forget one's self in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men, have had a better or a more ennobling influence on me as the poet, than Jenny Lind. I have made the happy discovery by experience, that inasmuch as art and life are more clearly understood by me, so much more sunshine from without has streamed into my soul. What blessings have not compensated

me for the former dark days! Repose and certainty have forced themselves into my heart.—*The Story of my Life; translation of* MARY HOWITT.

Andersen's *Stories for Children* number several scores in all, written at various intervals. Of these we extract but one:

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK.

It was so delightful in the country, for Summer was in the height of its splendor. The corn was yellow, the oats green, the hay, heaped into cocks in the meadow below, looked like little grass hillocks; and the stork strutted about on its long, red legs, chattering Egyptian, for that was the language it had learned from its mother.

The fields and meadows were surrounded by more or less thickly wooded forests, which also enclosed deep lakes, the smooth waters of which were sometimes ruffled by a gentle breeze. It was, indeed, delightful in the country.

In the bright sunshine stood an old mansion surrounded by a moat and wall, strong and proud almost as in the feudal times. From the wall all down the way to the water grew a complete forest of burdock leaves, which were so high that a little child could stand upright among them. It was a real wilderness, so quiet and sombre, and here sat a Duck upon her nest hatching a quantity of eggs; but she was almost tired of her tedious though important occupation, for it lasted so very long, and she seldom had any visitors. The other ducks preferred swimming about on the moat, and the canals that ran through the garden, to visiting her in her solitude.

At length, however, there was a crackling in one of the eggs, then a second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. "Piep! piep!" sounded from here: "Piep! piep!" sounded from there, at least a dozen times. There was, all of a sudden, life in the eggs, and the little half-naked creatures, their dwellings having become too confined for them, thrust out their heads as out of a window, looking quite confused.

"Quick! quick!" their mother cried; so the little ones made as much haste as they possibly could. They stared about them, as if examining the green leaves; and their mother let them look as long as they liked: for green is good for the eyes.

"How large the world is!" they said; and certainly there lay before them a much more extensive space than in their eggs.

"Do you imagine this is the whole world?" their mother answered. "Oh, no; it stretches far beyond the garden, and on the other side the meadow, where the parson's cows are grazing, though I have never been there. But you are all here, I suppose?" she added with true maternal solicitude; and she stood up; whereby, in spite of all her care, there was a great overthrow and confusion among the little ones. "No, I have not them all yet," she said sighing. "The largest of the eggs lies there still. How much longer is it to last? It is becoming really too wearing." She mustered, however, all her patience, and sat down again.

"How are you getting on?" an old Duck inquired, coming to pay her friend a formal visit.

"With one of the eggs there seems to be no end of the trouble," the over-tired mother complained. "The shell must be too thick, so that the poor little thing cannot break through; but you must see the others, which are the prettiest little creatures that a mother could ever wish for. And what an extraordinary resemblance they bear to their father, who is certainly the handsomest Drake in the whole yard; but he is giddy, and faithless as, indeed, all men are! He has not visited me once here in my solitude."

"Show me the egg which will not burst," the old Duck said, interrupting her. "Take my word for it, it is a turkey's egg. I was once played the same trick; and precious trouble I had, with the little ones; for they were afraid of the water. How I coaxed, scolded and fumed, but all of no use; they would not be induced to go in. Now let me examine the obstinate egg; yes, it is just as I expected; it is a turkey's egg. Take my advice, leave the nest, and go and exercise the other

little ones in swimming; for you are not bound by any duties towards this cheat."

"I would rather sit a little longer on it," the other said, shaking her head. "I have already had so much trouble that it does not matter whether I am kept to it a day or two longer or not."

"Oh, if you like it, I have no objection," the old one answered, and with a stiff courtesy took her leave, philosophizing on her way, "She'll have trouble enough with it!"

At length the large egg burst. "Piep, piep!" cried the tardy comer, and fell head-foremost out of the shell. He was so big and ugly that his mother scarcely dared look at him, and the more she did so, the less she knew what to say. At last she exclaimed involuntarily—

"That is certainly the most frightfully curious young Drake! Can it possibly be a turkey? But wait, we will soon see, for into the water he shall go. I will push him in myself, without further to-do; and then, if he cannot dive and swim he may drown, and serve him right too."

The following day was splendid weather, the sun shining brightly upon the burdock-leaves, and the duck mamma with her whole family waddled down to the moat. "Splash!" and she was in the water. "Quick, quick!" she cried, and one duckling after another followed her example; not one would remain behind. The water closed over their heads; but they immediately came to the top again, and swam most beautifully. Their legs moved of their own accord, and even the ugly gray late-comer swam merrily with them.

"He is no turkey," the old Duck said; "only see how quickly he moves his legs, and how straight he holds himself! Yes, he is my own flesh and blood, and, after all, on more careful examination, he is a good-looking fellow enough. Now follow me quickly, and I will introduce you into the world, and present you in the poultry-yard. But mind you keep close to me, that no one may tread on you; and, of all things, take care of the cat."

They reached the yard, where there was a dreadfully noisy commotion, for two worthy families were disputing

about the head of an eel, which the cat took from both of them.

"So it is in the world," the mother-duck said; and her mouth watered, as she too would gladly have had the eel's head, for which she had a particular weakness.

"Now move your legs," she said, "and bow prettily, slightly bending your necks before the old Duck you see there, for she is considered the highest of all. She is of pure Spanish blood, and therefore she is so solemn and proud. Do you see she has a piece of red cloth round her left leg, which is something extraordinarily splendid, and the greatest mark of distinction which can be conferred upon a Duck? It means that she shall be known to all beasts and men; and that she is to enjoy the most unusual piece of good fortune—to end her days in peace. Make haste, my children; but, for goodness' sake, don't turn your legs in so; for a well-bred young Duck must keep its legs far apart, just like papa and mamma. Imitate me in all things, and pay attention to the word of command. When you bow, do not neglect to bend your necks gracefully, and then boldly say 'Quack, quack!'—nothing more."

So they did, but the other Ducks round about looked upon them with contempt, and said out quite loud—

"Well, well, now all this stupid pack is to be foisted upon us, as if we were not numerous enough without them. Indeed, we do not require any increase of that sort. And, oh dear! just look at that one big thing! Such a deformity, at least, we will not allow amongst us!"

Thereupon an upstart Drake made a rush at the poor green-gray youngster, and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone!" cried the highly incensed mother; "for he is not doing anything to offend you; and I will not allow him to be ill-used."

"That may be; but for his age he is much too big and peculiar," the snappish Drake answered; "and naturally, therefore, he must be put down."

"They are very pretty children indeed, that mamma has there," the old Duck with the red cloth round her leg said; "all of them, with the exception of one only; and he has certainly not succeeded."

"I am very sorry, gracious Madam!" the mother answered, with difficulty swallowing her mortification. "He is certainly not a pattern of beauty; but he has a charming disposition, and swims as well as any of them; indeed, I may say a little better; and I am of opinion that he will grow up handsome enough, when, instead of growing taller, he spreads out, and gains roundness of form. He lay too long in the egg, and therefore has not his proper shape."

Whilst she spoke thus in the youngster's favor, she did her best to smooth down his gray-green uniform where it had been ruffled. "Besides," the good mother continued warmly, "the same fulness and elegance of form is not expected from a Drake as from a Duck. I have an idea that he will make his way."

"The other little ones are charming," the old Spanish Duck repeated. "Now make yourselves at home, and if you should happen to find an eel's head you may bring it to me without hesitation. You understand me!"

And now they were at home.

But the poor ugly green-gray youngster, who had come last out of the egg, was bitten, jostled, and made game of by the ducks as well as the chickens. "He is much too big!" they all said, with one accord. And the stuck-up turkey, because he was born with spurs, fancied himself almost an emperor, gave himself airs, and strutted about like a ship in full sail, whilst his fiery head grew redder and redder. The poor persecuted young thing neither knew where to stand nor where to go to, and his heart was saddened by all that he had to suffer on account of his ugliness.

Thus it was the first day; and day after day it only grew worse. The ugly green-gray youngster was worried and hunted by all: even his own brothers and sisters were against him, and were constantly saying: "If the cat would but take you, you horror!" His mother, weighed down by sorrow, sighed, "Oh, I wish I had never borne you, or were you but far away from here!" The ducks bit him, the chickens pecked him, and the girl that brought them their food kicked him.

Driven by fear and despair he now ran and flew as far as his tired legs and weak wings would carry him;

till, with a great effort, he got over the hedge, which, no doubt, was not very low. The little singing-birds in the bushes flew up in a fright, and the young fugitive thought, "That is because I am so ugly."

He, however, hurried forward, led by instinct, towards an unknown goal. This was a swamp, surrounded by wood, and was the dwelling-place of shoals of Wild Ducks. Sad and tired to death, he remained here the whole night, almost in a state of unconsciousness, whilst the full moon above bore such a friendly countenance, as if laughing at the foolish frogs, which kept jumping from the water onto the grass, and back again to the water, as if imitating the dances of merry elves.

Early the next morning, aroused by the first glimmer of the sun, the wild ducks rose from their watery beds to take a turn in the warm Summer air, when with surprise they saw the stranger.

"What a funny guy is this!" they exclaimed. "Where can he have come from?" they inquired of each other, whilst the stranger, with all possible politeness, turned from side to side, first bowing to the right and then to the left, as no ballet-mistress, much less a ballet-master, could do.

"You are right down ugly," the wild ducks said; "but that does not make much difference to us, as long as you do not marry into our family."

The poor outcast thought of nothing less than marrying. All he wished for was to remain undisturbed among the rushes, and drink a little of the water of the swamp. Here he lay two whole days, when two wild geese arrived—or rather goslings—for they had not long come out of the egg, and therefore were they so merry.

"Well met, comrade!" one of them said; "you are so ugly that I like you. Come with us, for close by is another swamp, where there are some wonderfully beautiful geese, the sweetest of young damsels, who did not get married last autumn. You are just the fellow to make your fortune with them, you are so exemplarily ugly."

"Bang, bang!" it sounded at that very moment, and the two wild goslings fell down dead, the water being

discolored with their blood. "Bang, bang!" it went again; and a quantity of geese flew up from the rushes. There was more firing; for the sportsmen lay all around the marsh, some of them sitting even in the branches of the trees that overhung the mass of rushes. The blue smoke from the powder rose like clouds amongst the dark foliage, and "splash" the dogs sprang into the water, little heeding the fresh breeze which whistled among the waving reeds.

A nice fright the poor green-gray had, and he was about to hide his head under one of his wings, that, at least, he might see no more of the horrors, when, close by him appeared an enormous dog, its tongue hanging far out of its throat, and blood-thirsty rage sparkling in its eyes. With wide open jaws, showing two formidable rows of murderous teeth, the water-spaniel advanced towards the poor bird, that now gave itself up as utterly lost; but, generously disdaining to seize upon its easy prey, the noble creature went on :—

"Heaven be praised!" the poor outcast said. "I am so ugly that the dog does not like to touch me;" and he lay perfectly quiet, whilst the shot whizzed over his head amongst the rushes.

Not till late in the afternoon did the firing cease; but even then the poor youngster, whose life had been saved as if by a miracle, did not venture to move. He waited several hours before he drew his head from under his wing, and cautiously looked about him; but then he hastened, with all possible speed to get away from the scene of horror. As before he had flown from the poultry yard, so now, but with redoubled exertion, he fled, he knew not whither. A boisterous wind, which followed upon the setting of the sun, was ungracious enough to have no consideration for the scantily covered traveller, and considerably impeded his progress, exhausting his strength.

Late in the evening our fugitive reached a miserable cottage, which was in such a wretched state that it did not know on which side to fall; and on that account it remained standing for the time being. The wind blew around him, and shook the poor bird so violently that he had to seat himself upon his tail to be able to

offer the necessary resistance. He then, with no small delight discovered that the rickety door of the cottage, which, though it did not promise much comfort, yet offered a shelter against the now doubly raging storm, had broken loose from the lower hinge, and that there was a slanting opening, through which he could slip into the room; and this he did without loss of time.

Here lived an old woman with her tom-cat and her hen.

The cat was a perfect master in purring and in washing; and he could so turn head-over-heels, that no one in the neighborhood could equal him; and one only needed to rub his hair repeatedly the contrary way to bring bright sparks from his back. The old woman called him her little son. The hen for her part, had very thin, short legs, on which account she was called "Cluck-small-leg." She most industriously laid the very best eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she were her own child. Peace, concord and happiness evidently reigned in this miserable hut, as they do in many others of a like sort.

In the morning the strange unbidden guest was immediately discovered, when the cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

"What is this?" the old woman said, and began a close examination; but, as she could not see well, she took the young meagre bird for a fat duck, which had got into her room by mistake.

"Here is an unusual piece of good fortune!" she exclaimed in joyous surprise. "Now I shall have duck's eggs—that is, if the stupid thing should not at last prove to be a drake," she added thoughtfully. "We will give it a trial."

So the green-gray youngster remained there three weeks on trial; but no egg made its appearance. Now the cat was master in the house, and the hen mistress, and they used to say "we and the world;" for they thought they constituted half, and by far the better half of the world. It appeared to the young stranger that others might have another opinion; which the hen would by no means allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then please to hold your tongue."

And the cat asked, "Can you purr, or arch your back?"

"No."

"Then you have no right to offer an opinion when sensible people are talking."

And the poor ugly outcast sat in the corner, quite melancholy, in vain fighting against the low spirits which his self-satisfied companions certainly did not share. Involuntarily he thought of the fresh air and the bright sunshine out of doors, and felt himself agitated by so violent a desire once more to be swimming on the clear water, and to sport about in the liquid element, that he could not resist, one morning, after a sleepless night, opening his heart to the hen.

"What mad fancies are turning that poor shallow brain of yours again?" the hen cried, almost in a rage, in spite of her natural quiet indifference. "You have nothing to do; and it is sheer idleness that torments you, and puts such foolish fancies into your head. Lay eggs, or purr, and you will be all right."

"But it is so pleasant to swim," the poor child replied; "so delightful to dive to the bottom, and look up at the moon through the clear water."

"Yes, that must be a great treat," the hen said contemptuously. "You must have gone stark, staring mad. Ask the cat—and I know no one more sensible—whether he likes swimming about in the water, and diving to the bottom. I will not speak of myself but just ask our mistress; and there is no one wiser than she in the whole world. Do you think she has a fancy for diving and swimming?"

"You do not understand me," the poor duckling sighed.

"And if we do not understand you, pray, who can, you conceited impertinent creature?" the hen replied warmly. "You will not, surely, set yourself up as cleverer than the cat and our mistress; not to mention myself. Pray think a little less of yourself, and thank your stars for all the kindness that has been shown you. Have you not got into a warm room here, and

amongst company from whom you may learn some good? But you are a shallow prattler, and a long-necked dreamer, whose society is anything but amusing. You may believe me, for I mean really well with you, and therefore tell you things you do not like to hear, which is a proof I am your true friend. No, of all things, mind that you lay eggs, and learn how to purr."

"I think I shall wander out into the world," the young Duck said, mustering up courage.

"Do so, by all means," the Hen answered with contempt. "One comfort; we shall lose nothing by your absence."

And now the green-gray youngster, without many parting civilities, began his wanderings again, leaving the inhospitable hut without regret; and he hurried towards the so much longed-for water. He swam about joyously, and boldly dived down right to the bottom, from whence he saw the pale moon like a rolling ball; but at length the loneliness and deathlike silence became oppressive, and when another creature did appear, it was sure to be with the same greeting as of old, namely, "Oh, how frightful you are!"

It was now late in the autumn, with frequent storms of snow and hail, and the brown and yellow leaves of the forest danced about, whipped by the wind, whilst all above was a cold leaden color. The crows sat in the hedge, and cried "Caw! caw!" with sheer cold. It makes one shiver to think of it. The poor outcast was anything but happy.

One frosty evening, when the sun was setting like a fiery wheel in the gigantic triumphal car of the creation, a number of magnificent large birds swept past, and the ugly green-gray youngster thought he had never seen anything so beautiful, and at the same time imposing. Their spotless plumage shone like driven snow, and they uttered a cry, half-singing, half-whistling, as they rose higher and higher in their flight towards more extensive lakes. A strange sensation came over the poor young Duck, and he turned round and round like a top, and stretching out his neck after the departing birds, gave a cry, for the first time in his life, so loud and shrill that he was frightened at it himself.

When they quite disappeared from his sight, he suddenly dived down to the bottom of the water, and when he arose again, it was as if beside himself. From that moment never could he forget those beautiful, happy birds. He did not know that they were called swans, nor where they were flying to; but he loved them as he had never loved anything before. He did not envy them in the least; for how did it enter into his head to wish himself so splendid and beautiful? He would have been contented to live among the stupid Ducks, if they would but have left him in peace—a neglected ugly thing.

The Winter grew so bitterly cold that the poor young creature had to swim about incessantly to prevent the water freezing quite over. Night after night the hole became less; till at last, exhausted by constant exertions, he got frozen tight into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came that way; and seeing the poor bird in so wretched a plight, he had compassion upon it, and ventured boldly upon the ice; for he was a good Christian, and not one of those who first see that no inconvenience will attend an act of kindness. With his wooden shoes he broke the ice, extricated the to all appearance dead bird, and carried him home to his wife, where, in a warm room, the green-gray youngster soon recovered animation and strength.

The children wished to play with him; but the young Drake thought they were bent on ill-using him; so in his fright he flew into an earthenware milk-pan, which he turned over, and the milk ran about the floor. The woman uttered a loud cry, and raised her hands in consternation, which thoroughly bewildered the poor bird, and he flew into the freshly-made butter, and into the flour-tub, and out again. Oh, what a figure he was now! Bewailing her losses, the woman pursued him with the tongs, and the children, laughing and shouting, rolled over each other, as they tried to catch him.

Fortunately for our youngster, who was now no longer green-gray, but of a delicate paste-color, the door was open; and, taking advantage of the general confusion, he rushed out into the open air, and with difficulty fluttered into some bushes, not far off, where he sank down exhausted.

But it would be too painful to follow the poor outcast through all his misfortunes, and to witness the misery and privation he suffered during that severe Winter. We will therefore only say that he lay in a dreamy state amongst the rushes in the marsh, when the sun again began to shine warmly upon the earth, and the larks began to sing; for it was now early Spring.

Then the young Drake spread out his wings, which had grown much stronger, and with ease they carried him away, so that, almost before he knew it, he found himself in a large garden, where the fruit-trees were in blossom, and where the syringas sent forth their fragrance, and their long green branches hung down in the meandering rivulets. It was so beautiful: the freshness of Spring was there; and just then three beautiful white swans came out of the thicket. They rustled their feathers, and swam on the water so lightly; oh, so very lightly! The Duckling knew the superb creatures, and was seized with a strange feeling of sadness.

"To them will I fly," said he, "to the royal birds. They will kill me, because I, poor ugly creature, dare to approach them! But no matter; it is better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girl that feeds the chickens, and in Winter to suffer so much."

And he flew into the water, and swam towards the magnificent birds. They looked at him, and, with rustling plume, sailed towards him. "Kill me," said the poor creature, and bowed down his head to the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the water! It was its own likeness; but no longer that of an awkward grayish bird, ugly and displeasing. It was the figure of a swan! It is of no consequence the being born in a farm-yard, if it is only in a swan's egg.

The good creature felt quite elevated by all the cares and disappointments he had endured. Now he knew how to prize the splendor which shone around him. And the large swans swam beside him, and caressed him with their bills. There were some little children running about in the garden; they threw bread into the water, and the youngest cried out:

"There is a new one!" and the other children shouted too, "Yes, a new one has come!"—and they clapped their hands and danced, and ran to tell their father and mother. And they threw bread and cake into the water, and every one said "The new one is the best! so young and so beautiful!" And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then the young Swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing. He knew not what to do. He was too happy, but yet not proud; for a good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had been persecuted and derided; and now he heard all people say that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. And the syringas bent down their branches to him in the water; and the sun shone so lovely and so warm. Then he shook his plumes; the slender neck was lifted up; and from his very heart he cried, rejoicingly—

"Never dreamed I of such happiness as this, in the days when I was the Little Ugly Duck!"—*Translation of* AYLRED WEHNART.

ANDREWS, LANCELOT, an English bishop, born at Barking, in 1555; died in London, September 25, 1626. He was educated at various schools, finally at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, of which he was chosen a Fellow in 1576. He took orders, and soon attracted the notice of Sir Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State, from whom he received several preferments; and after the death of the Queen he came high into the favor of James I., her successor. He was one of the body of translators of the Bible, the first twelve books of the Old Testament being under his special charge. In 1605 he was consecrated Bishop of Chichester, in 1609 was transferred to the see of Ely, and in 1625 to that of Winchester. With perhaps the exception of Ussher, he was esteemed the most learned English theologian of his time; and he was in his day accounted the most eloquent of the Anglican preachers, being styled *Stella Prædicantium*, "The Star of Preachers." His works consist of two treatises in reply to Cardinal Bellarmin, in which he advocates the right of princes over ecclesiastical councils; an esteemed *Manual of Devotion*, and numerous *Sermons* and other *Discourses*. Six years after his death a collection of ninety-six of his sermons was published "by His Majesty's special commandment." Bishop Hacket, in his funeral discourse, thus eulo-

gizes Bishop Andrews: "He was the most apostolical and primitive-like divine, in my opinion, that ever wore a rochet in his age; of a most venerable gravity, and yet most sweet in all commerce; the most devout that ever I saw when he appeared before God; of such a growth in all kinds of learning, that very able clerks were of low stature to him; in the pulpit a Homer among preachers." Doubtless his manner had much to do with his repute as a preacher. To men of after ages, who only read his sermons, his style appears affected, pedantic, and strained.

UPON ANGELS AND MEN.

1. What are angels? surely they are spirits—immortal spirits. For their nature or substance, spirits; for their quality or property, glorious; for their place of abode, heavenly; for their durance or continuance, immortal.—And what is the seed of Abraham, but as Abraham himself? And what is Abraham? Let him answer himself: I am but dust and ashes. What is the seed of Abraham? Let one answer in the persons of all the rest; *Dicens putredini*, etc.:—Saying to rottenness, thou art my mother, and to the worms, ye are my brethren. They are spirits; now what are we, what is the seed of Abraham? Flesh. And what is the very harvest of the seed of flesh? what but corruption, and rottenness, and worms? There is the substance of our bodies.—2. They are glorious spirits; we vile bodies (bear with it, it is the Holy Ghost's own term: Who shall change our vile bodies). And not only base and vile, but filthy and unclean: *ex immundo conceptum mundi*, conceived of unclean seed, there is the metal. And the mould is no better, the womb wherein we were conceived, vile, base, filthy, unclean. There is our quality.—They are heavenly spirits, angels of heaven; that is, their place of abode is in heaven, ours is here below in the dust; *inter pulice, et culices, tineas, arances, et vermes;* our place is

here among fleas and flies, moths and spiders, and crawling worms. There is our place of dwelling.—4. They are immortal spirits, that is their durance. Our time is proclaimed in the prophet. Flesh, all flesh is grass, and the glory of it as the flowers of the field (from April to June). The scythe cometh, nay the wind but bloweth, and we are gone, withering sooner than the grass, which is short; nay, fading sooner than the flower of the grass, which is much shorter; nay, saith Job, rubbed in pieces more easily than any moth.

Thus we are to them if you lay us together; and if you lay us upon the balance, we are altogether lighter than vanity itself; there is our weight. And if you would value us, man is but a thing of naught: there is our worth. *Hoc* is *omnis homo;* this is Abraham, and this is Abraham's seed: and who would stand to compare these with angels? Verily, there is no comparison; they are incomparably far better than the best of us.—*Sermons.*

ANEURIN, a Welsh poet of the seventh century, was the son of a chieftain of a tribe which dwelt to the south of the Firth of Forth. He is known as the author of the epic poem, *The Gododin*, which was the name of his tribe, otherwise called the Otadini. This poem, which records the battle of Cattraeth, fought in A.D., 603 and at which Aneurin is supposed to have been present, has been often translated, wholly or in part, and sometimes imitated—notably by the poet Gray in his *Death of Hoel.* The principal translation is that of the Welsh scholar, John Williams. Some writers have identified Aneurin with Gildas, while others have made him the son of Gildas. Elton, in his *Origins of English History*, speaks of *The Gododin* as "the history of a long war of races, compressed under the similitude of a battle into a few days of ruin." It is the chief source of information we have concerning the author, who says that he was educated at St. Cadoc's College, at Llancarvan, and that he afterward joined the bardic order and became a warrior priest. He was taken prisoner in the battle which forms the subject of his muse; afterward he returned to Llancarvan; then, in his old age, he went into Galloway, where, it is said, he was assassinated. The manuscript of his poem is a vellum book of

the thirteenth century, up to which time the poem was preserved by oral tradition.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE GODODIN.

Lo, the youth, in mind a man,
Daring in the battle's van!
See the splendid warrior's speed
On his fleet and thick-maned steed,
As his buckler, beaming wide,
Decks the courser's slender side,
With his steel of spotless mould,
Ermined vest and spurs of gold.
Think not, youth, that e'er from me
Hate or spleen shall flow to thee:
Nobler meed thy virtues claim,
Eulogy and tuneful fame.
Ah! much sooner comes thy bier
Than thy nuptial feast, I fear;
Ere thou mak'st the foeman bleed
Ravens on thy corse shall feed.
Owain, lov'd companion, friend,
To birds a prey—is this thy end?
Tell me, steed, on what sad plain
Thy ill-fated lord was slain?

—*Translated by* JOHN PARRY.

CYNON.

None made the social hall so free from care
As gentle Cynon, Clinion's sovereign lord;
For highest rank he never proudly strove,
And whom he once had known he ne'er would slight.
Yet was his spear keen-pointed, and well knew
To pierce, with truest aim, th' embattled line.
Swift flew his steed to meet the hostile storm,
And death sat on his lance, as, with the dawn,
He rushed to war in glory's brilliant day.

—*Translated from the Gododin, by* JOHN PARRY.

ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE D', an Italian novelist, was born in 1864, on board the brigantine Irene, in the waters of the Adriatic; and to this circumstance has been ascribed the profound love which he has always manifested for the sea. He spent his childhood on the coast of Central Italy, and from the ninth to the sixteenth year of his age he studied in the college of the old town of Prato, in Tuscany. Here he gained considerable notoriety by the publication of a volume of verses, to which he gave the Latin title *Primo Vere*. From Prato, he went to the University of Rome; and here, in 1882, while a student, he published his first prose work, *Terra Vergine*, and another volume of verse, *Canto Novo*. In 1883 he issued *Intermezzo di Rime*. Then came *Il Libro delle Vergini* (1884); *San Pantaleone* (1886); *L'Isotteo* (1886); *Chimera* (1888); *Elegie Romane* (1892); the *Poema Paradisiaco* (1893); and the prose works *Il Piacere* (1889); *Giovanni Episcopo* (1892), and *L'Innocente* (1892), these last two translated into French by G. Herelle under the respective titles *Episcopo et Cie* and *L'Intrus*, and *Il Piacere* as *L'Enfant de Volupté*. His *Trionfo della Morte* appeared in 1894, and was translated into French as *Le Triomphe de la Mort*, and into English, by Arthur Hornblow (1897), as *The Triumph of Death*. This latter work was greeted with a storm of adverse criti-

cism, one prominent writer in the United States going so far as to assert that "it is not a presentation of life, but of the corruption that attends life and that tries to make it impossible," and that "the essential rottenness of the book condemns it in spite of a certain brute force;" that "there is no excuse for putting D'Annuncio's books before English readers." On the other hand, *The Triumph of Death* has had its able and strenuous advocates. M. de Vogüé asserts that it has a right to be known as one of the master-books of our time.

AN INCIDENT OF HIPPOLYTE'S YOUTH.

The old hotel of Ludovico Togni, with the walls of its long vestibule done in stucco and painted to imitate marble, with its landing-places with green doors, decorated all over with commemorative stones, gave an immediate impression of quasi-conventual peace. All the furniture had an aspect of being heirlooms. The beds, the chairs, the sofas, the couches, the chests of drawers, had the style of another age, now fallen into disuse. The delicately-colored ceilings, bright yellow and sky-blue, were decorated at their centres with garlands of roses or other usual symbols, such as a lyre, a torch, or a quiver. On the paper-hangings and woollen carpet the bouquets of flowers had faded, and had become almost invisible; the window-curtains, white and modest, hung from poles from which the gilt had worn off; the *rococo* mirrors, while reflecting these antique images in a dull mist, imparted to them that air of melancholy, and almost of unreality, which solitary pools sometimes give at their edges.

"How pleased I am to be here!" cried Hippolyte, penetrated by the charm of this peaceful spot. "I wish I could stay here forever."

And she drew herself up in the great armchair, her head leaning against the back, which was decorated with a crescent, a modest crochet-work in white cotton.

She thought once more of her dead aunt Jane and of her distant infancy.

"Poor aunt!" she said; "she had, I recall, a house like this—a house in which, for a century, the furniture had not been moved from its place. I always recollect her unhappiness when I broke one of those glass globes beneath which artificial flowers are preserved, you know. I remember she cried over it. Poor old aunt! I can see her black lace cap, with her white curls which hung down her cheeks."

She spoke slowly, pausing from time to time, her gaze fixed on the fire which flamed in the fireplace; and, every now and then, so as to smile at George, she raised her eyes, which were somewhat downcast and surrounded by dark violet rings; while from the street arose the monotonous and regular noise of pavers beating the pavement.

"In the house, I can recall, there was a large hayloft with two or three windows, where we kept the pigeons. You reached the loft by means of a small, straight stairway, against the wall of which hung, heaven knows since when, skins of hares, hairless and dried, stretched from two ends of crossed reeds. Every day I carried food to the pigeons. As soon as they heard me coming, they clustered around the door. When I entered, it was a veritable assault. Then I would sit on the floor and scatter the barley all around me. The pigeons surrounded me; they were all white, and I watched them pecking up their food. The sound of a flute stole in from a neighboring house; always the same air at the same hour. This music seemed delicious to me. I listened, my head raised to the window, my mouth wide open, as if to drink in the notes which showered. From time to time, a belated pigeon arrived, beating her wings on my head, and filling my hair with white feathers. And the invisible flute went on playing. The air still rings in my ears; I could hum it. That is how I acquired a passion for music, in a dovecote, when a child."

And she repeated mentally the air of the ancient flute of Albano; she enjoyed its sweetness with a melancholy comparable to that of the wife who, after many years,

discovers a forgotten sugar-plum at the bottom of her wedding-box. There was an interval of silence. A bell sounded in the corridor of the peaceful residence.

"I remember. A lame turtle-dove hopped into the room; and it was one of my aunt's greatest favorites.

"One day a little girl of the neighborhood came to play with me—a pretty little blond girl named Clarisse. My aunt was confined to bed by a cold. We amused ourselves on the terrace, to the great damage of the vases. The turtle-dove appeared on the sill, looked at us without suspicion, and squatted down in a corner to enjoy the sunshine. Scarcely had Clarisse perceived it, however, when she started forward to seize it. The poor little creature tried to escape by hopping away, but it limped so comically that we could not control our laughter. Clarisse caught it; she was a cruel child. From laughing we were both as drunk. The turtle-dove trembled with fear in our hands.

"Clarisse plucked one of its feathers; then (I shudder still when I think of it) she plucked the dove almost entirely, before my eyes, with peals of laughter which made me laugh too. One could have believed that she was intoxicated. The poor creature, despoiled of its feathers, bleeding, escaped into the house as soon as it was liberated. We started to pursue it, but, almost at the same moment, we heard the tinkle of the bell, and the calls of my aunt who was coughing in her bed. Clarisse escaped rapidly by the stairway; I hid myself behind the curtains. The turtle-dove died that same night. My aunt sent me to Rome, convinced that I was guilty of this barbarity. Alas! I never saw Aunt Jane again. How I have wept! My remorse will last forever."

She spoke slowly, pausing from time to time, fixing her dilated eyes on the flaming hearth, which almost magnetized her, which began to overcome her with a hypnotic torpor, while from the street arose the monotonous and regular noise of pavers beating the pavement.—*The Triumph of Death, Chap. 5.*

ANSELM, SAINT, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the founder of the scholastic theology, born near Aosta, Italy, in 1033; died at Canterbury, England, April 21, 1109. While studying under the celebrated prelate and scholar, Lanfranc, he assumed the monastic habit at Bec, in France, in 1060. He became Prior of Bec in 1063, and was made Abbot of Bec in 1078. In 1093 he was made Archbishop of Canterbury. He was an able advocate of the right of investiture, which he supported against William II. and Henry I.; and the anniversary of his death is celebrated in the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church, his canonization having taken place probably in the year 1494. Anselm's principal works are the two celebrated treatises *Monologion* and *Prosologion*, written during his quiet years at Bec, and his treatise on the atonement, *Cur Deus Homo*, written after he became archbishop and during the time of the heated controversy between the Pope and the Kings of England. The two former of these three great works have been translated into French enriched with notes, by Bouchitté, and were published at Paris in 1842; the *Cur Deus Homo* has often been published in a separate form. Of the principal authorities concerning Anselm and his writings, the *Anselm* of Möhler was translated into English in 1842, and the *Saint Anselm* of R. W.

Church was published in 1870. A prominent authority says: "His *Monologion* and *Prosologion* are the most remarkable. He originated the attempt, which was afterward renewed by Des Cartes, to constitute the true principle of science, and which has been justly characterized as one of the boldest ever made in the philosophical world."

SAINT ANSELM'S MEDITATION.

Let the carnal and the worldly minds make their boast of such imaginary advantages as are agreeable to sensual dispositions; but for thee, who art a Christian, God forbid, that thou, like them, should think the cross of Christ a thing to be ashamed of, that thou shouldst not glory in it, that thou shouldst imagine anything besides can be matter of just glory and advantage to thee, but only the name of thy crucified Lord, Christ Jesus. Make thou thy boast then in that name, which is above every name, in which whosoever is blessed upon earth, shall be blessed also in heaven. Let *them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed* (Psa. cviii. 2); yea, let them ever praise his holy name. O come and let us ascribe due honour to our Saviour, who hath done so great things for us, great things, whereof we do and ought to rejoice. Lift up your hearts and join your voices, ye children of grace and redemption, and let us magnify his name together, saying, *We praise thee, we bless thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee, for thy great glory*, O Christ, the King of Israel, the Light of the Gentiles, the Prince of all the kings of the earth, the Lord of hosts, the power of God Almighty in its utmost strength and perfection. We worship thee, O precious and valuable ransom of our souls! O, our peace, and most acceptable sacrifice! Who, by the sweet-smelling savour of thy sin-offering, didst incline the Father, whose dwelling is on high, to cast an eye of pity upon the vilest of his creatures here below, and didst open a way to reconciliation for the sons of wrath and perdition. We publish the praise of thy mercy, O blessed Jesus,

and out of the abundance of our hearts do gratefully recount the sweetness of thy love; we offer unto thee our daily sacrifice of gratitude and glory, for the incomprehensible excellence of thy goodness, and the bowels of that tender and unbounded compassion which thou hast been pleased to extend to a most reprobate and ungracious seed, a race of miserable wretches, sunk in sin, and justly sentenced to destruction.—STANHOPE'S *Translation.*

ANSLO, REINIER, a Dutch poet, born at Amsterdam in 1626; died at Perugia, Italy, May 16, 1669. In 1649 he made a voyage to Italy, where he acquired great reputation, especially for his Latin verses. Pope Innocent X. gave him a beautiful gold medal for a poem which he had composed on the occasion of the jubilee celebrated in 1650; and Queen Christina, of Sweden, made him a present of a chain of gold for a Dutch metrical composition which he had addressed to her. It has been claimed that certain traces of a secret leaning toward the Roman Catholic religion are discoverable in his verses, and there is little doubt that he was favorably disposed toward the principles of those who had treated him so well in his pilgrimage. A collection of his poems, in quarto, was published at Rotterdam in 1713. Among his earlier works were *The Crown of Saint Stephen the Martyr*, and a poem on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, entitled *The Eve of St. Bartholomew.*

THE PLAGUE OF NAPLES.

Where shall we hide us—he pursuing?
What darksome cave, what gloomy ruin?
It matters not: distress and fear
Are everywhere.

Who now can shield us from the fury
That seems upon our steps to hurry?
Our brow exudes a frozen sweat
On hearing it.

List to that scream! that broken crying:
Could not the death-gasp hush that sighing?
Are these the fruits of promised peace?
Oh, wretchedness!

E'en as a careless shepherd sleeping,
Forgetful of the flocks he's keeping,
Is smitten by the lightning's breath:
The bolt of death:

E'en as the growing mountain-current
Pours down the vale its giant torrent,
And sweeps the thoughtless flocks away
That slumbering lay:

So were we roused; so woe descended
Before the bridal feast was ended,
And Sleep fell heavy: followed there
By blank despair.

—*Translation of* BOWRING.

ANSTEY, CHRISTOPHER, an English versifier, born at Brinkley, October 31, 1724; died at Chippenham, August 3, 1805. His father was rector of Brinkley, in Cambridgeshire, and had also a considerable landed property, which was in time inherited by the son. He was educated at Eton, from which school he was elected to King's College, Cambridge; but in consequence of some quarrel with the authorities he did not take his degree, although he stood high as a classical scholar. He subsequently entered the army; then married an heiress, through the influence of whose family he was returned to Parliament. His wealth and personal qualities gained him a place in the best fashionable and literary society of the day. He was a frequent visitor at Bath, then the favorite watering-place. He wrote, during his long and prosperous life, many "society poems," of which *The New Bath Guide* and *The Election Ball* are now worth remembering. *The New Bath Guide*, published in 1766, was among the most successful poems of that age. Anstey received £200 for the copyright, and he gave the money to the hospital at Bath. Dodsley, the publisher, declared that the profits on the sale were greater than he had ever gained in the same period by any other book. Anstey's *New Bath Guide* furnished the thought, and indeed not a lit-

tle of the actual material, which Smollett, five years later, wrought up in his clever story of *Humphrey Clinker*. Anstey's *Election Ball* has quite a number of clever hits which may be appreciated now—a century or more after they were written:

THE PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

Now my lord had the honor of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her Ladyship's favor might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure that he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution,
For he carried us to a place 'cross the river,
And vowed that the rooms were too hot for his liver.
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown;
While his Lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore. . . .
You've read all their names in the news I suppose:
But for fear you have not, take the list as it goes.
There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madame Van-Twister,
Her Ladyship's sister;
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
Sir Brandish O'Cultur,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Touzer;
And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmowzer;
Besides many others who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honor this great entertainment.
The company made a most brilliant appearance
And ate bread-and-butter with great perseverance;
And the chocolate, too, that my Lord sat before 'em,
The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.

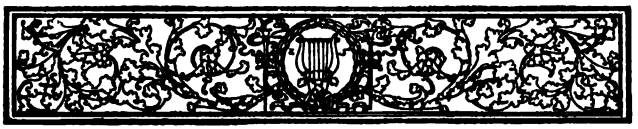
Soft musical numbers were heard all around
The horns' and the clarions' echoing sound. . . .
Oh, had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time that he ne'er touched a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit;
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat. . . .
So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling and rustling and jostling along;
For his Lordship was pleased that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curtsey and bow;
And my Lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd.
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored
This beautiful image set up by my Lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow the employments and calls of the day. . . .
Now why should the Muse—my dear mother—relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the Great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the Peer:
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble her breed;
Or whether his Lordship was charmed to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Comefidget and daughter,
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water;
But a Nymph of the Flood brought him safe to the boat;
And I left all the Ladies a-cleaning his coat.

ANTAR, or ANTARA, an Arabian poet and soldier, who is supposed to have died a little before the time of Mohammed's flight to Medina. He is the hero of a romance which Mohammed instructed his disciples to teach to their children, which is known by every Bedouin of the desert, which is repeated night after night by the professional narrators of Bagdad and Constantinople, and is familiar wherever the Arabic language is spoken. This romance, supposed to have been written by Asmai, preceptor to Haroun-al-Raschid, makes Antar the son of the warrior Shedad-el-Absi and the Abyssinian slave Zabuba. Being brought into disgrace, while still, with his mother, in slavery, by having fallen in love with his beautiful cousin Abla, he began to seek opportunities of signallizing himself as a soldier and as a poet; and, rising in favor, he filled the country with the fame of his song and his sword. By some Arabic historians he is said to have been killed, and by others to have died naturally of old age. In literature Antar is renowned as the author of one of the seven great poems hung up in the Kaaba at Mecca, and known as the suspended poems.

ANTOR'S LOVE FOR HIS COUSIN IBLA.

When the breezes blow from Mount Saadi, their freshness calms the fire of my love and transports. Let my tribe remember I have preserved their faith; but they feel not my worth, and preserve not their engage-

ments with me. Were there not a maid settled in the tents, why should I prefer their society to absence? Slimly made is she, and the magic influence of her eye preserves the bones of a corpse from entering the tomb. The sun as it sets, turns towards her, and says: "Darkness obscures the land; do thou rise in my absence;" and the brilliant moon calls out to her: "Come forth; for thy face is like me when I am at the full, and in all my glory!" The Tamarisk trees complain of her in the morn and the eve, and say: "Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel!" She turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft fair cheeks. She draws her sword from the glances of her eyelashes, sharp and penetrating as the blade of her forefathers, and with it her eyes commit murder, though it be sheathed: is it not surprising that a sheathed sword should be so sharp against its victims! Graceful is every limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her glances, waving is her form. The damsel passes the night with musk under her veil, and its fragrance is increased by the still fresher essence of her breath. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away. When she smiles, between her teeth is a moisture composed of wine, of rain, and of honey. Her throat complains of the darkness of her necklaces. Alas! alas! the effects of that throat and that necklace! Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure my heart of the sorrows of love? If my eye could see her baggage camels, and her family, I would rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I will kiss the earth where thou art; mayhap the fire of my love and ecstasy may be quenched. Shall thou and I ever meet as formerly on Mount Saadi? or will the messenger come from thee to announce thy meeting, or will he relate that thou art in the land of Nejd? Shall we meet in the land of Shureba and Hima, and shall we live in joy and happiness? I am the well-known Antar, the chief of his tribe, and I shall die; but when I am gone, history shall tell of me.—*Translated from the Arabic by* HERRICK HAMILTON.



ANTHOLOGY (Gr. literally "Flower-Gatherings"). A collection of small poems, forming, as it were, a kind of bouquet or garland. Such collections exist in many languages; but the term is more specifically used to denote the famous collection of the minor Greek poets, of most of whom only a few fragments are extant. Not a few of these consist of a single couplet, often originally an inscription upon some monument, as that composed by Simonides and placed by Miltiades upon a statue of Pan erected on the battle-field of Marathon:

> Me, goat-foot Pan of Arcady—the Median's fear—
> The Athenians' friend, Miltiades, placed here.

Still more famous is the inscription, also by Simonides, upon a monument erected over the remains of those Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ:

> Go, stranger, and to Lacedæmon tell
> That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.

Another, also attributed to Simonides, commemorates the Corinthians who fell at the naval battle of Salamis:

> Well-watered Corinth was our home before;
> We lie on Salamis's Aiantian shore.—
> The ships of Tyre, the Persian, and the Mede
> We routed; and thus sacred Greece was freed.

Not a few of the poems in the Greek Anthology are votive inscriptions hung above some offering

to the gods in gratitude for some great deliverance, or to propitiate their favor in the future. Thus an epigram, by Lucian, records a humble thank-offering from one who had been saved from shipwreck:

To Glaucus, Nereus, Ino, and to Melicerte, as well
To Neptune, and the mystic powers in Samothrace that dwell—
Grateful that, from the sea preserved, he now on shore can live,
Lucillus cuts and gives these hairs:—'tis all he has to give.

Three brothers—hunters and fishers—dedicate the implements of their craft to the silvan deity Pan. The inscription on the votive tablet is by Leonidas, though the general idea is expressed by other poets, with more or less of variation:

Three brothers dedicate, O Pan, to thee
Their nets—the various emblems of their toil:—
Pigrés, who brings from realms of air his spoil:
Damés from woods, and Clitor from the sea.
So may the treasures of the deep be given
To this; to those the spoils of earth and heaven.

An epigram, ascribed to no less an author than Plato, has been often imitated. It purports to be by Laïs, the famous courtesan, at a time when her charms had begun to wane:

I, Laïs, who smiled at Greece with scornful pride,
I, at whose doors a swarm of lovers sighed,
This glass to Venus give:—That which I shall be
I *would not*—what I was I *cannot*—see.

Laïs has been commemorated in a stinging epitaph by Antipater of Sidon:

Laïs, who walked in gold and purple dyes,
Here on her sea-girt Corinth lowly lies;

The pampered friend of Eros, whom that elf
Nurtured more daintily than Venus's self.
Brighter this human goddess than the stream,
Which in Pirené sheds its fulgent gleam;
And wooers more she had who sought her arms,
Than ever sighed for brilliant Helen's charms;
And many revelled in those graces—sold
For the false glare of all-subduing gold.
Even in her ashes live the rich perfume
Of odors ever floating round her tomb:
Steeped are her locks in myrrh; the buxom air
Inhales the fragrance of her essenced hair;
And when she died, Cythera near her stood
With grief-soiled cheeks, and Eros sobbed aloud.—
Oh! if those charms so many had not bought,
Greece had for Laïs as for Helen fought.

Votive offerings were frequent upon occasions of approaching nuptials, and they called forth not a few of the prettiest effusions of the Greek versifiers. Here is one by an anonymous poet:

Timareté—her wedding-day now near—
To Artemis has laid these offerings here:
Her tambourine, her pleasant ball; the net
As a safe guardian o'er her tresses set;
Her girlish dolls, in mimic robes arrayed:
Gifts fitting for a maid to give a maid.—
Goddess, thy hands upon her kindly lay
And keep her holy in thy holy way.

Leonidas of Tarentum has left numerous graceful inscriptions of this class. This, which tells its own story, is addressed to Rhea, the Mother of the Gods:

O holy Mother! on the peak
Of Dindyma, and on those summits bleak
That frown on Phrygia's scorched plain,
Holding thy throne: with favoring aspect deign
To smile on Aristodicé,
Silené's virgin child, that she

May grow in beauty, and her charms improve
To fulness, and invite connubial love.
For this she seeks thy porch, with tributes rare,
And o'er thine altars strews her votive hair.

And this is addressed to the goddess who presides over child-birth, by a matron who had safely given birth to twins:

Here, Ilethyia! at thy noble feet
Ambrosia lays a grateful offering meet—
A robe and head-dress, favored by thy power
In the sore travail of her perilous hour;
And in due season strengthened to bring forth
A double offspring at a happy birth.

Agathias commemorates a triple offering devoted by a happy wife and mother to the three goddesses who had crowned her life with gladness. It should not be forgotten that the original Greek idea of Aphroditê was wholly devoid of that grossness which came in time to be the prevailing characteristic of the conception of the Goddess of Love.

To Aphroditê garlands, braids of clustering hair
To Pallas, and her zone to Artemis,
Callirhoé gave: Fit tributes offered there,
Whence to her lot had fallen a triple bliss.—
A loved and loving suitor she had wed,
In modest purity her life was led
And a male race of children blessed her bed.

The shorn-off hair was a frequent and natural offering. Youths also offered the first clippings of their beards—the first-fruits, so to speak, and tokens of adolescence. Thus an anonymous epigram says, with a fine moral added:

Lycon, the rising down that first appeared
To Phœbus gave—the presage of a beard;

And prayed that so he might in after years
On his gray locks—as now—employ the shears.
Grant this request, and on his age bestow
The honor that should crown a head of snow.

When the youth laid away childish things he was wont to make an offering of his toys to Hermes, as the maiden did of hers to Artemis. Leonidas of Tarentum makes mention of this custom:

To Hermes, this fair ball of pleasant sound,
This box-wood rattle, fraught with lively noise,
These maddening dice, this top, well-whirling round,
Philocles here hangs up his boyhood's toys.

As the youth dedicated his toys, so the worn-out old man dedicated the implements of his craft which he could no longer use. Thus:

Old Cyniras to the Nymphs this net. No more
His strength can stand the toils that once it bore.—
Rejoice, ye fishes, sporting in the sea!
From danger at his hands you now are free.

An epigram by Macedonius describes the offering to Poseidon, by an old sailor, of the ship in which he had long voyaged from land to land:

King of the sea, and Ruler of the shore,
This ship, ordained to touch the waves no more,
I, Crantas, give to thee:—a ship long driven
In sport before the wandering winds of heaven;
In which, oft sailing, I have thought, with dread,
I soon might reach the regions of the dead.
Renouncing winds and waves, and hope and fear,
Now on dry land I fix my footsteps here.

A votive inscription by Gætulicus tells its own story:

Alcon beheld his boy, while laid at rest,
Close in a deadly serpent's folds comprest;

He bent his bow with hand that thrilled with dread,
But did not miss his mark ; the arrow sped
Right through the monster's jaws with prosperous aim—
Near, but not touching the dear infant's frame.
His quiver, fraught with shafts devised to kill,
Hangs on this oak, released from working ill—
A record of good fortune and good skill.

A traveller, almost perishing with thirst, was guided by the croaking of a frog to a spring of water. In gratitude for this relief he dedicated a bronze image of a frog to the nymphs of the spring, with this inscription by Plato—not the philosopher, but another poet of the same name:

The servant of the Nymphs, who loves the showers.
The minstrel moist, who lurks in watery bowers—
A frog in bronze, a wayfarer here laid,
Whose burning thirst was quenched by welcome aid,
By the hoarse monitor's amphibious tone
A hidden spring was to the wanderer shown ;
He followed, nor forsook the guiding sound
Till the much wished-for draught he grateful found.

Leonidas of Tarentum gracefully commemorates an offering made to the river-nymphs by a traveller who had quenched his thirst at their waters:

Cool stream, where waters from the cleft rock start—
Forms, too, of Naiads, carved by rustic art—
Ye fountain-heads, and countless spots around,
Made lovely by your rills that here abound—
Farewell ! and from a wayfarer receive
The horn which here he dipped, his hot thirst to relieve.

Inscriptions for fountains with shady retreats were favorite subjects with the anthologists. Here are two by Anyté of Tegea, a poetess, who lived about 700 B.C.

To shaggy Pan, and to the Fold-Nymphs fair,
  Fast by this rock a shepherd's offering stands;
Theudotus's gift to those who gave him there
Rest, when he fainted in the sultry air,
  And reached him sweetest water with their hands.

Epitaphs, or sepulchral inscriptions, are numerous in the Greek Anthology. Among the most noted is that upon Proté, whose name signifies "the first," and who was probably a first-born daughter:

Proté, thou art not dead; but thou hast passed
To better lands, where pleasures ever last;
To bound in joy amidst the fairest flowers
Of the Blest Isles—Elysium's blooming bowers.
Thee nor the Summer's heat nor Winter's chill
Shall e'er annoy, exempt from every ill.
Nor sickness, hunger, thirst again distress;
Nor dost thou long for earthly happiness.
Contented thou, remote from human woes,
In the pure light which from Olympus flows.

The departure of those who die young furnishes the theme of numerous epitaphs in the Anthology. In the following, by Lucian, the dead child is represented as speaking words of consolation, presumably to his parents:

A boy of five years old, serene and gay,
Unpitying Hades hurried me away,
Yet weep not for Callimachus: if few
The days I lived, few were my sorrows too.

A touching threnody by Anyté of Tegea commemorates a friend who died in her maiden bloom:

The maid Antibia I lament; for whom
  Full many a suitor sought her father's hall.
For beauty, prudence, famed was she, but doom
  Destructive overwhelmed the hopes of all.

The following, by Paul the Silentiary, though of comparatively modern date, is conceived in the purest antique spirit:

Thy bier, and not thy bridal bed, sweet maid,
With grieving hands thy parents have arrayed.
Thou from life's troubles and from childbirth's pains
Escapest: for them a cloud of woes remains.
Fate, at thy twelfth year, wrapped thee in mould;
In beauty young; in moral merits old.

We find in the Anthology elegiacs upon brides who are called away close upon their nuptials. This is by Errinna, a bosom friend of the dead girl:

The virgin Baucis's sepulchre am I:
Creep softly to the pillared mount of woe,
And whisper to the grave, in earth below:
"Grave! thou art envious in thy cruelty!"
To thee now gazing here, her barbarous fate
These brides' adornments tell: That with the fire
Of Hymen's torch, which led her to the gate
Her husband burned the maid upon her pyre.
Yes, Hymen! thou didst change the marriage-song
To the shrill wailings of the mourner's song.

The same thought is even better expressed in a threnody by Meleager:

Her virgin zone unloosed, Cleæra's charms
Death clasps—stern bridegroom—in his iron arms.
Hymns at the bridal doors last night were sung;
Last night the bridal roof with revels rung:
This morn the wail was raised; and, hushed and low,
The strains of joy were changed to moans of woe;
And the bright torch to Hymen's hall which led,
With mournful glare now lighted to the dead.

The following is ascribed to Sappho:

Deep in the dreary chambers of the dead
Asteria's ghost has made her bridal bed;
Still to this stone her fond compeers may turn,
And shed their cherished tresses on her urn.

The following, by an unknown author, is among the most exquisite of the Greek sepulchral inscriptions:

This is Popillia's tomb. My husband's care
Framed it—Oceanus, of wisdom rare.
Here rest my ashes; but the Shades below,
Hearing my hymns, thy goodness, friend, shall know.
Think of me, husband; and while here,
Drop, on the tomb I fill, the frequent tear;
And say "Popillia slumbers." Never think
That the good die: to happy sleep they sink.

A fragment of Callimachus is preserved in the Anthology in this elegy upon his literary friend, Heraclitus of Halicarnassus, written upon receiving tidings of the latter's death, soon after his return to his native land. It calls to remembrance the pleasant hours they had spent together when Heraclitus was the guest of Callimachus at Alexandria:

One told me, Heraclitus, of thy fate,
Which brought the tear into my eye to think
How oft we two—conversing long and late—
Have seen the sun into his chamber sink.
But that is past and gone, and somewhere thou,
Halicarnassian guest, art ashes now.
Yet live these nightingales of thine: on these
The all-grasping hand of Hades will not seize.

The Greeks were notably a maritime people, and epitaphs upon fishermen and sailors fill no lit-

tle space in the Anthology. Allusion is often made to the wearisome lives of these toilers of the sea. The following is by Poseidippus:

Oh, why, my brother mariners, so near the boisterous wave
Of ocean have ye hollowed out my solitary grave?
'Twere better much that farther off a sailor's tomb should be;
For I dread my rude destroyer; I dread the roaring sea.
But may the smiles of fortune, and may love and peace await
All you who shed a pitying tear for Nicetas's fate.

The two following are ascribed to Plato, but it is by no means certain whether we are to understand the philosopher of that name. The first is certainly not unworthy of him:

I am a shipwrecked sailor's tomb; a peasant's there doth stand:
Thus the same world of Hades lies beneath sea and land.

Ye mariners! by sea and lands, be yours a happy doom:
But know you now are sailing past a shipwrecked seaman's tomb.

This by Callimachus:

Would that swift ships had never been; for so
We ne'er had wept for Sopolis. But he
Dead on the waves now drifts; while we must go
Past a void tomb—a mere name's mockery.

In this, by Sappho, the thought is brought to the extremest point of condensation:

Here, to the fisher Pelagon, her sire—Meniscos—laid
A wicker-net and oar, to show his weary trade.

Slavery was a predominant feature of Greek social life. The inscriptions upon the tombs

of slaves are not, however, numerous; but some of them are characteristic. This is by Damaskios:

Zosima when living was only in body chained:
Now in body also, her freedom hath she gained.

This, by Anyté, is upon some Persian slave:

Manes, when living was a slave: dead now,
Great King Darius, he's as great as thou.

This, which is anonymous, is put into the mouth of another Persian slave, a fire-worshipper, apparently of noble lineage, who bore the name of the great river upon whose banks he had dwelt:

Burn not Euphrates, master: let not fire
Be here polluted for my funeral pyre.—
A Persian born, of Persia's genuine race,
Fire to profane, to me were dire disgrace.
Lay me in earth; nor e'er bring water here
To wash me: rivers also I revere.

Yet ancient slavery was not—any more than modern—without its genial side. This is set forth in the two following epitaphs by Dioscorides:

A slave—a Lydian—yet my master gave
To me, who fostered him, a freeman's grave.
Master! live long; and when on life's decline
You come to Hades, there I'll still be thine.

The same general thought is touchingly expressed in an epitaph by an unknown writer:

Master! to thee still faithful I remain
In death; and still my grateful thoughts retain
How, rescued thrice from fell disease by thee,
I fill this cell, where passers-by may see
Manes, the Persian's tomb: for such good deed
Service more true from all will be thy meed.

The amatory poems in the Greek Anthology are very numerous. Probably the best are by Anacreon, and have been touched upon under his name. The passion of love is usually personified as Eros, or Cupid. Some of the best of these poems are by Meleager, who lived in the first century B.C. We quote a few of these:

Dreadful is Eros! dreadful! but where's the good
That oft this cry of "dreadful!" is renewed?
The urchin laughs at us. Though o'er and o'er
Reproached, he's pleased; reviled, he thrives the more.

Again:

No wonder Cupid is a murderous boy;
A fiery archer, making pain his joy.
His dam, while fond of Mars, is Vulcan's wife;
And thus, 'twixt fire and sword, divides her life.
His mother's mother too: Why, that's the Sea!
When lashed with winds, a roaring fury she.
No father has he, and no father's kin:
'Tis through his mother all his faults flow in.
Thus has he Vulcan's flames; the wild Sea's rage;
And Mars's blood-stained darts his wars on us to wage.

In a quite different strain is the following, addressed to Heliodora, whose death he laments in another poem:

I'll frame, my Heliodora! a garland for thy hair
Which thou, in all thy beauty's pride, mayst not disdain to wear:
For I, with tender myrtles, white violets will twine—
White violets, but not so pure as that pure breast of thine;
With laughing lilies I will twine narcissus; and the sweet
Crocus shall in its hue with purple hyacinth meet;

And I will twine with all the rest—and all the rest above—
Queen of them all, the red, red rose—the flower which lovers love.

The following, by Callistratus, has often been imitated and expanded by later poets in all languages:

I wish I were an ivory lyre,
A lyre of burnished ivory,
That to the Dionysian choir
Blooming boys might carry me.—
O would I were a chalice bright
Of virgin gold by fire untried,
For virgin chaste as morning light
To bear me to the altar side.

Laudations of the great names in Greek poetry abound in the Anthology. Only a few of the briefest of these have a quaint turn. Thus, of Homer:

I, Phœbus, sang those songs that gained so much renown;
I, Phœbus, sang them; Homer only wrote them down.

Homer so sang of Troy destroyed by fire,
That envy seized the towns that stood entire.

Seven cities vied for Homer's birth, with emulation pious:
Salamis, Samos, Colophon, Rhodes, Argos, Athens, Chios

Upon Æschylus; both by Dioscorides:

Thespis's invention, and the sylvan plays,
And Bacchic games that gained the rustic's praise,
Æschylus raised aloft, and nobler made;
Not bringing carved and curious words to aid.
But like a torrent rushing down with force,
And stirring all things in its mighty course,
He changed the stage's forms. O voice sublime,
Fit for a demigod of ancient time.

This tombstone tells, "Here Æschylus is laid,"
By Gela's streams, from his own land afar:
Illustrious bard! what envious fate has made
Athenians ever with good men at war?

Inscription for the cenotaph of Euripides:

This tombstone is no monument of thee;
But thou of it, Euripides, shalt be;
Thy glory clothes it, and men come to see.

This, upon Aristophanes, is ascribed to Plato:

The Graces sought some holy ground,
Whose site should ever please;
And in their search the soul they found
Of Aristophanes.

Upon Sappho; by various authors:

Sappho my name, in song o'er women held
As far supreme as Homer men excelled.

This tomb reveals where Sappho's ashes lie,
But her sweet words of wisdom ne'er will die.

Some thoughtlessly proclaim the Muses nine;
A tenth is Sappho, maid divine.

Upon Herodotus, whose history is in nine books, each bearing the name of one of the Muses:

The Muses to Herodotus one day
Came—Nine of them—and dined;
And in return, their host to pay,
Left each a book behind.

Upon Plato, who, according to legend, was the son not of a mortal father, but, like Æsculapius, of Apollo:

Æsculapius and Plato too, Phœbus to mortals gave,
That one the body, one the soul, from maladies might save.

Epigrams upon works of art are not numerous. Among them is one by an unknown writer, upon two statues—one of Bacchus, the other of Pallas—which stood near each other in some public place. The epigrammatist asks of the former what reason there could have been for this juxtaposition, and gives the explanation made by the God of Wine:

"Say Bacchus, why so placed? What can there be
In common held by Pallas and by thee?
Her pleasure is in darts and battles; thine
In joyous feasts and draughts of rosy wine."
"Stranger, not rashly of the gods thus speak;
Our mutual likeness is not far to seek:
I too in battle glory; Indians know
In me, to ocean's edge, a conquering foe.
Mankind we both have blessed: the olive she
Has given; the vine's sweet clusters come from me.
Nor she nor I e'er caused a mother's pains:
I from Jove's thigh produced, she from his brains."

The sculptor Praxiteles executed several statues of Venus; one of these, which was entirely nude, was set up at Cnidos. The Goddess of Love is said to have gone to view this nude figure to herself. Upon this there are several epigrams. The best of them is ascribed to Plato:

The Paphian Queen to Cnidos made repair,
Across the tide to see her image there:
Then looking up and round the prospect wide,
"Where did Praxiteles see me thus?" she cried.

The following, on the same subject, is briefer and more pointed:

Said Venus, when Venus in Cnidos she viewed:
"Fie! where did Praxiteles see me thus nude?"

The statue of the Olympian Jove, by Phidias, was the most famous one of all antiquity. Upon this there is this epigram:

Either Zeus came to earth to show his form to thee,
Phidias, or thou to heaven hast gone the god to see.

The following epigram, by Archelaus, is upon a bronze statue of Alexander the Great:

Lysippus formed in bronze the courage high
  Of Alexander, and his aspect bold:
The bronze looks up to heaven, and seems to cry:
  "The Earth is mine; thou, Zeus, Olympus hold!"

The witty and satirical epigrams in the Anthology are numerous, but they relate mainly to mere local subjects, so that the point of them is to a great extent lost to us. There are several, however, which reappear as original among English satirists. As these:

Damon, who plied the Undertaker's trade,
With Doctor Crateas an agreement made:
What linens Damon from the dead could seize,
He to the Doctor sent for bandages;
While the good Doctor—here no promise-breaker—
Sent all his patients to the Undertaker.

Dick cannot blow his nose whene'er he pleases—
  His nose so long is, and his arm so short;
Nor ever cries, "God bless us!" when he sneezes—
  He cannot hear so distant a report.

Gellia, your mirror's false; you could not bear,
If it were true, to see your image there.

A blockhead, bit by fleas, put out the light,
And chuckling cried, "Now you can't see to bite!"

A viper bit a Cappadocian's hide;
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.

Lerians are bad: not *some* bad, and some *not*,
But *all*. There's not a Lerian in the lot,
Save Procles, that you could a good man call:—
And Procles is—a Lerian, after all.

Men die when the night-raven sings or cries;
But when Dick sings, e'en the night-raven dies.

Nicias, a Doctor and Musician,
Lies under very foul suspicion:
He sings, and without any shame
He murders all the finest music;
Does he prescribe, our fates the same,
If he shall e'er find me or you sick.

All wives are plagues; yet two blest times have they
Their bridal first, and then their burial day.

ANTHONY, SUSAN BROWNELL, an American reformer and agitator, born at South Adams, Mass., February 15, 1820, of Quaker parentage. She taught school in New York State for fifteen years from 1850. In 1852 she organized the Women's New York State Temperance Society, and has always been an active leader in temperance and woman's rights movements. She was also an active agitator of the abolition of slavery. She was joint author with Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mrs. Matilda J. Gage of *The History of Woman Suffrage*, which was published in 1881. The following extract is taken from a speech in favor of Woman Suffrage delivered to the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate:

THE NEGRO BUT NOT A WOMAN.

It is not argument nor Constitution that you need; you have already had these. I shall therefore refer to existing facts. Prior to the war the plan of extending suffrage was by State action, and it was our pride and our boast that the Federal Constitution had not a word or a line that could be construed into a barrier against woman so soon as we could remove the State barriers; but at the close of the war Congress lifted the question of suffrage for men above State power, and by its amendments prohibited the deprivation of suffrage to any man by any State. When the fourteenth amendment was first enacted in Congress we rushed to you with petitions, praying you not to insert the word "male" in the second clause. Our best woman-suffrage men, on the floor of Congress and in the country, said to us, "The insertion of the word there puts up no barrier against women; therefore do not embarrass us, but

wait until the negro question is settled." The fourteenth amendment with the word "male" was adopted. Then when the fifteenth amendment came up without the word "sex," we again protested, and again our friends declared to us that the absence of that word was no hindrance to us, and again begged us to wait until they had finished the work of the war. "After we have freed the negro, and given him a vote," said they, "we will take up your case." But have they done as they promised? No, they have refused us our rights, although they have given the negro his, and now, when we come before you, asking protection under the guarantee of the Constitution, the same men say to us our only plan is to wait the action of Congress and State Legislatures in the adoption of a sixteenth amendment, that shall make null and void the insertion of the word "male" in the fourteenth amendment and supply the want of the word "sex" in the fifteenth amendment.

Such tantalization endured by yourselves, or by any class of men, would have wrought rebellion and in the end a bloody revolution. It is only the friendly relations that subsist between the sexes, the affection that women bear to men, that has prevented any such result here. Gentlemen, I should be sure of what your decision would be, if you could only realize the fact that we, who have been battling for our rights, for more than twenty years, have felt, and now feel, precisely as you would under the same circumstances. Men never do realize this. One of the most ardent lovers of freedom, and firmest defenders of it, said to me, two winters ago, after our hearing before the committee of the district, "Miss Anthony, I never knew, at least, I never realized before, in my life, that you feel disfranchisement just as I should myself—the disgrace of it, the humiliation of the soul."

We have petitioned for our rights year after year. Although I am a Quaker and take no oath, yet I have made a most solemn affirmation that I would never beg for my rights again, but that I would come up before you each year, and *demand* the recognition of those rights.—*From a speech delivered before the Senate Committee at Washington.*

APPLETON, THOMAS GOLD, an American poet and prose writer, was born in Boston, Mass., March 31, 1812; died in New York City, April 17, 1884. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University, graduating at the latter in 1831. He spent much time in travel, was an art connoisseur and patron, and the founder of the Boston Literary Club. *Faded Leaves*, a volume of poems, was among his first publications. *A Sheaf of Papers* appeared in 1874; *Nile Journal* (1876); *Syrian Sunshine* (1877); *Windfalls* (1878), and *Chequer Work: A Volume of Tales and Essays* (1879).

PORT SAÏD TO JAFFA.

It was early spring, not at all hot or windy, faultless weather; and we enjoyed every moment. Upon a sky of paler blue than Egypt's, soft clouds poised like winged things, and an indescribable serenity and peace filled the landscape. There were no fences, and the road wandered with easy grace, as if desiring not to hurry the traveller. It was a slope of gentle ascent all the way to Ramleh.

A certain spiritual beauty, which we could not define, brooded over everything. On either side waved the tender wheat, with faint belts of varying color, as the plant was younger or older; and on either side everywhere were flowers, whose subtle delicacy and charm proved they sprang from no common soil. Something of superiority and nobleness might have been predicted for the development of the human brain which owned such fellows. Chiefly two flowers abounded there as all over Syria—a crimson anemone, like a glori-

fied *coquelicot* in size and tint; and that other flower, with its modest, slender form, of a purple which seemed born of the skies, and worthy of Him who said of it, "Consider the lilies of the field." Though, in his book on Palestine, Dean Stanley says it is uncertain which flower is thus honored, our elder lady, a thorough botanist, pronounced them indubitably lilies. And what other flower could be the one divinely noticed? It is everywhere, in every field, and only leaves the traveller where the terror of limestone ravines and crests bids it beware. On looking at it, one instinctively feels—This is *the* lily; and it is delightful to know when the traveller carries away his little book of field memories, so charmingly prepared for him at Jerusalem, that in many a bleak clime, and after many years, that tender violet, unfading, will assert itself as lovely as it is permanent.

We did not meet many figures on the road. There was a sense of solitude without ioneliness; earth and sky were companionable; and we should have hated certain ones, which we dreaded to meet. But only here and there a cluster of merchants, with well-filled saddlebags, in colors as harmonious with the scene as were the flowers, staring and clattering went by. Or some solitary turbaned figure, with the broad brown belts of color on his cloak, gay pistols in his girdle, and one long carabine stretching above his head from behind—these were all the travellers we met. All these were horsemen.

What was wanting was a brook; but Syria is not a land of brooks, but of wells. There probably were many in the olden time, which now are dried up. But the well, unknown in Egypt, is the privilege of Judea. Fortunately for us, an historical well is safe. It cannot be carried away, it is not liable to fall down, it does not expect to be rebuilt, as may castles and palaces. We are quite sure that any famous well of the Bible is the one we see now; though, as at the well of Jacob, additions for honor and shelter disturb our notions of what a well should be, yet it is sure to be there. If we could only see in its simplicity this well of Jacob, with its plain curb, as Titian has painted it, we could better supply the figures and intercourse of that deathless twain than can we now.—*Syrian Sunshine.*

DOWN THE NILE.

How lucky we are to have a current in our favor; without that we should never reach Cairo, for the breeze blows steadily against us, which, fortunately, is all gain for those going up. Not only that, but the conflicting wind and current make a little sea, which stimulates the peristaltic motion in many a dahabeah. Luckily, sea-sickness is soon forgotten, and the romantic traveller tries to believe it never existed.

But, after all, what a bore the Nile must be to many of that herd of travellers who, driven from their firesides by the physician or fashion, utterly unprepared by study or reflection for interest to track the footsteps of the past, with no love of literature, no skill in sketching, secretly longing for the routine they have escaped, how can they often here fail to wish themselves well home again? Without confessing it, we ourselves were secretly soured by the weary weather, and were glad to get out for a four mile stretch on foot to Esné. It was the same Esné we remember, looking with its right-angled houses like one of Poussin's towns, as we approached it. The ghawazees were there in swarms, with their ugly, long, striped calico dresses, and alas! the flies we knew before had only said "*au revoir*," and awaited us. There was a file of dahabeahs, and among them acquaintances. From them we got home papers; and how the flimsy cotton paper, the small pale type and the string of debilitated fun reminded us that a democracy is not absolute perfection.

Fortunately that silence which the absence of letters inspires with terror seems to be innocent of calamity, and if they are well at home, have we not here the burden of a great grief? Our baby crocodile is dead. Savak mourns for it through all his palaces of mud, and we share his woe. We cannot guess which killed it, the coldness of the water in its pan, or the fatigue of its journey, head downward, in the hand of the Arab. At all events it presents the creature in a new light, not the unassailable tyrant of the river, but with sensibility, perhaps even sentiment.—*A Nile Journal.*

APULEIUS, or APPULEIUS, LUCIUS, a Roman rhetorician and Platonic philosopher, was born at Medaura, Numidia, about A.D. 125. By his mother, he was of the blood of the Plutarchs. He was educated at Carthage and at Athens. During a long course of travel, which he undertook for the purpose of studying the religious mysteries of his age, he fell in love with and married, at Alexandria, the widowed mother of a former fellow-student. The lady dying, his title to her wealth was contested on the ground that he had used magic in winning her love. This gave rise to his first famous work, *Apologia, sive de Magia*, which is merely his brilliant, witty, and successful defence before his judges. Of the minor works of Apuleius, the *Florida* are a collection of extracts from his own public speeches, beautiful examples of sophistical small-talk; *The God of Socrates* is an entertaining little exposition of the doctrine of good-natured demons; and there are two books on the life and philosophy of Plato. A work on logic, ascribed to Apuleius, is generally considered spurious. The great work of Apuleius, however, and that by which he is almost exclusively known to most modern readers, is his *Metamorphosis*, otherwise known as *The Golden Ass*. This fantastic romance is supposed by some to have been his earliest as well as his greatest work. In it the

author relates the adventures of "Lucius" in his own person; and this has often caused much confusion in regard to the circumstances of his own life. The "Lucius" of the story, thinking to become a proficient in the art of magic, succeeds in getting himself transformed into an ass, but is not deprived of his human intelligence. Dunlop, in his *History of Prose Fiction*, says that the readers of this romance, "on account of its excellence, as is generally supposed, added the epithet 'golden.' Warburton, however, conjectures, from the beginning of one of Pliny's epistles, that *Aureæ* ('golden') was the common title given to the Milesian and such tales as strollers used to tell for a piece of money to the rabble in a circle—'*Assem para et accipe auream fabulam.*' These Milesian fables were much in vogue in the age of Apuleius." Later writers, notably Boccaccio, Cervantes, and Le Sage, have borrowed freely from *The Golden Ass*, and the charming episode of *Cupid and Psyche* has been the inspiration of many a modern book.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

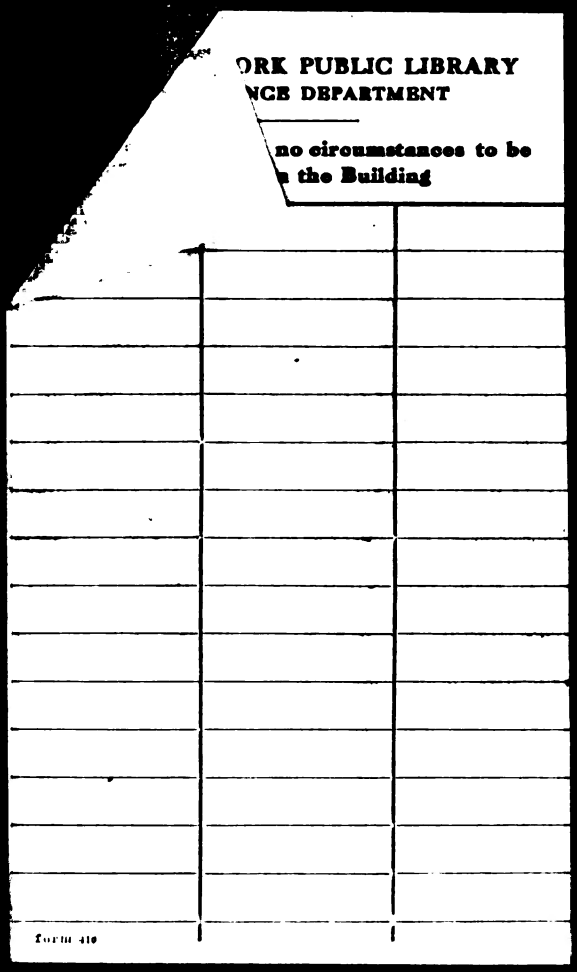
Fotis, serving-maid to the witch Pamphile, promises to let her lover, Lucius, witness the magic performances of her mistress. Lucius sees Pamphile transform herself into an owl. He attempts to imitate her; but, by an unlucky mistake of Fotis, he is changed into an ass.

She stole into her mistress's chamber with the greatest trepidation, and took a little box out of the casket. Having first hugged and kissed it, and offered up a prayer that it would favor me with a prosperous flight, I hastily divested myself of all my garments, then greedily dipping my fingers into the box, and taking thence a considerable quantity of the ointment, I rubbed

it all over my body and limbs. And now, flapping my arms up and down, I anxiously awaited my change into a bird. But no down, no shooting wings appeared, but my hairs evidently became thickened into bristles, and my tender skin was hardened into a hide; my hands and feet, too, no longer furnished with distinct fingers and toes, formed as many massive hoofs, and a long tail projected from the extremity of my spine. My face was now enormous, my mouth wide, my nostrils gaping, and my lips hanging down. In like manner my ears grew hairy, and of immoderate length, and I found in every respect I had become enlarged. Thus, hopelessly surveying all parts of my body, I beheld myself changed not into a bird, but an ass. I wished to upbraid Fotis for the deed she had done; but, now deprived both of the gesture and voice of man, I could only expostulate with her silently with my under-lip hanging down, and looking sideways at her with tearful eyes. As for her, as soon as she beheld me thus changed, she beat her face with her hands and cried aloud, "Wretch that I am, I am undone! In my haste and flurry I mistook one box for the other, deceived by their similarity. It is fortunate, however, that a remedy for this transformation is easily to be obtained; for, by only chewing roses, you will put off the form of an ass, and in an instant will become my Lucius once again. I only wish that I had prepared as usual some garlands of roses for us last evening; for then you would not have had to suffer the delay even of a single night. But, at the break of dawn, the remedy shall be provided for you." Thus did she lament; and as for me, though I was a perfect ass, and instead of Lucius, a beast of burden, I still retained human sense; long and deeply, in fact, did I consider with myself, whether I ought not to bite and kick that most wicked woman to death. However, better thoughts recalled me from such rash designs, lest, by inflicting on Fotis the punishment of death, I should at once put an end to all chances of efficient assistance. So, bending my head low, shaking my ears, I silently swallowed my wrongs for a time, and submitting to my most dreadful misfortune, I betook myself to the stable.
—*Translated by* BOHN *from The Golden Ass.*

THE FLORIDA.

My predecessor Socrates, when he had looked for some time upon a handsome but silent youth, exclaimed: "Say something, that I may see you." Socrates saw not a silent man; for he thought that men were to be considered not with the eyes, but with the rays of the intellect and the gaze of the soul. In this he differed in opinion with the soldier in Plautus, who says: "One eye-witness is worth more than ten ear-witnesses." Nay, he held the converse of this verse with regard to the examination of men: "One ear-witness is worth more than ten eye-witnesses." But if the judgments formed by the eyes were more valued than those of the mind, the palm of wisdom would be due to the eagle. For we men can neither discern things far away nor very near us, but are all in a measure blind; and if you consider us only with regard to our eyes, and our earthly and dull vision, truly the great poet has well said that there is a mist, as it were, before our eyes, and that we cannot see clearly beyond a stone's throw. But the eagle when he has soared aloft as high as the clouds, sweeping with his wings all that space in which it rains and snows, a height beyond which there is no place for the thunder or lightning, or the very base of the ether and summit of the tempest, so to speak; the eagle when he has soared thither, glides along bodily, with a gentle inclination left or right, turning his sail-spread wings in whatever direction he pleases, using his tail as a small helm. Looking down thence on all below him, with unwearied rowing of his wings, and with his flight stayed awhile, he remains at gaze suspended nearly in the same spot, and considers in what direction he shall swoop down on his prey like a thunderbolt: seeing at one glance, himself unseen in the heavens, cattle in the fields, wild beasts on the mountains, and men in the towns, he considers where he may pierce with his beak or hook with his talons a heedless lamb or timid hare, or any living thing that chance may offer him to tear and devour.—*Translation by* BOHN *from The Golden Ass.*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